

**GORDON A. SAMPSON:
MEMOIRS OF A CANADIAN ARMY OFFICER
AND BUSINESS ANALYST
MANUFACTURING, MOTION PICTURES, THE VIRGINIA AND
TRUCKEE RAILROAD, FINANCIAL AFFAIRS OF WESTERN NEVADA,
THE WASHOE COUNTY FAIR AND RECREATION BOARD**

Interviewee: Gordon A. Sampson

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Description

Gordon Alexander Sampson, a native of Canada, was born in 1888. He received his early education and training in the schools of Toronto. Following his formal education, he entered business first as a banker and later as a business analyst and accountant. A member of one of Canada's most famous infantry regiments, the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, Major Sampson saw active service in Europe during World War I. Continuing his business career after the war, he toured the United States and settled there.

Major Sampson became an auditor for Columbia Pictures Corporation during the heyday of the movies, a public accountant in California, and the first tax administrator for the Washoe County Fair and Recreation Board. A large portion of his discussion is dedicated to the development and operation of the V & T railroad, of which he was general manager for a number of years. Major Sampson also held a number of other positions in his chosen city and state. Always an active participant in, and observer of, his environment, he became influential in business and civic affairs of western Nevada.

Over the last eight decades, Mr. Sampson has seen many changes in society. He recalls the time of wooden-block pavements, wooden curbs and sidewalks, gas street lamps, carbon-electric lights, boulevards shaded with spreading chestnut trees, and horse-drawn street cars. He offers his philosophy on changing social mores and compares contemporary lifestyles with an age when there was domestic tranquility, simple living, and a sense of true values and high moral standards.

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An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

INTRODUCTION

Gordon Alexander Sampson is a native of Canada, born in 1888. He received his early education and training in the schools of Toronto. Following his formal education, he entered business first as a banker and later as a business analyst and accountant. A member of one of Canada's most famous infantry regiments, the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, Major Sampson saw active service in Europe during World War I. Continuing his business career after discharge from the army, Major Sampson found it convenient and interesting to tour the western United States, and finally, to settle in the region. He was an auditor for Columbia Pictures Corporation during the heyday of the "movies," a public accountant in California when the Depression ended the motion picture position, the last general manager of the famous Virginia and Truckee Railroad of western Nevada, the first tax administrator for the Washoe County (Nevada) Fair and Recreation Board; he also held a number of other positions in his chosen city and state. Always an active participant in, and observer of, his environment, Mr.

Sampson became influential in business and civic affairs of western Nevada.

When invited to participate in the Oral History Project, Major Sampson accepted readily and enthusiastically. He was a gracious, precise, and exceedingly vigorous chronicler of events in which he had been involved through the eleven recording sessions, all held in the office of the Western Studies Center, University of Nevada Stead Facility. Speaking from memory or from notes and other documents, Mr. Sampson appeared to enjoy recounting details of his life and observations, being particularly mindful of the needs of researchers in giving source notations and supplementary material. Footnotes describing these items appear at the appropriate places in the text. Major Sampson's review of his memoir resulted in changes in construction of some sentences (without, however, significantly changing the meaning of the phrases), and the deletion of a few pages from the main text, and the elimination of a fifty-six page section he had originally intended to place under a twenty-year restriction.

These changes, while especially regrettable in the case of the large deletion, do not impair the usefulness of Major Sampson's memoir as a splendid primary research source. This is particularly true of the material on the Virginia and Truckee Railroad; researchers in the future will profitably consult Mr. Sampson's oral history for basic information on the famous shortline railway. Other topics covered with characteristic vigor—and useful to future researchers—include details of Major Sampson's childhood, his military and business careers, civic and cultural affairs of western Nevada, and a philosophical conclusion.

The Oral History Project of the University of Nevada, Reno, Library (formerly in the DRI Western Studies Center) preserves the past and the present for future research by tape-recording the reminiscences of persons who have figured prominently in the development of Nevada and the West. Scripts resulting from the recordings are deposited in the Special Collections departments of the University of Nevada libraries. Gordon A. Sampson's oral history and supplementary materials—the latter at the University of Nevada, Reno—are designated as open for research.

Mary Ellen Glass
University of Nevada, Reno
1969

HISTORICAL BACKGROUND AND EARLY CHILDHOOD MEMORIES; THE BEGINNING OF A BUSINESS CAREER

PREFACE

In accepting the invitation of the Center for Western North American Studies, a part of the Desert Research Institute, to contribute an oral history as to my background, early life, military and business careers, participation in civic affairs, together with a summation, conclusions, observations, and philosophy of life, I do so from the standpoint of what best will serve the researcher and historian. Most certainly this project is not undertaken in any sense of my being desirous to record my footprints in the sands of time. Self-esteem and egotism are not a part of my true nature.

The interviewee has witnessed the passage of time over the past eight decades. He can recall the time of the woodenblock pavements, wooden curbs and sidewalks, gas street lamps, sputtering swaying carbon-electric lights, households fenced and gated, boulevards shaded with the spreading chestnut trees, horse-drawn street cars, sleigh bells tinkling in the air as the private vehicles of the wealthy dashed to and fro. He can compare these with

what we humans of today are confronted with. He can recall domestic tranquility, decades of simple living, industrious application, obedience to and recognition of teachers and parents, and a sense of the true values and moral standards of life.

Later on in this recording reference will be made to a friend of mine, a Lieutenant Colonel William T. Bernard ED, DC., a retired officer of Canada's famous Regiment, the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada. Suffice for now to quote his acknowledgment of an article I wrote, for the Regiment's annual publication, entitled "Duty, Tradition, Precept." The Colonel in part said, and I quote him,

One thing more, pride in the Regiment and loyalty to all that it stood for characterizes so many of the rifles of old. Today, such feelings are not so evident. Cynicism laughs at patriotism. Opportunism sneers at ideals. Utter devotion to a cause simply indicates a lack of intellectual inquiry. It is most refreshing, therefore, to read

an article in which allegiance to the classic virtues shine brightly through every line.

Researchers and historians of the future must surely establish the present era as the great turning point or turnover, the instituting of a new philosophy of life, a new gauge of values or to quote Tennyson, "Ring out the old, ring in the new." Some few weeks ago, a California doctor of psychology stated in an article that adultery would be an accepted mode of life within the next fifteen years. The *Ladies' Home Journal*, issue of April, 1967, in an article "The Nuns that Quit" stated that fifty-six hundred American nuns the previous year had obtained permission to renounce their vows and had returned to civilian life. Some had married and had children. The newspapers are daily recording the doings of the "Hippies," the new and improved pill, guaranteed good for thirty days, soon to be introduced. This morning's *San Francisco Chronicle* and the news broadcast by Frank Hemingway stated that this world was on the edge of a precipice. As a conclusion to the introduction of this oral history, it will be my endeavor to place on record life in its various phases as I saw it from early childhood through to the twilight of conclusion. Personal references are used more for setting out a pattern of living rather than self-emulation. The recorder is a person of no great importance. Claim and fame have not been his portion, rather the pursuit of the even tenor of his ways. Yet, on the other hand, he has been privileged to witness and indulge in various facets of experience to the extent where the researcher and historian may find food for thought of what has been written.

My paternal grandparents were born in the north portion of Ireland, in a small locale adjacent to Belfast known as Magherafelt.

They left Ireland largely due to the then-prevailing potato famine, which is a matter of history, and embarking on a sailing vessel, sailed the Atlantic with the destination of Canada. They sailed up the St. Lawrence River, bypassing the rapids and through the use of flatbottomed boats, reached the northern shores of Lake Ontario proceeding west to what is known today as the outstanding city of Canada, namely Toronto. And it was there they settled.

Prior to the city being named Toronto, its original English name was York, named after one of the sons of King George III, and prior to it being so named by an officer I will refer to, the original name was Port Rouille. It is this Port that establishes the actual birthplace of Toronto and is so marked in the famous Exhibition Park of that city. This Fort was built by the French in the year 1749 to protect their lucrative trade in furs with the Indians against competition by the English traders. It had quarters for a keeper and a small body of soldiers and was well-equipped with good bread, good wine and everything requisite for the trade.

Under the orders from the French commander, the Fort was burned in 1759, England and France then being at war. It was at this place on August 27, 1793 that Colonel John Graves Simcoe, the first Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada proclaimed it York and capital of Upper Canada.

My paternal grandparents were David Sampson and Elizabeth Amour Sampson, and of this marriage there were six children. I wish to mention three of the sons as being particularly prominent in their respective fields.

I refer to my Uncle William Arthur Sampson who chose banking as his profession. This uncle identified himself with the Canadian Bank of Commerce and, through

promotion, became one of its senior officers. The Board of Directors at this very early date in our economy evaluated the principle of what we term today "branch banking." It was their decision that instead of centralizing a banking enterprise in one building, they should reach out into the surrounding territory and establish small individual branches as feeders to the main institution. William Arthur Sampson was designated as the pioneer in this new concept with the result that he journeyed to such places known today as Gait, Hespeler, Preston, Waterloo, etc., and there opened and established branch banks of the parent institution. The venture proved to be a successful one to such an extent that in subsequent years the other Canadian banks followed suit and established branch banks throughout the entire Dominion of Canada. That is to say from the Pacific to the Atlantic. It should be understood by the researcher that Canada does not have a multiplicity of banks, state and national in character. The number of banks are strictly limited by the federal government. They must be chartered by the federal government and are held under rigid control.

It was this method of branch-banking and its potentialities that finally came to the attention of the late Mr. A. P. Giannini. As is well known, Mr. Giannini, due to his Italian background and operating extensively in the potato industry, became the depository by Italians of their savings. They trusted Mr. Giannini. This self-imposed task eventually assumed proportions where it became necessary for him to relieve himself of the responsibility and establish something in the way of a proper authorized banking institution. It became known as the Bank of Italy. It reminds the writer of a pocket edition of this same sort of thing that took place in Reno, and I refer to the Wine House on

Commercial Row operated by the well-known Francovich family, a family who migrated to the United States and settled in Reno in its very very early days when the city occupied merely a row of structures alongside the Central Pacific Railroad tracks. Many of us can recall the large safe just inside the doors of the Wine House with all its individual little locked compartments, there the ranchers and the miners came and deposited their valuables, safe in the assurance that Spiro Francovich would be their guardian.

Mr. Giannini, after having established the Bank of Italy, more or less centered in the Bay areas, made a thorough study and survey of the branch-banking system. He extended his inquiries into Canada and, finally being assured of the success of the Canadian banking system, inaugurated the same policy with the Bank of Italy, later to become known as the Bank of America. In order to insure success of this innovation from its inception, he was able to secure the services of a large number of Canadian personnel with branch-banking experience and who were installed and established in the various and newly-opened branches throughout California. As we all know today, the Bank of America covers the entire state from one end to the other and has also reached out into Nevada and elsewhere. It is sometimes known as the "great octopus." So, in one sentence, it can be said that William Arthur Sampson was the pioneer of branching-banking as we see it today.

A brief reference to David Ashe Sampson. He became an outstanding barrister and solicitor of his day, and was recognized as a gold medalist of a famous institute of learning, namely the Upper Canada College for Boys. He edited various articles on law which were considered texts for the embryonic lawyer.

The third son I wish to refer to is my own father. His name was Alexander Sampson.

He too was a barrister and a solicitor, an outstanding public citizen, a leader, and one in whom hundreds of people placed their personal confidence. I shall refer to him later in this history.

There is a relative of my family who I think is worthy of mention. I refer to Rear Admiral William Thomas Sampson of United States Navy fame. Not too much is known by me regarding Admiral Sampson, but from what my father told me as a young boy, his parents, too, immigrated from the north of Ireland and settled in the United States. There must be some truth to this statement, as his first and middle names are those of two of David Sampson's sons. His entire appearance, as shown on a commemorative stamp, "Dewey and Sampson," clearly indicates that he could be taken for a brother of William Arthur Sampson.

Be such as it may, Admiral Sampson had a very distinguished career with the United States Navy. He was born at Palmyra, New York on February 8, 1840, and he entered the Naval Academy in 1857. On graduation he was consistently promoted. At the time of the conflict with Spain he was appointed President of the Court of Inquiry which investigated the destruction of the battleship *Maine* in Havana harbor. Admiral Sampson played a very prominent part, together with Admiral Dewey, in the blockading of the Spanish fleets, all of which led to a complete victory the restoration of peace, and with the Spanish possessions having been absorbed by the United States.

Subsequent to the Spanish-American War, he received many tokens of esteem and admiration, not the least of these being the bestowal of a degree of Doctor of Laws by Harvard in the year 1899, and a handsome sword of honor, a gift of the state of New Jersey, which was presented by Governor

Vorhees in Trenton on October 25, 1899. There is a complete chronological history of Admiral Sampson to be found in the library of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland.

Returning to the establishing of a seat of government for Upper Canada at York, by Colonel Simcoe, the question can properly be asked as to who the original English settlers were, and whom my grandparents met for the first time. Here we come into a bit of history relative to the American Revolution, the Declaration of Independence, and the subsequent winning by the thirteen colonies of their freedom from the "Mother Country."

The historian tells us about the reluctance of the citizens of the thirteen original colonies—at least a portion of their population not being favorable to the principle of independence. However, when the issue was joined, it can safely be said, with few exceptions, all concerned were desirous of obtaining their freedom. It may not be a generally known fact, but nevertheless it is true that to a very large extent it was Englishmen who were rebelling against Englishmen. This is borne out by the fact that thirty-two signers of the Declaration of Independence were Masons, and Masonry came to the United States from England and nowhere else. If one reads carefully the Declaration of Independence, particularly if he is a Mason, he will read between the lines Masonic references to what the signers were taught in the secrecy of the lodgeroom. This is further carried out by the fact that the Great Seal of the United States contains Masonic emblems. And as we all know, President Washington laid the cornerstone of the halls of Congress as a Master Mason.

And so the War of Independence took place. England, as usual, fumbled and mumbled and conducted its war endeavors in a way that has been termed by us of

British extraction, “muddling through.” Independence came to the colonies.

It took several years before the boundaries were established between the thirteen colonies and what was then known as Canada. Canada had been conquered by the British from the French. Perhaps it's interesting to note here that the real, main purpose and cause of England conquering Canada was to prevent the French from their continual marching and invading the territories adjacent to the northern colonies.

The researcher can find plenty of material to read where the French invaded the territory known today as the state of Ohio, and how, in desperation, and prior to the War of Independence, it was decided to send a contingent of militia into this territory to stop further invasion on the part of the French. History tells us that this contingent was commanded by an officer whose name was Captain George Washington of Virginia. The contingent came in contact with the French with a result that was not too satisfactory; and, thanks to the assistance of a British regiment which carries its battle honors over centuries of time, and known as the Black Watch, an amicable settlement was reached between the French and the colonials. If one went to Philadelphia today and was privileged to attend the officer's mess of its oldest colonial military unit, they would, on entering, see a vacant chair, vacant for the “visiting officer,” the reference being to an officer from the famous Black Watch regiment. This regiment is still today a unit of the British armed forces.

As I said previously, with the persistence of the French in marauding the colonies, the decision was reached by the British to conquer Canada and depose them of their power.

Now here comes a very interesting situation, one that I have never been able to find the proper answer to. After the conquest,

a peace treaty was signed by England and France wherein France gave up its possessions to England, in return to receive the right of its colonists to use their own language, French. Then and today, French is the official language of Canada as much as English. The conquered were given the right to tithe. They were given the Code Napoleon instead of the common law of England, and they were accorded direct representation in Parliament. In other words, they were given a consideration the same British people never gave the thirteen colonies.

It is therefore understandable that when peace had settled down and boundaries had been established, and a new way of life set up for the thirteen colonies, notwithstanding their individual differences and political ambitions, there were those who desired to leave the new nation and seek their future elsewhere. Many returned to England and to Europe proper. Many decided to migrate north. This they did, and they settled in what are known today as the Maritime Provinces: Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. Some fifty-four hundred settled along the St. Lawrence River from Montreal westward and along the northern shore of Lake Ontario to Toronto and to Niagara. A few settled in the vicinity of what is known today as Detroit.

The question may be asked, “Who were these migrants to the north?” They consisted of Yankees from New England, Dutchmen from Hudson River, Highland soldiers, Hessian mercenaries, and all others who did not desire to remain with the new regime. They were offered large tracts of land to settle on and were, by act of Parliament, granted the right to use the initials UEL—“United Empire Loyalists”—after their names, to be handed down to their heirs, somewhat similar to the DAR of this country.

Under an act of the British Parliament passed in the year 1791, Ontario was constituted a province with a government, and, as previously stated, Colonel John Graves Simcoe was appointed its first Lieutenant Governor. He had served with the British forces in the American War of Independence with the rank of major with his regiment, the Queen's Rangers. Instead of being ordered home to England, he received the above appointment, and so, in the early part of the year 1792, he crossed the newly-determined frontier at approximately where Buffalo is today and journeyed down the Niagara River to its mouth, setting up his headquarters at a place known in those days as Newark, known today as Niagara-on-the-Lake.

The governor was a most industrious individual, being a civil engineer by profession. He set about the erection of a Parliament House, albeit of log-cabin construction, and originated the first statute book for Northern Canada. It was on September 17, 1792 that he dedicated his first Parliament building, and he did so with all the pomp and circumstance at his command, loyally supported by some of the rank and file of his former regiment.

(Another passing personal reference: This first Parliament Building was completely restored as a historical monument and reconditioned. I was inoculated in this structure prior to my departure for overseas in World War I.)

After a year of occupancy on Niagara-on-the-Lake, Governor Simcoe reached the decision that his capital was too close to the new border. In order to take the proper steps of self-defense, and having heard of the French trading post at Fort Rouille, he crossed Lake Ontario and, after due examination, decided to make this settlement his capital. This he did, and he named it York. Thus I have established the history of York prior to

when my grandparents arrived there to make it their permanent place of abode.

While the new designation of *York* was proper, it was sometimes and quite often referred to as "Muddy York." This was due to the extreme mud of the streets, very similar to the mining towns of the West where it necessitated elevated sidewalks such as were in existence in Virginia City.

Having established his capital at York, Governor Simcoe gave attention to the erection of a fort. This he built on the north shore of the harbor. York at that time possessed a land-locked bay with what are known as gaps, or entrances and exits, into Lake Ontario proper. Just why this location was decided upon, the history books are silent. Nevertheless, of log wood construction, Fort York was erected and is, today, in a state of complete rehabilitation, an interesting relic for visitors. Two of the original blockhouses are still part of the fort. It so happens that this little fort was to play an important part in future United StatesCanada relations.

American and Canadian histories record that with the outbreak of hostilities, generally known as the War of 1812, a contingent of American soldiers under the command of Zebulon Pike crossed Lake Ontario from the American shores of this lake, entered the Bay of Toronto, and proceeded to lay siege to Fort York. The American forces succeeded, but, in the process of succeeding, a powder magazine of the fort was blown up, and General Pike was a casualty of this action. It was largely due to his death that the American forces decided upon some form of retaliation. They proceeded into the city proper and selected the Parliament House, then situated on King Street of today, and proceeded to sack the same along with other government properties, some of which were destroyed by fire.

Prior to the destruction of the Parliament House, and with that characteristic generally ascribed to touring Americans, some soldier came across the mace which is used and is ever-present in all halls of Parliament throughout the British Empire. He must have said to himself, "This is an interesting souvenir," and so the mace was preserved, carried back to the United States, and in some manner unknown to me, finally found a repository in the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. There it lay as an exhibit of the past, or a trophy of the past, until the presidency of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. President Roosevelt, being of naval tradition, decided in the declining years of his presidency, to return the mace to the Parliament of Ontario, and with due ceremony.

The superintendent of the Naval Academy, with the entire Cadet Corps on parade, presented the mace to the lieutenant governor of Ontario and his military staff. A detachment of the Permanent Army of Canada carried the mace back in great triumph to Toronto, Ontario. Up they went through Queen's Park to the present Parliament buildings. There they were received by the Speaker of the House, the members of the Cabinet, together with the Prime Minister and a distinguished assemblage. Today, a visitor to Fort York will find this relic of the past reposing in its glass case.

Someone reading this bit of history years from now may ask, what is a mace and what part does it play in the ceremonies and ritual of parliamentary practice? We all are aware of the fact that in the days of chivalry, the knights, when armored and mounted, carried three weapons, namely a spear, a sword, and a mace. If in combat a knight lost his spear, resort was made to his sword. If, in turn, the sword was lost, recourse was made to his mace, which hung from his saddle. It was

some three or four feet in length, and on its end was a round or square piece of metal, heavily spiked. And with this terrible means of destruction, a knight was wont to crash down on the helmet of his opponent with fatal results. The history of England records an important advance in the democratic process, the establishing of the "Mother of Parliaments," a body representative of the people, having its own "Mr. Speaker" and the presence of the reigning sovereign forbidden. Yet, it was deemed appropriate that the sovereign should be present symbolically. He sent his mace as the symbol of his authority and to this day it reposes on the clerk's table facing the Speaker of the House.

As I have stated, the American forced burned the Parliament House at York. As a result, the British Admiralty ordered its fleet to sail up the Potomac to the capital of the United States, Washington, D. C., and the orders were to burn down the mansion occupied by the President of the United States. This was promptly done, and instead of a complete rebuilding of the structure by the American government, application of coats of white paint were made to cover up the charred members. Thus it became known as the "White House."

I have previously stated that my paternal grandparents migrated to Canada and settled at York. My grandfather having learned the trade of matchmaking in Ireland, and still a young man, decided to carry on this business at York. Thus the first match factory was created, small in nature, consisting of the best machinery of those times, and the output of production was considerable. I was informed by my own mother that shipments to the Far West were made, the Far West being Sarnia, across the river from the city of Detroit. Matches in those days were far different from our matches today; they consisted of soft pine

blocks, sawed lengthwise and crosswise, yet with a solid base of a half-inch thickness very similar to a scrubbing brush turned upside-down. The individual sticks, all fastened to this base, were tipped and dipped into a pan of sulfur, allowed to harden, and thus matches were sold in blocks to the grocery stores and other places of business.

This business prospered, and here comes a quirk of human nature, evident in those days and evident today. My grandmother decided that her five sons were above being participants in the manufacture of matches. They must be raised and educated as gentlemen, with an ultimate professional status. Thus, there was no one to carry on after my grandfather reached his senior years. On a certain day in this period, appeared a young, aggressive Irishman by the name of Eddy, who also had experience in matchmaking, and he suggested a partnership with my grandfather. While I cannot quote my grandfather, his reply was to the effect that his sons were being raised as gentlemen and that the matter of making matches was too plebian for their future good, and that the business would die with him. This became a fact. And the fact also is that if one goes to Ottawa, Canada, today and looks across the Ottawa River, he will see the large paper and pulp mills of the Eddy Manufacturing Company, with assets reaching into the millions. So here we have a simple story of a misguided woman, carried away with unexpected success, diverting what should have been the inheritance and right of her sons. What took place in those very early days often takes place in the present where we find sons turning their backs on opportunities created by their fathers.

In order to balance out my background, mention perhaps should be made of my maternal grandparents. They came from the county of Kent, England, and like so many

citizens of Kent, they were fair in appearance, no doubt the result of an Anglo-Saxon mixture. Their names were Robert Winter and Emma Marchant Winter. There were three children of this marriage, one of which, of course, was my mother. She in her day was considered one of the belles of Toronto. There was nothing particularly outstanding about my maternal grandparents other than they were well-educated persons, content to live an ordinary life and raise their children in the manner of that age. My grandmother was an active Episcopalian, a member of Trinity Church, Toronto.

An item of history in connection with this church goes to show how little incidents of life cast their shadows before them. At the corner of Church and King Streets was erected St. James Cathedral. As in so many of the churches of the original thirteen colonies, parishioners were permitted to buy the land on which their pews were erected. Deeds were given to such land. On one certain Sunday morning, a stranger entered St. James Cathedral, and, instead of being permitted to occupy a pew in the center aisle, was requested to sit at the rear of the church until all the land owners arrived. She eventually was seated. That was enough for this little lady, who shortly afterwards returned to England. She, with that sense of independence that is now so prevalent in life, decided to do something about her experience at the cathedral. She approached the Episcopalian Bishop of Rippon with a sum of money sufficient to erect a suitable church in the diocese of Toronto. She requested that the bishop forward her donation to the Bishop of Toronto with the stipulation that it be used for the construction of a parish church and that all services be seat-free to those who wished to enter for worship. To emphasize the point, she ordered that the pews be marked off with

a molding affixed to the benches providing sufficient width for each worshipper, a width of approximately fifteen inches. If one should enter Trinity Church today, he will still see the ridges or moldings. There was money not only to erect this fine church, today surrounded by tall commercial and factory buildings, but sufficient was left over with which to invest in real estate on Young Street. It is the revenues from this investment that makes it quite unnecessary for the collection plate to be passed. Make no mistake about it, the collection plate is passed.

MEMORIES OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

Perhaps it is now in order for me to give an outline of my early life. I was raised in a fine, substantial home in the older part of Toronto which I've already stated in the Preface had wooden-block pavements, wooden sidewalks, etc., etc. And it was a home in the true sense of the word. All activities centered around it, the very opposite of today when the average home is but a place to eat, on occasion, and sleep in, on occasion.

My father was a strict, disciplinarian and what was known in those days (a phrase long forgotten) as a "Practicing Christian." The definition of a "Practicing Christian" was one who endeavored the seven days of the week to carry out the Christian principles in his everyday life. I can well remember and could name prominent barristers, judges, stockbrokers, bankers, all personal friends of my father, who endeavored to live as "Practicing Christians," not only in their business life, but also in their personal lives.

I can see them now, standing in a row at my father's funeral when I was twelve, and I, in particular, can recall the late Samuel Blake, K.C., brother of the silver-tongued orator of the British Parliament, Edward

Blake, stating in his eulogy that he would rather be the possessor of my father's record than the possessor of a hundred Victoria Crosses. For those who do not recognize the significance, the awarding of the Victoria Cross is equivalent to the awarding of the Congressional Medal of Honor.

This father of mine was a most remarkable person. While I was privileged to know him for only twelve years, he left his mark on me, a mark which has never faded or been forgotten, and is as fresh in my declining years as it was when I was a young boy. I only bring all this out because he stood for everything that so many of us today are tearing down, discarding, and devaluating.

Through a strange circumstance, my father, by accident, was totally paralyzed and crippled from the waist down when two years of age. One would think that this would be sufficient to cause him to give up life's struggle and be content to be known as an invalid of no worth, perhaps placed in an institution, to await the inevitable day of death. Not so this young man! After he was raised and cared for as a young child, and on reaching the age when he should receive education, he was carried on the backs of his boy friends to the old Blue Grammar School of Toronto. There he received his early education.

It was the practice in those days to present valuable book prizes at the annual exercises to those pupils attaining proficiency in their studies. Today there is in my family more than one of these prizes with its engraved book plate setting forth his proficiency in Latin and Creek.

He decided against enrollment at the Toronto University, due to his physical disability, but instead on a business career. Of all things, he was admitted to the Canadian Bank of Commerce under the guidance of his senior brother. It is to be understood,

this young man went to business each day. He had a manservant and a well-constructed buggy, somewhat similar to what the young girls in those days used to pedal themselves around on, known as a tricycle. He proceeded to business, rain or shine or snow. Came the time when his senior brother reached the conclusion his own progress was being interfered with. The result was my father resigned from the bank, returned to the match factory with his father, and busily occupied himself with making matches. However, my father felt that this was not his future, especially due to his mother's sentiments, and so he, and this was told to me by himself, decided on a way of life which, to him, held no interest. To use his own words, he "detested" the study of law.

I have heard him in more than one public address point out that we too often choose the easy way rather than accept the hard, harsh path, and by so doing lose the true significance of life. Thus he chose to read law in his brother Albert's regal law offices, furnished in solid walnut.

Studying law in those days consisted of two factors, reading law by oneself and constant attendance at lectures at the Royal Law School of Ontario, adjacent to the Supreme Court of the Province. My father, at the age of twenty-one years, was carried by my grandfather on his back, fully robed, into the Supreme Court before the seven justices, when he was called to the Bar. From the age of twenty-one, until his death in 1902, he then being fifty-two years of age, his law practice increased to such an extent that he was recognized as an outstanding corporation barrister and solicitor.

One would consider as sufficient the duties incident to raising a family and the conduct of a large legal practice. It was not so, for he was a leader. He believed in going to church,

was an elder in the Presbyterian Church. I sat next to him in church each Sunday morning and watched him take down complete notes of every sermon preached. Not content with individual church activities, he conceived an idea unknown in those days, and what we term today "social service." His attention was drawn to the fact, while transporting himself from our home to his law office through the poor section of the city, that the poor in question were disregarded with little attention paid them. Thus, with his terrific energy and supported by such individuals as I have already named, he organized a social center in the midst of St. John's Ward, where the poor were located. At this center, one received medical attention from the best doctors of the city without charge—that is, as to medicines, minor accidents, etc. There one could obtain a pail of hot soup, cast-off clothing, an order for half a ton of coal or a cord of wood, etc. His big contribution was the establishing of a group of missionary nurses. These Christian women who were dedicated to become missionaries in the foreign field such as China, India, Ceylon, Formosa, etc. enrolled in a two-year course at the center. They wore uniforms and lived in residence and were occupied in assisting the best obstetricians and attending to the mothers who were about to be delivered. Thus, they entered the small cottages, prepared plenty of boiling water, which seemed to be part and parcel of delivery in those days, washed up the mothers, straightened the bedroom, took care of the children, and generally made themselves useful in other activities other than attending the physician in charge.

There were no fees connected with all this endeavor and these nurses became known somewhat as the "angels of mercy" throughout the Toronto of those days. My father was the top and bottom of this whole

endeavor, and constantly was on the move to raise and obtain donations to carry on the work. Not satisfied with what I have already said, he conducted a Bible class on Sunday afternoons, when over one hundred and fifty of these poor, tired mothers would attend while their children were taken care of in the basement of the center by the nursing sisters.

I could go on and on and record page after page of what this man did. Handicapped by health, subject to poor indigestion through lack of locomotion, he maintained correspondence with over a hundred missionaries in the "foreign field." I've recorded this sketch of my father for one sole purpose, and that is: does it not offer a contrast between the good life and the easy manner in which we, today, take everything for granted to the point where we are now becoming a socialistic state, a state where we expect Uncle Sam to take care of us from the cradle to the grave?

The main factor or characteristic relative to my father's life I wish to emphasize is that he absolutely refused to acknowledge he had a disability and could not walk. We children grew up without the thought ever occurring to us that he had this disability. It was an accepted fact. He demonstrated it by traveling on trains, lake steamers, attending concerts, political meetings, other public gatherings, rain, hail, and snow making no difference. It was only in the extreme winter storms that he would engage a horse and carriage to take him to his law office. All these activities were accomplished through a well-trained manservant who carried my father on his back when he was being transported from his buggy to his wheelchair, etc. My father was an excellent croquet player, most accurate in the ability of driving his opponent's ball to the far side of the court; very handy with carpenter's tools, and found sufficient time in his busy life to devote an evening to me and my soldiers.

I was the proud possessor of a very fine collection of lead soldiers, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and he was wont to play stirring marches on his guitar while I maneuvered the troops on the dining room table. It may have been this early introduction into things military that foreshadowed my joining a cadet corps, and, later on, my regiment.

If I have given the correct delineation of his personality, he could be likened to the successful play, "Life With Father," which was recently produced by the Reno Little Theater with great success. The one exception was that he did not swear as the father in the play did. However, our house was a place of rules and regulations, and I can still see us being lined up on a winter morning for inspection as to proper wearing apparel before we braved the elements.

My father was a firm believer in supporting all teachers and masters. And when the monthly report card would be received he, without exception, used it as a medium of expressing some disapproval of his sons, whom he felt should have attained a higher grade of marks. His personality extended far beyond his household and his law practice.

As another contrast to the way we live today, I refer to the fact that funerals conducted in the winter months in Toronto required the depository of the remains in a receiving vault at the cemetery awaiting springtime when interment in the ground would take place. The undertakers of those days played a more prominent part in the final services than they do today. Mr. William Hopkins was the family undertaker. The word "mortician" had not yet been coined. It was his practice (and others of his calling) to be dressed in a Prince Albert frock coat and tall black silk hat, always preceding the casket as it left the private residence, and also preceding the casket when it was being carried by the

pallbearers to the grave. It was the custom for the undertaker to deposit three handfuls of earth on the lowered casket at the time of committal.

When a warm day in April, 1902, arrived, the day that my father was to be interred, it was this Mr. Hopkins who was the most affected. I still can see him depositing the earth with tears streaming down his face. What caused all of this? The answer is that my father influenced this undertaker to become a "Practicing Christian," and in the afteryears he was to become one of the leaders of YMCA work in the city of Toronto.

Speaking of the foreign missionary effort, if the historian looks back, he will find that decades ago, the chief object of the Christian endeavor in the North American continent was to dispatch missionaries to the foreign field for two purposes. The first was to convert the natives to Christianity, and second, by so doing, to accomplish the Biblical prediction of the literal and actual "second coming" of Christ on earth. To that end all denominations bent every effort. However, I recall hearing a very noted Baptist divine, the Reverend William Cameron of Toronto, say that the foreign missionary effort was incorrect. His remark, which I heard from the pulpit, was the best we were doing was "making rotten Christians out of decent heathen."

Now, one may ask a very sensible question. Has such a personality, along with the others of like kind with whom he was associated, been lost and lost for all time? Without invading the field of theology, because I am certainly not a theologian, it appears to be a scientific fact that nothing is ever lost, but merely changes form. As a result, and in some way that we have not yet been able to determine, it is conceivable that a change in form—and I'm not referring to reincarnation

collectively- -does cause progress in those who populate this earth.

For myself, I have always failed to narrow my religious thinking to any one denomination or belief or creed. The fact is that when I reached the age of reason, it struck me with much force that I could have, under the hand of fate, been brought into this world as a Hindu, an "untouchable," or a Buddhist. If I had arrived as such, I would know little or nothing of the Christian belief. My reasoning causes me many a smile when I listen to what I consider narrow-minded thinking or the strict adherence to some man-made dogma where the person in question states he is right and everyone else is wrong. I think all religious beliefs can be likened to the spokes of a wheel, each spoke terminating in a central hub.

Be that as it may, I would like to refer to a favorite poem of mine, and in so doing, I would like to tie it in with a dear soul, an honored Nevadan, who formerly was rector of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Carson City. His name was the Reverend Milton J. Hersey. I listened with rapt attention on more than one occasion when he read this poem at a funeral service he was conducting. It's by Rudyard Kipling.

When earth's last picture is
painted, and the tubes are twisted
and dried,

When the oldest colors have
faded, and the youngest critic has
died,

We shall rest, and, faith, we shall
need it- -lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good
Workmen shall set us to work anew!

And those that were good will be
happy: they shall sit in a golden chair;

They shall splash at a ten-league
canvas with brushes of comets' hair;
They shall find real saints to draw
from—Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a
sitting and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise
us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money,
and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of working,
and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It
for the God of Things as They Are!

Rudyard Kipling was a Mason, and several references in his poem indicate the line of his thinking. The Reverend Mr. Hersey also was an outstanding Mason, as I am, and was chaplain of various Masonic orders.

A word perhaps about this character, for he was indeed a character. The Reverend Hersey as a young man had not thought of entering the ministry, and he was but a humble delivery boy for a small grocery store in the city of Portland, Oregon. A young missionary priest of the Episcopal Church was assigned to open a mission in what today is Portland. He asked Hersey if he would light the stove and the lamps of the rented one-sided store where the priest conducted Sunday evening services on his return from two other missions, all of which now have disappeared and are encompassed by the city of Portland. This Hersey did, and it led to his interest in the church to such an extent that when a call came from the Bishop of Arizona for a young priest to come into that desolate area and live with a lowly tribe of Indians for the purpose of raising their level of living, helping build their houses, teaching their children and

ministering to them in every way possible, young Hersey as a layman accepted the call. He left Portland, going to Salt Lake City, to take theological instruction from the then Bishop of the Utah diocese. On becoming proficient in his studies, he was in due course ordained. He buried himself for over a period of twenty years with the Arizona Indians. Not now being in the best of health, he was transferred to Carson City, Nevada, as rector of St. Peter's Church, and where he became a beloved citizen of the entire community, regardless of creed or color. Upon his passing, the entire community of Carson City, which previously had built a lovely home for him, was in mourning, and we Knights Templar interred him in the Masonic cemetery in Reno.

My mother married, as young girls did in those days, at the tender age of sixteen, and was the mother of five children before she was twenty-five years of age. No doubt due to the strong personality of her husband and his varied activities, she more than willingly accepted the role of being a mother to her children, and the guardian of the home.

I never once in twelve and a half years that I knew my father heard any dissension or altercation between them. My mother played a secondary role, as I have stated, and supported my father not only in his activities, but in his thinking. She accepted quite an assignment when she married a crippled person, and yet I never heard her complain or regret her decision to do so. Here we have a little lady, never strong, subject to regular, periodic headaches, which we today call migraine headaches and which would last for the extent of one week. The only relief was wrung-out vinegar-and-water cloths, and, in extreme necessity, the doctor would arrive with a mysterious electrical box which was supposed to quiet her nervous system.

As to the sons of my family, none of us chose a profession with the exception of my younger brother, who, much against his will, chose law and in which he succeeded. At the time of his passing fifty years afterwards, he had the honor of being a King's Council to His Majesty King George VI, a member of some eight years' standing with the Metropolitan School District of Toronto, a leading Kiwanian, and a member of the local executive committee of the Conservative party, known in this country as the Republican party.

My other three brothers were successful in the fields of insurance, architecture, and finance. My sister, due to my mother's nervous condition and the ever-repeating headaches, of necessity had to assume a good deal of the direction and management of the fine old home we lived in. She was not only a faithful daughter to her parents, but somewhat of a mother to the three younger children of this family. Again, here we have an unselfish personality who never thought of herself first or last. It was always her willingness to be of service to others.

I've been asked to record some of the earliest memories I can recall, and I may say that those I have retained are as vivid today as they were at that time.

I was born on the twenty-third day of November, 1888, at eleven in the morning. And if one has a belief in horoscopes, I was born between the cusps of Sagittarius and Capricorn. Sometimes a person so born is considered a "child of woe," although I do not subscribe to this definition. Shortly after my birth, my father bought our stately home on Beverly Street, Toronto, where we joined other members of the legal profession, the entire block being known as "Barristers Row." The late Chief Justice William Armour, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Ontario, was

our northern neighbor, and next to Justice Armour were the Mackenzie-Kings. South of us were the McLean brothers, and then J. Carmichael, Esquire.

There is much significance attached to the Mackenzie-Kings for the reason that William Lyon Mackenzie-King, a forebear of the generation I knew, staged a mild rebellion against constituted authority in the early days of Upper Canada. His history and record will be found in any well-established reference library. His grandson, William Lyon Mackenzie-King, was some five years my senior, and at the age of seventeen he was wont to play with my older brothers in our back garden. I can see him now—especially for the reason that he invariably had a hole in the left knee stocking. Little did any of us realize in those days that William Mackenzie-King would in due time emerge as the Prime Minister of Canada.

It was this Prime Minister who, at the conclusion of World War I, insisted that the Prime Ministers of the then British Empire be called together in convention at London, England for the purpose of once and for all clearly defining the independence of each of the self-governing Dominions of the British Empire, all of which resulted in the signing of the Westminster Pact. Now for the first time did the sovereign become the King of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Newfoundland, etc., as well as being the King of England. And, for the first time, the Parliaments of the self-governing Dominions were placed on an equal footing with the British House of Commons. No longer was Canada, etc. to be represented by a High Commissioner in London, the replacement being that of an ambassador.

To emphasize this new status, William Lyon Mackenzie-King, on King George VI's visit to Ottawa, Canada, held a special session

of the Canadian Parliament. He introduced a bill, had the bill given its three readings, assented to by the Senate, and then placed before King George for his signature. Shortly afterwards, the last link where England exercised any superior judicial authority over these Dominions, particularly of Canada, was the abolishing of the right of civil appeal from the Supreme Court of Canada to the British Privy Council. Canada and the other self-governing Dominions are sovereign states within a commonwealth, and, as such, declare war if approved by their Parliaments, irrespective of what is generally known as the "mother country."

It was this same boy who played in our rear garden, who, on the outbreak of World War II, stated that the time had arrived whereby Canada in the future would refuse to "pull the chestnuts" out of the mother country's fireplace. My recollection of this youthful personality was that he possessed all the attributes of governorship, ambition and drive, and his afterlife clearly demonstrated these facts.

The mention of the Sampson's rear garden brings to mind the happy winter months that were spent in this area. The rear garden was large enough to freeze a well-sized ice rink, cushioned with boards on four sides, and on which much of the hockey talent of the small city of Toronto was developed. I still have a vivid picture of sometimes as many as thirty boys playing hockey, or endeavoring to play hockey, on this rink of a Saturday morning, with selected intervals, when my mother was wont to pass out large plates of freshly-baked cookies.

Beverly Street was similar to all the other older streets of the then small city. The pavements were wooden blocks, and there was the wonderful old pastime of sitting at a corner and watching the power-driven

saws saw the logs into the necessary six-inch lengths. These blocks were then placed on a bed of sand by the layers with the openings between blocks filled with sand, and then rolled. Such pavements were able to stand up under light traffic, whereas today, heavier trucks would demolish them in a short period of time. As mentioned in the Preface, the curbs were all four-inch planks, the sidewalks were wooden planks, and the boulevard in between generally consisted of lawn and chestnut trees. All properties were fenced, and the whole presented a quite sedate, somewhat domestic appearance. The only real street activity would be the horse-drawn vehicles.

Families more wealthy than the Sampson's maintained their own stables, footmen, coachmen, and conveyances. The coachmen were outfitted in what they called "pipe clays," with tall silk hats, generally with the family cockade affixed thereto, while the younger coachmen sat beside with arms akimbo. While the summer carriages were noticeable for their fine enamel painting, harness, etc., it was the winter sleighs that caught the young boys' attention. One did not rank well unless the family sleigh had large buffalo rugs draped over the rear open seats, with the sable tails almost touching the snow of the pavements. A merry tinkling of bells and the crack of whips in the frosty air was something to always remember.

In the winter months much entertainment took place up and down Beverly Street, with gala parties being given by the wealthy. We children used to watch with interest as the guests would arrive at the Beardmore home directly across from our home. Merriment would prevail until the small hours of the morning, all the while the coachmen and the sleighs waiting patiently, in the zero weather, for the departure of their family. It required city policemen, wrapped in their

long greatcoats and Persian lamb headgear, to be stationed at the various street intersections. Using the name of Mr. Baldwin, as an example, his name could be shouted from one police officer to another for the purpose of calling Mr. Baldwin's carriage.

These winter months take me back to the day my father was buried. The horses that drew the hearse were definitely black, and they were covered with black velvet palls. Their ears and eyes protruded out of the necessary apertures. It being below zero weather, the coachman and his footman atop the hearse were wrapped in Russian bearskins, and even now I can see the small icicles on the coachman's beard. Any thought of a cadence beyond a walk would have been a desecration to the deceased, so the funeral cortege proceeded slowly, winding its way over a distance of some three miles to the cemetery.

As a child, being closely attached to my mother, I was interested in the routine of the home. The entire week was scheduled for various activities. Monday was washing day. Tuesday was ironing day. Wednesday was dressmaking and alteration day. Thursday was guest-receiving day. Friday was housecleaning day. Saturday morning, until noon, was kitchen-baking day. There never was any alteration to this routine.

As a young boy, I used to smile to myself on Thursday afternoon when my mother and only sister attired in their best, would sit in the front parlor patiently waiting for friends and guests to call on them. All well-regulated families had calling cards printed, not only in the name of the lady of the house, but in that of her husband and her grown-up daughters. Such cards contained the engraved information that the Sampsons received on the first and third Thursdays of the month, between three and five o'clock. On the arrival

of the visitors, they were greeted by the maid, dressed in black, white apron, white bib, and white cap, and conducted to the front parlor where my mother and sister received them, and where light conversation was indulged in during the visit. Such conversation was enlivened by the ceremonial serving of tea for which the tea service had been set up in the rear parlor with the appropriate boiling water in the brass kettle under the lighted lamp, and where the cookies and light sandwiches were also located. After some thirty minutes of a pleasant visit, the visitors would retire and, in an inconspicuous manner, deposit the wife's calling card together with two of her husband's—two for what reason I have never been able to understand—together with any adult daughter's, on the card-receiving plate to be found on the front hall rack.

The historian will be interested in knowing that the ladies' skirts touched the ground and that when they sat in the home, whether visitors were present or not, their knees were always together and never crossed. This was a *de rigueur* rule, and any disobedience to it would be classed as undignified and "common." One may ask what prevented such skirts from being ruined, seeing that they were not only of floor-length but sidewalk-length. Some ingenious soul invented what was known as brush binding, and this consisted of a heavy piece of material of an inch in width to which, at the bottom, had been introduced a round, brush-like material similar to the size of an everyday pencil, and consisting of hundreds of small fibers. This brush binding was bought by the yard at the department store and sewed to the bottom of the skirt by five circular stitchings around the entire bottom. I know all this for the reason that when the sewing sessions took place in the "sewing room" with a dressmaker and her henchwoman or apprentice in attendance,

particularly in the spring and fall time, my mother and sister were required to stand up on top of the walnut table while their skirts were adjusted to the required length for the allowance of the brush binding. Ankles were never displayed, and all well-trained daughters learned from their mothers how to gracefully place the right hand to the right-side-rear and delicately lift the skirt up when ascending or descending stairs or crossing over from one sidewalk to another.

In those days, groceterias, shopping centers, and all the conveniences of modern-day life were unheard of. Shopping was done in the self-contained butcher shops, fish was purchased in the same manner, and groceries, such as they were, at a grocery store that bore no resemblance to our present grocery suppliers. The best of homes contained a barrel of flour, small barrel of corn meal, and other basic food elements. The basement contained a room known as the “preserving room,” and it contained the results of canning and preserving which commenced in the late spring months, when strawberries, raspberries, and other fruits were on the market. Our “preserving room’s” never contained less than two hundred double quart jars and crocks of all such fruit, pickles, mincemeat, jellies, etc. Hanging from the ceiling were the plum puddings of the prior year, now well-embroidered with outside mildew and thus ready for the Christmas festivities. Over in one corner were the usual three barrels of potatoes, one barrel of cooking apples, a barrel of eating apples, and above all, and much to my delight, a barrel of russet apples.

All this was in preparation for the weekly baking on the Saturday morning. As soon as breakfast had been served, my mother, my sister, the maid, and the cook prepared to create all the necessary pies, cookies, and

other food elements that would sustain our large family for one entire week. I can still see this activity as if it were yesterday.

Being reared in a Practicing Christian’s home, it can be well understood that Sunday was what I term a “religious field day.” While we had morning family prayers each weekday at the dining room table between seven-thirty and seven-fifty—and woe betide the child who was not in his seat exactly at seven-thirty—Sunday was a day for special supplications to the Deity. On the six weekdays, my father read a passage from the Bible, and then down on our knees with our heads buried in our leather dining room chairs, the family petitions were wafted, supposedly, to a higher elevation. My father was always consistent in admitting our sins and wickedness with the hope of forgiveness. All of this took place before we were permitted to indulge in any food. This rule was particularly irksome on Christmas Day when we children were anxious to invade the front parlor, there to locate our respective chairs, and see what Santa Claus and our parents had left us in the way of presents.

Referring again to Sunday, we were all drawn up in battle array in our best bib and tucker, duly inspected, and, surrounding our father’s carriage pushed by his manservant, with my father wearing his tall silk hat and Prince Albert, we marched off to church. Mother remained at home with the cook in order to prepare the large rump roast of beef, a tradition item on our Sunday menus.

My father was not wont to sit idle in church, with the result that he took down, in abridged form, all the highlights of the sermon being delivered. On his passing, my mother had the unpleasant duty of destroying large containers of all these condensed sermons. That wasn’t enough. He had to greet the retiring congregation or those that came down our aisle. In order to facilitate this

fellowship, our pew was located the second from the rear. No stranger ever passed the Sampson pew without a warm welcome and the handing to him of what was called “tracts” in those days. This solemn observance of the Sabbath continued throughout the rest of the day, we children being permitted to read only religious papers and books. After this heavy day of activity, my mother was permitted to attend the evening service, with faithful sister Alice performing the same duty, while “the governor” took over the management of his household.

This will suffice as to the recording of my early memories. Sufficient to demonstrate, or compare, what then existed with what exist today. I trust that the researcher and historian will bear in mind what I’ve said in the several preceding paragraphs when he reads my observations at the conclusion of “Early Childhood Memories.”

I received my grade school education through enrollment in the Provincial Model School at Toronto. These state-operated schools, staffed with male instructors for the boys and mistresses for the girls, the girls being separated a block’s distance from the boys, existed in part for the education of embryonic schoolteachers. To each Model school there was attached a “normal” school, and we served as guinea pigs for the future schoolteachers.

The type of education we were subjected to consisted of down-to-earth realities, with heavy emphasis on the three R’s. We pupils were there to learn and learn we did. No present-day “frills,” or extra-curricular activities, were indulged in. There were no supervisors to supervise the supervisors. The masters seldom smiled, and the presence of a long, wrist-rapping leather strap reposing in the upper right-hand drawer of the head master’s desk was an ever-present reminder

that one should behave himself and learn. Yes— this strap even for poorly-prepared homework. What a contrast to today! In retrospect, I have never regretted the strict discipline imposed on us. From the time of departure from our homes, we were under the supervision of our masters. The same conditions were in effect on our departure from school for home. The head master of the fifth form (first year high school today) constantly reminded us of the fact that “the honor of the school was at stake” if we, the fifth form, did not set an example to the other forms.

To the credit of these schools it can be correctly stated that many of their graduates obtained outstanding recognition in the after years as leaders of the nation, business, professional, and political.

I wish particularly to refer to one teacher by the name of Thomas Porter, a bachelor and master of the third form. His constant reminder to us was that he was there for the business of changing lives, and change he did. His methods today would cause him to be arrested and tried in the municipal court for injuring and abusing his pupils; not so in those days. One of his favorite devices, when one had not properly prepared his homework, was for him to come down the aisle, grab the victim by the collar of his suit, hoist him in the air in order that the seat would fly back with a clang— the victim’s knees coming in contact with the edge of his desk— and so once elevated, swung out like a crane and dropped in the aisle. This master would then proceed to measure off the distance between the victim and his long, tapered fingers. He would then start around the waist, gradually reach the chest, his fingers contacting the chin, the mouth, and the nose as the victim’s head turned backwards to avoid the contact. This application was invariably followed with

the remark, "I'll learn you," and learn we did. You say this was rather rough treatment? The late Sir Edward Beatty, president of the Canadian-Pacific Railway, today one of the largest transportation systems in the world, did, on more than one occasion while alive, attribute all his ultimate success to the year he spent under the mastership of Tommy Porter. I could give other similar examples.

Time marches on, and in the year 1916, just prior to my regiment's departure overseas, after I had been awarded my majority in my regiment and thus entitled to wear spurs, riding breeches, and riding crop, I was proceeding down one of the main streets of Toronto, King Street, when I saw in the distance this austere, thin, former master of mine wearing his traditional Christie hat. We met and automatically the relationship of master to pupil asserted itself, notwithstanding I was holding the junior rank of a senior officer. I was greeted with, "So you're Sampson, another one of my boys." My reply was, "Yes, sir." With that, my former master encircled me inspecting my uniform from the ground up. Then his remark was, "I'm proud of you all." My reply was, "Yes, sir." And then I did the unheard-of thing, I dared to ask Mr. Porter a question which was, "Are you still changing lives, sir?" His answer was in the affirmative. With one more admiring glance and without lowering the barriers between us, we parted, and this was the last time I had the privilege of meeting him face to face. The point is that an interval of fifteen years had elapsed from the time I had attended classes in his form, and still the impression he had made on me and the other pupils was as fresh as when it first took place.

We were all proud to be pupils of this Model School, particularly when we reached the austere atmosphere of the fifth form. Certain privileges were granted us, one of

which did not require our lining up to be marched into our forms for the morning and afternoon classes. We, being the fifth form, were permitted to go to our form and be in our seats at the required time.

I've already mentioned that the girls attending such schools were instructed by mistresses and were kept separate from the males by a block's distance. Woe betide the boy who even gave a glance at the opposite sex if by chance they should meet in the four surrounding city streets. I emphasize the point, due to the different atmosphere I was to experience when I attended high school.

On graduation from the Provincial Model School, I was registered at the Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute, a co-educational institution, and what a change from the discipline of the model schools! Outside of four or five master teachers, the rest were lady teachers, some of them of doubtful qualifications. There was no difficulty in determining this factor. The classroom where I was stationed consisted of four and a half rows of girls and one and a half rows of boys, and, frankly, this was not good business. I, for one, for the first time learned or recognized the symptoms of "the birds and the bees," with particular reference to a young lady that sat directly across from me by the name of Kate Porter. Kate Porter, in the afteryears, became a very close and sincere friend of mine, together with her sister and her parents. On enrollment, her skirts were up and her two braids were below her waist and she wore glasses. Nothing attractive and no "birds and bees." Yet on return from the Christmas vacation, the skirts were down, the hair was up, the glasses had become more decorative, and thus "the birds and the bees." None of this was a help in my studies, and it took more than a full year for me to adjust from the iron discipline of the masters of my former

school. Nevertheless, progress was made, and I learned and absorbed what was taught over the succeeding years at this Collegiate Institute.

Later on, I shall refer to the cadet corps at the Provincial Model School, but at this time I would like to refer to the cadet corps of this Collegiate High School. I do it for the particular reason that, through my enlisting in this corps, I finally was able to obtain the consent of my mother, my father having passed on in the interval, to wear a pair of long trousers, and this at the age of fourteen and a half years! Her reluctant consent was confined to Fridays when the cadet corps drilled. The other four days I still had to put up with the short pants about my knees and the long black stockings with the traditional garters around the top. Today, when I look at these little boys that are three and four years of age in long trousers, I envy their freedom as compared with what I had put up with. We had a fine cadet corps, and reference will be made to it in Chapter Two, "Military Career."

On graduation from the Jarvis Street Institute, I enrolled in a two-year business course at the Toronto Technical High School. And, of course, that was to point the way to my future business career. It was at this school that I acquired a useful knowledge of business practices, accounting, business analysis, etc. No serious consideration was given by me to a university education. I was not a brilliant student, let us face this fact. Yet, on the Other hand, it has been stated by persons of proper education that I would have succeeded either as a physician or a lawyer. Be that as it may, I have never regretted the various pathways that were open to me in business. There is an old saying that a "rolling stone gathers no moss;" all I can say is that this rolling stone has, over the past years, gathered much moss.

OBSERVATIONS ON CURRENT EDUCATIONAL PRACTICE

I have never been one for the ordinary, the static, or the routine. I have been often asked, "What university are you a graduate of?" My stereotype reply has been, "The University of Hard Knocks and Experience, cum laude." If I may enter a personal observation, one either possesses it or he does not possess it.

Thomas Gray (born December 26, 1716, died July 30, 1771) in his immortal poem, considered one of the gems of English literature, the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," delineates my thinking. "The rude forefathers of the hamlet" did not possess it and yet they possessed potentiality of greatness.

My observation over the past six decades since I terminated my education, leaves me to reaffirm the procedures then in force. The relationship of student to the teacher, the insistent and intense application, the development of what is to be one's purpose in life, respect for elders and those in authority. Compare these with the general practices and attitudes of the present day.

I've never regretted the discipline of my masters, teachers, and parents. Without these regulations I could not have obtained whatever success—personal, in business, and in my relations with the public—as has been awarded me. It is correct to state that I am generally not liked from a first acquaintance. People have to take time to evaluate what lies beneath a somewhat austere military outward appearance, and yet, on the other hand, I am respected—-not liked, but respected. Respect, in this connection, means no deviation between what is right and what is wrong. My word being given is the equivalent of a bond—close attention to duty, detail, and exactness. There, I have afforded you a self analysis!

My observation on educational practices today would be: the present thinking, philosophy, and attitudes of the average student towards his education, towards those who endeavor to educate him, and his broad compass of life are devoid of all sense of real values. True, we as individuals, as a group, an organization, a community, in fact as an entire nation, cannot turn back the hands of time and be as we were even just two decades ago. The basic factors of life are now in reverse, the pupil has become the master not only of his teachers, but of his parents, his community, his state, and his country. When I was a child and a growing youth, the word *adolescent* was a forgotten word in the dictionary. The only comparative we knew was the word "misbehaving." Today we have adolescents of all ages; we have juvenile halls for this type of offspring. Promotion, in due course, is to correctional institutions, juvenile and adult probation farms, and finally, as two youths of California exclaimed to the judge on his sentencing them to San Quentin Penitentiary, "We've made it." Instead of the average home being the center of life with appropriate parental supervision, the home has become an empty shell, a place in which to eat and sleep. As a result of the lack of discipline and the recognition of seniority, the entire world is now experiencing a revolution, a revolt, a crisis in education, economics, sciences, morality, religion, and in fact, all phases and walks of life.

Arnold Toynbee, a seventy-seven year old British historian, gave his opinion while visiting Stanford University the second week of April of this year (1967), and I quote, "Humanity is dancing on the edge of a precipice." The Right Reverend James A. Pike, former bishop of the Episcopal diocese of California, writing in the May, 1967, issue of the *Ladies Home Journal*, headed his

article with, "Is Adultery Ever Justified?" The bishop furnished four examples to which his answer was in the affirmative. The *Newsweek* edition of May 1, 1967, under the caption of "Religion" sets out in detail the cause and final result of 3,600 students, with nun teachers and priest teachers, staging an open rebellion at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C. Their action resulted in the closing of the university. The Reverend Charles H. Curran, theologian, was dismissed by the board of trustees (bishops would be a more accurate term) for his published support of contraception. Nuns and priests joined the picket lines waving placards and chanting, "Ain't gonna be no bishops no more, no more." Father Curran was restored to his position on the faculty and received a promotion.

Having paid some attention to comparative religions and denominations, I trust it is in order for me to record my analysis of the Holy Roman Catholic Church where its dogmas, beliefs, and disciplines are concerned. The hierarchy and priesthood have held complete authority, interpretation, and discipline over the laity, based partially on the Bible and based partially on traditions. The faithful, over the centuries of time, have accepted without question what was taught. True, Martin Luther rebelled and became the founder of the great Lutheran Church. Notwithstanding, the Roman Catholic Church continued as formerly. Luther was denounced and the status quo remained until the late Pope John opened the windows "to let a little fresh air in" with resultant council sessions of world-wide bishops.

The revolt at the Catholic University of America results from a little fresh air being admitted with the resultant free expression of the individual.

Reading in the April, 1967 issue of the *Ladies Home Journal*, one can note, in

Robert Blair Kaiser's article, "The Nuns that Quit," that 3,600 nuns left their convents during the year 1966 in these United States of America. They resumed a secular life and many married. Such action was unheard of in former years.

James Reston's weekly article of Sunday, April 16, 1967, found in the *San Francisco Chronicle-Examiner*, comments on the complaint of the Secretary of State, Dean Rusk, to the effect that the world is losing sight of what he, Rusk, called "the great simple question of our day," and that question is how to establish rational rules of conduct with peaceful settlement of disputes between nations, and especially how to abolish wars as a means of achieving political objectives.

I cannot guess what the researcher and historian of fifty years from now will experience in the way of civilization. It is certain the world will not revert to what I have described as my early childhood and period of education.

The fortress of civilization then was the home. That's where the discipline originated. That's where example and precept were developed. That's where the older person in the form of parents guided and enforced their more mature knowledge on the unlearned and undisciplined. We humans are no different than the animal kingdom and we are avoiding the natural law as handed down through centuries of time in such a kingdom as the animals. There the parents perform their function, and a good cuff to a puppy or a kitten immediately demands obedience and recognition to higher authority. And at the completion of their childhood the offspring are, to quote the vernacular, "dumped out." They're on their own and thus seek their future fortified with what has been taught them. But today, we have the flaunting of all previously recognized authority and discipline and it's

difficult for an ordinary person like myself to visualize what lies ahead. They say that due to overpopulation, one may swallow a pill in years to come and it will represent prime ribs of beef. They say that there will not be sufficient food to go around and that all things will be synthetic and artificial. Who wishes to live in an era of that type!

The atomic bomb has now become the possession of many nations, and human nature is such that sometime, sooner or later, some mad individual will become trigger-happy and cause a world-wide catastrophe. If the truth were only known at this moment, there are more than one official in this country, Canada, England, etc., who is sitting at his desk in fear and trembling that the very thing I have said will take place. Many of our best thinkers in Congress today fear the catastrophe is upon us right now unless there is a change in our policy where the Vietnam conflict is concerned. The introduction of Russia or China or both into this conflict could be the beginning of the end. And never let it be forgotten that other civilizations over the eons of time have perished, have passed into oblivion.

This world was rather a peaceful place in which to live a century ago. We all accepted authority regardless of our status in life and regardless of what degree of civilization we had attained. That is all gone. Today we have the revolt on the campuses of Japan and we have them on the campuses of Egypt. Democracy, in my opinion, has been tried in the scales of experience, and has been found wanting. When democracy was first introduced, the thinking of the great minds was that it constituted, at best, an experiment, a dangerous one at that, and time has so proven it to be. It is my thinking that we humans have not yet arrived at that point of development in our characters or self-

control where we can govern ourselves in the democratic manner—without lowering our levels, controlling others, and forcing our opinions on them. You either have an autocracy or you have a democracy and there's no halfway post between these two. There I leave it for the future to record what will happen.

It isn't a very pleasant picture and this revolution dates back to the years of World War I. At that time, women wore black, lisle stockings. Silk stockings were for the very rich and the ladies of the "most ancient profession." Ladies were not permitted to appear in refined hotels without an escort.

When Irene Castle (she and Vernon Castle were a famous dance team) bobbed her hair, the result was echoed and re-echoed over the land. Here was the first rebellion, with the daughter demanding that she bob her hair, and the mother insisting that she do not. Off, ungainly lisle stockings; on with the bobbed hair. And we then were introduced to the female sex smoking cigarettes in public, an unheard-of thing prior to World War I. They appeared unescorted in public places, and invaded the business world where sisters of her sex had been restricted to stenographic and typing practices.

My one regret is that I will not be alive to see the conclusion of the present rapidly-developing changes one will be forced to witness and accept. Let us hope that those who succeed us in the years to come will have the ability and power to adjust to such changing conditions without the ruination of mankind, for, in the final analysis, this isn't a bad world to live in.

BEGINNING MY BUSINESS CAREER

Having decided to seek a business career rather than a professional one, I debated as to

what channel of endeavor I should pursue. I consulted with my late father's partner, William H. Lockard Gordon, and he decided that I should become a banker. Accordingly, on a certain morning, he marched me down to the head office of the Dominion Bank of Canada where he was well-known, wearing his top hat, similar to the one Churchill was fond of wearing, a gold chain from his eyeglasses draped over his long beard, and I was introduced to the chief inspector of the bank with the recommendation that I be enrolled. This was done with due ceremony. I was instructed to return and write examinations for three entire days. Having completed this task, I was ordered off to the bank's doctor for a physical examination; he pronounced me fit and able. The waiting period then lasted some three months before the notice arrived for me to attend the following morning. All of this for a salary of four dollars a week, with deductions made for the pension fund, and the obligation of addressing everyone senior to me in the bank as "sir." A stiff, high, linen collar was a must. Thus, for four dollars a week, I proceeded to learn the banking business, a business far different from that of today. Being stationed in the main office, I was sort of bellhop and servant to sixteen tellers and ledger-keepers who were in their respective cages with locked doors and caged roofs. The only communication they had with the outside world were two slots in the side walls of the cage and, naturally, the front opening where they transacted business with the bank's clients. The word "telephone" was used by the tellers and ledger-keepers when they wished one of the bellhops to attend them for a glass of water or the transit of banking documents to some other location.

While I was acting in this junior capacity, the first adding machine was added to the equipment and caused concern as to its

reliability. Heretofore, all work was done in pen-and-ink by the ledger-keepers. And we juniors were required to remain after hours to balance out and reconcile the tellers' mistakes and errors.

One day it appeared that I failed to use the word "sir" among numerous "sirs" that I had uttered the same day. This resulted in my being up before the senior accountant for a reprimand and an admonishment not to let it occur the second time.

It was my decision that this atmosphere was too austere and did not provide the freedom and scope of my desires. Perhaps this was a small rebellion on my part, and yet it was my desire to seek an outlet that would be more compatible to my characteristics and where I would acquire a wider and more extensive business practice. On the other hand, I'm free to admit that if I had remained with the Dominion Bank of Canada and had gained experience in its various branches from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and had attained the ultimate, namely the Inspector's Department at the Main Office, I could have retired at the age of fifty-four years on half my salary for the rest of my life. So the question remains unanswered even today, did I make the correct change or should I have stayed with the bank? That's where the expression I've already used comes in. I became a "rolling stone" while I gathered much "moss."

Going from the sublime to the ridiculous, I obtained employment with the Canada Foundry Company, a subsidiary of the Canadian General Electric Company, which, in turn, was a subsidiary of the United States General Electric Company. The plant was located on the outskirts of the city of Toronto, where some 3,500 employees manufactured everything from steam locomotives to structural steel bridges. There was machinery of all types, foundries of all types, boiler shops,

a new factory—a complete manufacturer of heavy materials.

Off came the high, stiff, linen collar, and I was happy to be known as a departmental time-keeper. Such time-keeping was done amidst noisy lathes, drill presses, lighter machinery of that nature, and plenty of oil and grease, my daily portion. I loved working hard. I was advanced to assistant head time-keeper and eventually head time-keeper. From there on I was assigned to the various accounting departments of this huge enterprise, and it was then that I conceived the idea of studying system installation, cost finding, manufacturing practices and business analysis in general. My decision was largely due to the fact that the head office of this company had enlisted the services of a firm of American systematizers for the purpose of producing better production results in the plant. As a matter of fact, three separate teams were engaged over a period of time in this work. And for the three separate teams, I was detached from my position and assigned as an assistant to the professions for the purpose already stated. That was when I learned the value of an outsider consulting the man actually on the job. What the outsider really wanted to know was "what made the watch tick."

Having decided on this course, I studied hard, read all the textbooks, and absorbed every factor these professionals cared to impart. I built up an extensive library of not only forms, but proper procedures for cost finding, production processes, etc.

The day came, after my departure from the Canada Foundry Company, when I had the pleasure of declining the top office position known as "works accountant" for the reason that I had far outgrown the confines of that enterprise. But in the interval, additional experience had to be gained and so I obtained

a position with the Canada Motor and Cycle Company, manufacturers of automobiles and bicycles. Here I was confronted with an entirely different type of manufacturing process. I found that the various experiences and studies learned at the former place of employment could be applied to this type of manufacturing, providing I had the mind and knowledge of how to convert. Success was my reward, and now on to fresh fields to conquer.

The time had come for me to accept the managership of a department, and so, at the early age of twenty-four, I could have been found, sitting in my first private office, furnished with a large roll-top desk and a good-looking secretary. The position was factory cost accountant of the Dunlop Tire and Rubber Goods Company, at a salary well over the average that was being paid for like positions. Here I was again confronted with an entirely new concept of manufacturing, namely, the production of truck and automobile tires and all other mechanical rubber products such as fire hose, or lawn hose, etc. This was a difficult assignment due to the fact that the rubber entering into such products is manufactured from secret formulas. These formulas are developed by the chemists of a company and are closely guarded secrets. Even in the rubber mixing department, the foremen were unaware of component parts of each batch. Each separate type of rubber product called for its own ingredients, and thus, cost finding was a most difficult matter in the way of producing accurate cost figures. Nevertheless, my department, with eighteen cost clerks under my supervision, was able to make much progress in assisting the management as to true and correct costs.

I took advantage of this position to work out several new developments in the way of perpetual inventories and the application of

depreciation schedules on the departmental basis, a heretofore unknown procedure where appraisal companies were concerned. As anyone versed in manufacturing process knows, depreciation is a main factor in cost finding, and to be able to produce such figures by individual productive departments, and by separate and individual classification of accounts as to these assets, was recognized as an advancement in such techniques. My outline for reducing these factors to writing resulted in its being adopted as a standard procedure by the Canadian Appraisal Company, a subsidiary of the United States Appraisal Company.

The time had now arrived when I desired to ascertain whether I had the ability to analyze an entire plant and reorganize its production and accounting practices. I resigned and became a professional systematizer for the Phillips Manufacturing Company, a company which manufactured picture molding, picture frames, and the beveling of plate glass. Now I had an open field and a big challenge, and I set to work with great enthusiasm to see what could be done to raise the efficiency of this family-owned plant (the production of good costs and the general rehabilitation). This was an old firm wherein the founder had made his fortune which had been handed down to the sons who, having been born with gold spoons in their mouths, and who, not having been brought up through the ranks, as it were, were more accustomed to drawing their salary checks in dividends than addressing themselves to the hard, daily conditions of departmental manufacturing. My ability was recognized; deference was accorded me as had been accorded the professions way back in the Canada Foundry days. I was halfway in this process of rejuvenation when World War I was declared in August, 1914. With the declaration of hostilities, Canada having

decided to join in this war, my first duty was to my country and my regiment. For a short period of time, I occupied a dual role of remaining with the Phillips Manufacturing Company and being on duty at the Toronto armories each night of the week with the exception of Sundays. This could not last indefinitely, with the result that I obtained a leave of absence from my position and was placed on active duty with the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada. What transpired after that will be narrated in Chapter Two, "Military Career."

Before closing with my early business career, it may be of interest to note that the working conditions then in existence were far remote from what they are in this year, this decade, or this era. Organized labor was not in any sense in control of labor. The Canada Foundry Company employed fully experienced machinists, brought from England after a rigid seven years apprenticeship, who were glad to receive twenty-two and a half cents an hour for an eight-hour day, with five hours on Saturday. The highest-paid machinists on the most delicate job, namely that of machining engine frames involving hundreds of dollars if a mistake was made, received twenty-seven and a half cents an hour.

There was no such thing as workman's compensation. As a matter of fact, I was the treasurer of the Canada Foundry Employees Benevolent Society where the employees had a voluntary deduction made from their paychecks for the employment of a part-time doctor who attended their accidents and sickness. The employer paid nothing.

The hideous procedure of premium work was invoked. Premium work consisted of a premium clerk clocking a machinist while he worked in order to establish what was considered a fair production per hour. The

quantity was in some cases increased fifty percent for the same premium rate, causing the employee to drive himself every minute to obtain the appropriate reward. Woe betide him if he turned out any destroyed items.

Workmen were shoveling snow off the machine shop roof on one occasion. Three of them slipped and became impaled on the eight-foot picket fence beneath, with resultant broken spinal columns. The injured had to secure the services of a lawyer for the filing of a damage suit, said lawyer taking their cases on a contingency basis of fifty percent for himself, with the employer fighting tooth and nail with his high-paid attorneys, all with the object of reducing the amount of damages to a negligible amount. These were some of the conditions under which labor labored in the years of my early business career.

The employers went further. They established what was known as a blacklist. Any employee who left or was discharged by the Canada Foundry Company under a cloud was so listed. The prospective employer checked with the central bureau, and if the man's record was not clear, he did not obtain new employment. The use of scab labor in the few strikes that the growing labor unions had the audacity to conduct was a frequent practice. In the eastern United States there were large groups, known as strike-breakers, willing to go to any city or across the border for the purpose of breaking struck plants. Much bloodshed was the result, and it was not until later, through the leadership of such men as Samuel Gompers, John L. Lewis, etc., that they were able to organize labor to the extent where labor was recognized by the employer, granted a fair deal, and the wrongs of the days that I had described were eliminated.

From there on, the pendulum has swung in the extreme opposite direction. Labor today has long since forgotten its early

struggle and is concerned solely in its own welfare and not that of the public at large, to say nothing of that of his employer. If Walter Reuther successfully carries out his declared intention (made public in the month of April of this years, 1967), the employer will become entirely enslaved by labor and will be subject to its direction and orders. I cannot give the reference, but Mr. Reuther is not satisfied merely to increase the benefits of labor as to working conditions, salaries, fringe benefits, insurance, etc., but he now declares that the employees must be paid a guaranteed annual wage, regardless of how many hours he works, that the colored race must be equal to that of the white race, and that poverty must be removed from the land. He concluded with the thought that labor should have some jurisdiction in the foreign policy of the United States in order to avoid all future wars. It is today a far different situation from what I outlined concerning those early years. It only goes to point out that we humans never fail to prevent the pendulum from swinging from one extreme to the other, and it is one of the reasons why we may find ourselves “on the edge of a precipice” (as an English professor recently stated to the students at Stanford University).

MILITARY CAREER

Placing in the record any reference to my military career, such as it was, is done more for the purpose of affording a contrast of the past of things military with the present. The glamour of Waterloo has long since been forgotten—decades ago. Yet, some traces of individual groups, organizations, and entities, militarily speaking, remained with us during the South African War, the Spanish-American War, and World War I. Man has not as yet reduced himself to the savage art of killing just for the sake of killing. The former well-known phrase, “They first must be bloodied before they become an organized, well-disciplined unit,” has long since been forgotten.

Now we draft a young man regardless of his personal feelings, send him off to “boot camp,” dress him in ill-fitting fatigues, give him a number, w dog tag, crop his hair, and by nightfall, he is comparable to a convict of the San Quentin Penitentiary of California. Thus he is shipped out to war, a mere number, fights as such with some *numbered* battalion, of some *numbered* regiment, of some *numbered* brigade, division, and corps.

If he’s killed, his body is shipped home, his only identification—a number. Not so in former days! Then we took pride in the famous Rainbow Division of World War I, the Doolittle Flying Tigers of World War II, together with the Marine Corps. Across the border, my former regiment, the Queen’s Own Rifles of Canada, won twenty-two battle honors in World War I, and twenty such honors in World War II. This regiment distinguished itself in such a brilliant manner at the Normandy Beach landing in June, 1944, and such subsequent engagements as Cannes, Falaise, Bologne, Calais, the Rhineland, the Rhine, etc., that, on the declaration of peace, was awarded inclusion in the enlarged Permanent Armed Forces of Canada.

Today the First Battalion is stationed on Vancouver Island, British Columbia, while the Second Battalion a month ago was airlifted, complete in all details, to the Island of Cyprus, there to remain on duty for six months, maintaining order between the Greeks and the Turks. The Third Reserve Militia Battalion is headquartered at Toronto, Ontario.

With this introduction, I shall endeavor to leave as a permanent record the history of one regiment, my regiment, the oldest infantry unit identified with Canada, which celebrated its 107th anniversary on April 26, 1967. During the appropriate celebrations of its centenary, Lieutenant Colonel W. T. Barnard, ED, CD, (Retired), wrote and edited *The Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, 1860-1960, "One Hundred Years of Canada."* This publication, some four hundred pages, sets out for all to read and comprehend its contribution of service to the history of Canada. Distributed at various reference libraries, a volume is to be found on the shelves of the library of the University of Nevada. Its file number is 355.31/ B25q. The President of the University, Dr. Charles J. Armstrong, in accepting this volume, offered as a personal reference, the fact that his father fought with the Canadian Expeditionary Force, 1914 to 1918, was wounded at the Battle of the Somme, 1916, and subsequently died of wounds received during the Somme campaign.

The Queen's Own Rifles of Canada has seen active service since the year 1866. June the second of this year it fought at the Battle of Ridgeway during the Fenian Raid invasion of Canada. It participated in the Riel Rebellion, Northwest Territories, in the year 1870; the North-West Rebellion campaign of 1885; the South African War, 1899-1900; First World War, 1914-1919; Second World War, 1939-1945; Korea, 1954; and Cyprus, 1967.

The succession rolls of the regiment show in addition to other distinguished personages, as Colonels-in-Chief Her Majesty Queen Mary, 1928-1953, and Her Royal Highness Princess Alexandra of Kent, who will visit all units of the regiment when she journeys to Canada during the centennial of the Dominion in the year 1967. May I mention just three of the many Honorary Colonels

and Honorary Lieutenant Colonels inscribed in the rolls? Field Marshall Earl Roberts of Kandahar, India, Pretoria, South Africa, and Waterford, VC, KG, KP, GCB, OM, GCSI, GCIE; General Sir William Dillion Otter, KCB, CVO, VD; Major General Sir Henry Mill Pellatt, CVO, VD. The names of these outstanding leaders may be of little consequence to the researcher and historian, other than to emphasize the point that I have endeavored to make, namely, there is great value in tradition and resultant achievements as compared with the nonentity—a mere number.

This country of ours has every reason to be proud of the record it's established through its Marine Corps. Volunteers and draftees to this corps soon become, shall I say, saturated with the past history of this famous fighting unit, its fighting qualities, its victories. No wonder they are called "leathernecks" and not "a number."

On obtaining my eighteenth birthday, I immediately enlisted as a rifleman in the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, a militia regiment similar to our National Guard units. It was the obvious thing to do as will be explained in my "Reminiscences of a Former Officer," attached hereto as Exhibit Number One.* I requested, after having passed the recruit class examinations, to be posted to C Company, commanded by Captain W. C. Michell, who acted as instructor for the Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute Cadet Corps. Subsequent promotions in the non-commissioned officers ranks resulted in my being sponsored for a commission as a junior

*All Exhibits referred to have been deposited with the Special Collections Department of the University of Nevada Library.

lieutenant in the spring of 1914, and the presentation of my sword. Little did any of us officers realize what the month of August following would produce in the way of a world-wide military conflagration in which millions would perish.

There may be several matters of interest where my contribution in the war effort is concerned that are not included in my "Reminiscences." First, may I refer to the fact that immediately on qualification of my rank as a junior lieutenant, and not being permitted to go overseas with the first quota from the regiment in August, 1914, and in order that I, with the other officers who remained, would promptly bring this two-battalion unit up to strength was assigned to the Provisional School of Qualification for Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers. My duty with the non-commission class was evidently well-performed because I was transferred to the officers' classes. I trained some of the leading citizenry of Toronto standing in their civilian clothes, with a belt and bayonet irregularly placed over that part of their anatomy, and with oldtime rifles in the right hand. I was faced by members of the medical profession, the legal profession, and other business executives, who heard the call to duty and hoped to pass the necessary qualification and be rewarded with a commission in one of the militia regiments. Canada, at that time, had less than eight thousand personnel in its permanent army. Once more I proved to be satisfactory to my seniors, as evidenced by the fact that my two classes of embryonic officers successfully passed without any failures.

There was one gentleman who stood in front of me, a prominent barrister and solicitor of Toronto, who graduated and was commissioned in a militia regiment and then, in due course, transferred and seconded to the Canadian Expeditionary Force. I lost track of

this party after his graduation; however, in the year 1917, while overseas, I read with interest in the Canadian news section of an English paper that lawyer George McGowan had been appointed Deputy Minister of Defense for Canada Overseas, with headquarters in Cockspur Street, London. Naturally, his rank was much senior to when he was commissioned, but my memory fails me as to which one. It was higher than a brigadier general.

Like my old master, Tommy Porter, I thought it was appropriate for me to call upon my former candidate, and so proceeded to his headquarters. After being passed through three orderlies, all with somewhat of an astonished look on their faces as I made the request that I be admitted to the "presence," I *was* admitted, and, instead of a warm welcome such as Thomas Porter and myself engaged in on King Street, I was faced with a character who, somewhere in the far, rear recesses of his mind, had a faint recollection that he had once known me. Our interview was short and to the point. I clicked my heels and saluted, about-faced, and out I went. Such is life.

The other reference has to do with the year 1918. History records that President Wilson decided on a declaration of war in the fall of 1917. The contribution of this country was going to be large, and it was based on sending overseas approximately five million men. This could not be accomplished overnight, and, therefore, outside of the advance parties, it can be safely stated that the greater movement of these troops took place in the early part of 1918.

Having been invalided from the service in December, 1917, I returned to Canada and was placed on special leave with permission to resume my civilian life. This I did, because I felt it advisable to reestablish myself without further delay and not inflict the sight of my

uniform on the public. There was too much of that being done and which was generally referred to as holding “bombproof jobs.” Notwithstanding my civilian status, my record must have been somewhere in the mysterious files of the Defense Department, for on a certain day, I was called to military headquarters and informed I had been selected one of six officers who had seen combat service in France, and who were of senior rank, for the purpose of meeting a request from the Department of War in Washington that such officers be sent to the eastern states for purposes of assisting in the Liberty Bond drive. Thus equipped with a new uniform, strict rules and regulations as to my conduct, I crossed the border at Buffalo and proceeded to Providence, Rhode Island, where my first assignment was an address before the faculty and the student body of Brown University, one of the oldest academic schools in the United States. This was to be my first experience of associating with the “great” and the “near great” and of endeavoring to give them a public address of value.

I was introduced at a convocation held in the campus theater. The entire faculty was on the stage, gowned and hooded. I must confess that when I arose to address the assemblage of over two thousand persons, I, for a moment, quailed because of such learned scholars near at hand. My decision was to talk as a soldier and that I did. And when I endeavored to terminate my address, demands arose from the entire theater that I should continue. This can best be explained with the fact that the United States of America had not experienced a real war from the time of the war of the Revolution. We can dismiss, without any development, the War of 1812, the Spanish-American War, and our first attempts to subdue Mexicans. So war had a glamour to it and every person was at the boiling point

in the way of patriotism. The gentle sex went wild over selling bonds. The streets were decorated. Cohan wrote his famous “Over There.” The air was charged with electricity, and I was introduced as a foreign person who had seen actual experience in France as a combat officer long before the time when American officers would return with similar experiences. One might say I was the center of attraction!

My next assignment was also at Providence, Rhode Island, where I was to speak before what is known as the Millionaire’s Club, and at their annual beefsteak banquet. No expense had been spared in their quarters, and for this occasion, they partook of very fine beefsteak, washed down with pints of beer. I was requested to make a short speech of not more than fifteen minutes as an aid to the subscribing of Liberty Bonds. As I sat waiting to be introduced, my mind was not on things local.

My mind was on what was taking place that very moment on the battlefields of France. It was at the time when—due to the fact that approximately four and a half million American troops had landed in France, or were stationed in England, or were in transports— the Imperial German General Staff decided to make its final effort to break through the lines and reach Paris. It took the “powers that be” over three years to finally decide on one generalissimo of the combined armies facing the Germans. Thus, by the appointment of Marshall Foch, he was in a position of watching this maneuver on the part of the Germans, of seeing their indentations between the British and the French lines of contact, and, as a result of these indentations, at the appropriate time, he called upon General Pershing of the United States Army Corps to strike the Germans on their left flank. All of this resulted in

the commencement of the roll-back of the German armies, their subsequent defeat, and their petition for peace, November, 1918.

On being introduced and limited to fifteen minutes, I went to work, and speaking again as a soldier and with what was transpiring in France as a background in my mind, I let them have it! Without going into details, I can say that over \$360,000 worth of Liberty Bonds were subscribed for within less than fifteen minutes —and mostly in blocks of ten and twenty thousand-dollar bonds.

My next assignment was to meet with the employees of the various linen mills situated at Syracuse, staffed mostly by imported Englishmen who were well-experienced in this craft. They had been assembled with their wives and daughters in a large assemblage hall, and here entered one of their own in one sense, a Canadian. I was required to dance, and the requests were so numerous that, like the Prince of Wales, now the Duke of Windsor, on one of his visits to Canada, I had to share a dance with sometimes as many as five partners. However, it brought happiness to them for, in one sense, they were somewhat strangers in a strange land.

At the city of New York, I spoke before several large groups, and then my journeys took me to Syracuse. This meeting took place in a large theater with a main floor and three galleries. When I entered from the rear of the stage, I was not met with learned members of a university faculty, but by generals and admirals festooned with medals and other decorations. I really now felt somewhat in my element. No bonds were sold at this meeting, but the ladies with their booths outside, well arranged to take care of the audience as it exited.

Returning to the hotel somewhat tired and weary and at the hour of six p.m., I was promptly shanghaied. out of my room

together with my grips, placed in a large automobile and found myself enjoying the bracing country air. It was not until we left the precincts of the city I found I was being taken to the model town of the Oneida Community Silver Plate Company. It was all dark; I was escorted to their elaborate guest house, equipped with a butler and all the other necessities of life; I was permitted a well-earned rest with my breakfast brought bed-side. Then the officials arrived, and I was conducted on a tour of the townsite, noticing big display boards at the corners announcing that a Canadian officer returned from France would address the community that evening in their large recreation hall. There was a capacity of some three thousand persons. The interval was taken up by my being shown the plant, and I was particularly interested in their cost finding procedures. So the day passed, and where I had prepared an address of one hour's time, I was not permitted to stop until my voice gave out after a full two and a half hours telling and explaining to them just what combat fighting in this war consisted of and other incidents to such a conflict. On my return home to Toronto, there awaiting me was a mahogany case of their best plated silverware as a token of their esteem and regard.

Time marches on, and it will be noted my "Reminiscences" are dated August 22, 1963. Subsequent to this date, Mrs. Sampson and I arrived in Toronto, Sunday, August 25, 1963, for the purpose of visiting my relatives and many former places of interest. We were the guests of the commanding officer, his officers, and their wives, of the Third Battalion of the Queen's Own Rifles at a reception held in our honor and for the presentation of my sword to the commanding officer. The reception was held the following Tuesday at Colonel M. I. Jackson's three split-level home situated

on the main driveway of the Thornhill Golf and Country Club, some twenty miles north of Toronto. Promptly at four p.m., the Commissioner's limousine of the Ontario Provincial Police Force drew up in front of the Royal York Hotel to convey us to Thornhill. Eric Silk, QC, as Commissioner, commands a large force of constables stationed throughout the province and is a brother of my sister-in-law, Mrs. Robert A. Sampson.

Standing at the entrance to their beautiful home, we were cordially received by Colonel and Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Jackson's mother. On entering the home, I was confronted with a gathering of approximately ninety officers and their wives, all of the Third Battalion and all unknown to me. It must be understood that I was an officer of the First World War and these were all officers of the Second World War, together with those who had joined the regiment after the year 1945.

The house was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The bar was properly equipped for the many libations that would be partaken, and with the traditional mess sergeant, his white jacket, brass buttons, etc. A most pleasant time was spent by us in meeting and chatting and being introduced to our hosts, as we considered all present our hosts. At approximately seven in the evening, adjournment was made to the south patio of this home. Adjoining it was the fairway of the golf course. Again libations, and my being called upon to address those present.

While some of the prominent guests that I mention may be of no significance, they were of great significance to me. There stood Brigadier John G. Spragge, DSO, OBE, ED, commander of the Queen's Own Battalion, which participated in the Normandy Beach landing, and for which he received the Distinguished Service Order. Next to him stood the Colonel of the regiment, Colonel J.

G. K. Strathy, OBE, ED. Not far removed was Lieutenant Colonel William T. Barnard, ED, CD, author of the history of the regiment. My attention was then directed to two officers, who on being introduced, turned out to be the sons of a brother officer of mine in World War I, Major Charles S. Dalton. Major Dalton and I were close friends, military-wise, and also in a business sense after peace had been declared in World War I. Here were his two sons, both decorated with the Distinguished Service Order and the additional decoration of CD, who commanded A and B Companies respectively of the regiment when it landed on Normandy Beach.

The researcher may have occasion to just wonder what the actual experience was of the unit after having been conveyed over the English Channel and its landing on the Normandy coast, all a prelude to the final victory to come. If he is so interested I recommend his reading pages 193-195 of the *Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, One Hundred Years of Canada*, to be found as already stated in the Special Collection library of the University of Nevada, catalog number 355.31/B259q. He will learn where Companies A and B were to a large extent decimated before reaching the beach.

Later in the evening, Lieutenant Colonel P. R. Hampton, ED, arrived, and, breaking all etiquette, I called out, "Hello, Percy," because here stood a former sergeant of the regiment when I was a sergeant. I finally knew someone at this gathering.

Lieutenant Colonel P. N. Alexander, MC, VD, also a close friend of mine and a sergeant in the years previous to World War I, was unable to attend, but phoned, and we had lunch together the following day at the National Club.

I was also introduced to a Major C. L. Jones, CD, who was second in command of

the Third Battalion, and who succeeded to the command on the retirement of Colonel M. I. Jackson.

The time had now come for the presentation of my sword, which was to be carried by the then-commanding officer and his successors on all ceremonial parades, and, in the interval, to repose in the regimental trophy case. Instead of an impromptu speech, other than its conclusion, I read a few paragraphs from my "Reminiscences" and then called upon Mrs. Sampson to make the actual presentation, which she, in a few well-chosen words, made the presentation to Colonel Jackson. The Colonel received this historic sword, and from nowhere appeared an officer fully dressed in the review uniform that I was familiar with, back in the years gone by, who promptly sheathed the sword in its scabbard and carried it around the remainder of the evening "at the port"—on his left side.

We bade farewell to our newly-found friends at a late hour, full of appreciation for the many courtesies extended, and for me, re-emphasizing the fact that "once in the Queen's Own, always in the Queen's Own."

Mrs. Sampson and I will be revisiting the Third Battalion come September this year, and already preparations are being made for our reception.

Continuing the chapter on my military career and bringing matters more or less up-to-date, an invitation was extended by the commanding officer of the Regimental Depot and the commanding officer of the Second Battalion, QOR, both stationed at Calgary, Regina, Canada, to pay them a visit in the year 1964, and to conform with the holding of the 103rd anniversary of the regiment. The invitation not only included becoming acquainted with the officers and the wives of the Second Battalion, but also that I would inspect the 2554th Queen's Own

Rifles of Canada Cadet Corps at its annual cadet inspection, Curry Barracks, Calgary, Saturday, the thirteenth of May at ten a.m. The invitation card read: "Inspecting officer: Major G. A. Sampson, QOR of C (retired), Dress: Military No. 5."

To do full justice to our reception and entertainment over the period of four days would require more than one tape. Fortunately, Mrs. Sampson maintained a day-to-day record of this visit, filled with many numerous interesting details. I've asked permission to have the record of the visit added as Exhibit Number Two to my history. In reading this record, there may be certain references of minor importance. However, if the researcher will delve carefully into this memorandum, he can come to but one conclusion: that there is great value in tradition for, after all, it *is* tradition that has advanced this world to the present degree of attainment. Without it we would be lost. And if we do not maintain it in the future, we will be lost. On more than one occasion, when describing this visit to my local friends in Reno, I have emphasized the fact that I was somewhat of a museum piece, a relic of the past, an officer of a forgotten decade, unknown by those who would entertain him. Thirty-eight years had elapsed, and yet our reception was warm from the moment we arrived at Calgary, and were met by Major J. L. McCulloch, CD, and his adjutant, Captain J. R. Smith, CD.

On parade during the inspection, and while attending the various functions at which we were guests, I became somewhat puzzled over the deference that was being paid me for the reason that I was recognizing those present as senior to myself. Then it came to my realization that they were considering me senior, due to my earlier attachment to the regiment.

It was not until the middle of the formal ball on the Saturday evening, when the commanding officer of the Depot was dancing with Mrs. Sampson finally broke down and said, "When are you going to call me Larry?" Thus the ice was broken. All this spit and polish and seniority disappeared, and we became very close and fast friends for all time, including Captain Smith and his wife Janet. It is not every day that two strangers from across the border, after an interval of thirty years from the regiment receive a tribute from such an officer as Larry McCulloch. Major McCulloch covered himself with high honors in World War II, and I can still see him together with Captain Schmidt and their lovely wives standing at the Canadian Pacific Railway depot bidding us "au revoir" with tears in their eyes. We have cemented our friendship thus made with the regimental depot and the Second Battalion by the commanding officer accepting a rose bowl for the Officers' Mess. The inscription reads as follows:

The QOR of C, Home Station Officers Mess, presented by Major G. A. Sampson, QOR of C, in October, '65, to mark his visit to the home station in company with Mrs. Margaret Ryan Sampson, 28-31 May, '64.

I have been requested to make some observations of war-time life where it pertained to World War I, both on this continent and in Europe. Nowhere to be found were the restrictions imposed upon the civilian population as in World War II. Rationing, such as it was, was restricted to a few basic food items such as meat, sugar, and things of that nature. One would travel around London itself and experience the normal life as compared with what was being conducted across the English Channel.

One of my favorite haunts was a restaurant known as the Trocadero, a five-story restaurant complete in every detail. There were banquet rooms, dining rooms, and particularly, the grill. The grill was situated beneath the street level, and one made his entrance down a wide, red-carpeted staircase, with a landing before reaching the lower level, where one could stand, as I did, and survey a scene of merriment and warm atmosphere. True, it was occupied to a large extent by officers. The entire European practice of dining had no restrictions. It was a place for relaxation after a tour in France, particularly if one was accompanied by the fair sex. A fine orchestra provided the sentimental music of those days, as was done in World War II, particularly in the city of San Francisco. And thus we came and went, and I in particular, can recall a brother officer whom I met by accident in this grill room accompanied by a member of the "fair sex," being reported a casualty some six days afterwards.

It is true that the manpower of England was drained to the furthest extent by the year 1918. And it is true that if the American forces had not arrived when they did, it's just a question with whether the weary, worn British "Tommy" and any French "Poilu" could have stood up for any further length of time to the horrors of the German "Runs."

Military life in World War I was no different than that of World War II or what is going on at the present moment. If the minimum of casualties is to be experienced, there has to be discipline, and discipline consists of accepting orders, without complaint or comment, from a senior officer. This is generally known as the "chain of command," and it must be adhered to, as otherwise you are going to have a disorganized fighting unit somewhat taking the law into its own hands, with resultant confusion and heavier casualties.

Many a blunder has been made by senior commanding officers who hold the lives of thousands of troops in their hands. There has never been a war without blunders and yet there's no substitute, a satisfactory substitute, to the fact that orders are orders and you must carry them out.

The Russians made the bold experiment of introducing "commissars" into their military units, political spies who had to be consulted in all things pertaining to the unit in question by its commanding officer. They soon learned to dispense with these trouble makers, and restored, to a very large extent, the responsibilities, behavior, and discipline of the troops to their commissioned officers.

It's a matter of history that Lord Nelson, of great British naval fame, whose stone shaft still stands in Trafalgar Square in London, England, disobeyed the "chain of command." He lost one of his eyes at the Battle of the Nile, and prior to the Battle of Trafalgar, was the second in command of the British naval fleet when it engaged the fleet of Denmark at the Battle of Copenhagen. Lord Nelson was with the advance units- -what we would call cruisers in World War II—with his commanding officer in the rear, with what we would call battleships in World War II. His senior officer, observing the engagement from a far distance, came to the conclusion that the Danes were beating the British and it was time to withdraw the forward vessel. Signal orders to this effect were hoisted, and Nelson's flag officer reported to the admiral the order to break off action with the enemy and retreat. Nelson, sensing victory, called for his telescope, placed it to his blind eye, and said, "I can't see the signals. On with the fight!" Nelson won the victory. He also won a reprimand from his senior officers, and if he had not been such a brilliant officer, crowned with numerous honors, he could have been

subjected to court martial. Instead, he went on to the Battle of Trafalgar and initiated a new tactic, adopted by all modern navies when they possess cruisers and battleships. It was successfully used by the naval forces of the United States in the Pacific in World War II, known in modern language as "crossing the T." Nelson's body lies in honor in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, with his admirals on either side of him, not too far away from another great military figure of England, the Duke of Wellington.

Postscript, July 15, 1968: I was privileged to dictate this oral history during the later months of 1967. Its editing has been in course, as time permits, the last several months. Today, July 15, 1968, I received through the mail the following letter from Currie Barracks, Calgary, and I quote:

DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL
DEFENSE

5545-2

Canadian Forces Base Calgary

Currie Barracks

Calgary, Alberta

9 July, 1968

Dear Member:

On July 15, 1968, the 1st Canadian Infantry Brigade Group and Canadian Forces Base Calgary will say farewell to the 2nd Battalion, Queen's Own Rifles of Canada. The programme begins at 7.00 p.m. with a formal parade on the Currie Parade Square which will conclude with a Sunset Ceremony. Following the parade, a reception will be held in the Officers' Mess at approximately 8.00 p.m. Lounge suits will be appropriate. All Regular, Honorary, and Associate

Members of the Officers' Mess, Currie Barracks and their ladies are invited to attend. This will be an historical and important event and it would be appreciated if all members would make every effort to be present.

Yours sincerely,
E. B. Chase, Major
President, Mess Committee
Canadian Forces Base Calgary
Officers' Mess

What does all this mean? It means a fighting battalion which saw service in Korea and Cyprus is being wiped out. The Regimental Depot at Currie Barracks is now a thing of the past. Gone is the Depot itself. The Regimental QOR Officers' Mess, and what a finely appointed mess it was, is now but a memory, with its silver plate, trophies, oil paintings, and so many other mementos transferred to the First Battalion, Vancouver Island, British Columbia. All this in the name of economy and in the pursuit of Canada creating a thirty thousand mobile striking force, available for action in any part of the world. Canada, like the United States should mind its own business and cease being the big brother to the entire world. Where the Second Battalion is concerned, the traditions of 108 years fade over the horizon for all time. I sent the commanding officer of the Second Battalion the following telegram:

Lt. Col. N. A. Robinson, CD 2nd Bn,
Queen's Own Rifles of Canada Currie
Barracks Calgary, Alberta, Canada

With your permission, Sir, kindly convey to all ranks of the second battalion my warmest regards and highest esteem for the service they

have performed on foreign and Canadian soil over the past years. Mrs. Sampson joins me in saying au revoir and auld lang syne to a famous fighting unit.

G. A. Sampson, Major (Rt.)
The Queen's Own Rifles of Canada

THE RETURN TO CIVILIAN LIFE AND THE JOURNEY WEST; THE HOLLYWOOD PERIOD

On my discharge from military service in 1918, I chose a return to civilian life, and the re-establishment of myself in business. No return was made to the Phillips Manufacturing Company for the reason that due to the war years, the business had not prospered. They wished to avoid the additional expense my services would involve. Then too, the assistant I left when I went on active service had carried on in a satisfactory manner, with the result that all parties were satisfied. There was no difficulty in my securing other employment. The federal government promptly appointed me field auditor of a shipbuilding project then in its initial stage at the Toronto harbor.

Completing this assignment, I was invited to join the staff of a United States firm of business analysts and systematizers known as the Griffen-Hagen and Company, as one of its staff members. Their contract called for a reclassification of the Dominion government civil service and the reorganization of the various departments of government. This was the same firm, then known as the Arthur Young Company, who conducted a similar

assignment under “chicken in every pot” president, President Hoover’s regime. It was most interesting work. And, once more, I received proper approval for the assignments that were given me.

To illustrate that politics in 1918 were no different than today, on my first entrance to the elaborate building known as the Department of Customs and Internal Revenue, I was immediately struck with the beauty of the marble walls of the main passage-ways on the ground floor— so much so that I inquired of the deputy commissioner as to whether this marble was imported or quarried in Canada. I was promptly informed that it was quarried in Canada in the only quarry that had this type of marble, that said quarry was owned solely by a revered senator of the Dominion Parliament, that he saw to it that the plans and specifications for the construction of this new building to house the Customs and Internal Revenue should be embellished with this particular marble.

Ontario, being at this time under prohibition, yet having the necessity of

providing for the sick and the ailing in the way of *spirits fermenti*, the government was compelled to open certain stores, then called dispensaries after the drug term, for the dispensing of liquor under medical prescription. It was surprising how sick the population was—to such an extent that the government put a restriction of fifty prescriptions per month per doctor. As a result, on graduation from medical school, any embryonic doctor, supplied with his fifty prescription blanks, at a ten-dollar professional fee, was able to pay his monthly rent and office expense while he built up his practice. To use the vernacular, it was “gravy” to the older members of the profession.

The government hesitated going into such a vile business as selling liquor, and it determined no political backwash would result from same. It was therefore their decision to engage a person experienced in the purchase of liquor, and also to engage G. A. Sampson, to outline, develop, and create the necessary dispensaries backed up by proper accounting records. It was an interesting assignment, and, applying my former experience, I brought matters to a successful conclusion at the time of my withdrawal.

Having completed this assignment, and not wishing to continue in the liquor business the rest of my life, I decided to gather some more moss, and, on invitation of the directors of the National Club of Toronto, a gentlemen’s club comparable to the Union Club of San Francisco, but much larger in membership, I accepted the position of “Mister Secretary” for the purpose of completely reorganizing the club from top to bottom, including its financial structure. Perish the thought of a lady intruding into the precincts of this club other than into the ladies parlor, which had its separate entrance, lounge, and dining room, where the members were wont to entertain

their wives and their friends. It was a very discreet suite of rooms, shut off entirely from the rest of the club, a building some six stories high.

My acceptance of this position involved a complete new kitchen installation, approximately \$45,000, and I was cheerfully told to proceed and see what could be done with modernizing this part of the club. I had no previous knowledge as to kitchen equipment, kitchen technique, but, undaunted, surveyed the situation, posted certain clerks in the kitchens to keep track of the travel of the waiters, chefs, and cooks, and I came up with a terrific picture of confusion, uncertainty, with no person knowing exactly where anything was. I engaged the services of a draftsman, and after inspecting kitchens in the cities of Buffalo, Detroit, New York, and Philadelphia, etc., returned home with a mind full of ideas which were reduced to the draftsman’s board. They resulted in a kitchen with white marble floors, tile walls to the ceiling, proper drainage, complete Monel metal throughout, and with certain innovations that made the manufacturers of such equipment hold up their hands in astonishment as to where I got such ideas. Heretofore, they had used angle iron for legs, whereas I was using round pipe with round knobs in order to prohibit the old familiar cockroach from invading the precincts of the kitchen. What was the use of putting sliding metal doors on cabinets containing cold china? By taking off such doors and turning the lips of the shelves down and having them marked as to the size of a plate, we produced a result that there was one place for everything, and everything *was* in its place in this kitchen. A strange waiter could come on the floor at eleven o’clock and be completely familiar with all the travel procedure and equipment, and, by twelve, be fully experienced to serve

the gentlemen in their austere, very formal dining room.

My reward was a bonus of five hundred dollars in gold each Christmas, until such time as, having extracted from this experiment all that was possible as to good management and efficiency, I again decided to gather some more moss, and so journeyed forth to that wonderful West of this continent to see what I could see, and with little thought of returning to the East with all its narrow-mindedness, restrictions, conventions, and protocol. Not that I was any rebel, but after my overseas experience in England and France, the old wanderlust became supreme. The West held out a challenge and I accepted it.

In departing from my business career in the East, I would like the researcher to have the value of my mind concerning such a career. Whatever success I attained in the various enterprises engaged in prior to World War I and afterwards, I attribute it all to the basic training received at the Canada Foundry Company, which I have recorded in somewhat detail.

The manufacture of a steam locomotive or the casting of an iron water pipe, on the surface, would not appear to have any parallel in the various forms of production, merchandising, and business conduct that I experienced in the afteryears. Yet, as each problem was presented, I was able to discern the corollary to some manufacturing practice and technique of that vast steel plant referred to.

And so I journeyed west (with the highest class of introduction to people of importance in the cities of Los Angeles, San Francisco, several other California locations, and the city of Reno). I traveled in the manner that I was accustomed to in my daily life in Toronto. An observer would have noticed my pearl-grey spats, my hard hat (Christie),

with the traditional feather on the left side, my stiff linen bat-wing collar, detached from the shirt, my French cuffs, my fawn gloves, and my walking stick. When in due course, I arrived in Reno, I must have looked like the "Prince of Pilsen," for my hosts gazed at me in wonderment and I wondered why. It was not too long until the spats came off and the walking stick was shelved. I adopted what to me was a horrid practice of wearing a soft shirt with a soft, turned down collar. Naturally, the hard hat, or Christie, became a thing of the past, and yet, over the succeeding years, I have never yielded to the western practice of going around bare-headed. I am well-known in the streets of Reno today as the one and only Renoite who wears a fedora with the brim turned down. It's a badge of distinction!

I learned the hard fact (as so many easterners learn on their first entre to the West) that one had to reclassify and remake himself to a large degree in order to be accepted and fit in with our more or less easy way of daily life. I also found that one was not accepted on his face value, that he had to prove himself over a period of time to be accepted into the fold. It has been said that one, to be termed a "native" of Reno, must live here for some five years. I also learned, to my dismay, that letters of introduction and references were not worth the paper they were written on, even if addressed to the presidents of large organizations such as the Crown Willamette Company of San Francisco and the late Mayor James "Sunny Jim" Rolph of that city. True, I was entertained in the president's office of the company I have just mentioned and enjoyed his Corona-Corona imported Havana cigars, but that is as far as it went, even if my letter of introduction was from one of his closest business associates. Mayor Rolph's secretary did not even extend

the courtesy of an acknowledgement of my letter of introduction. And so I learned another hard fact of life, that one had to go out on his own and fight for existence and to make his own impression.

In one sense, I was not too concerned in accepting any position because I was definitely on a vacation and had plenty of funds and had not arrived at a final and definite decision as to whether the West would be my future home. After becoming acclimatized with the coast cities, I journeyed to Lake Tahoe, in due course to Reno, where I presented a letter of introduction to the late Harry Kennedy, chief cashier of the Reno National Bank, Mr. Wingfield's bank. This was the first time I was received with warmth and welcome, and I learned to appreciate the real western spirit of this community as compared with the large metropolitan cities of California. I also visited the former Farmers and Merchants Bank, located at First and Virginia Streets, for the purpose of introducing myself to one by the name of Hugo M. Quilici. This bank was then owned and operated by a former governor, Richard Kirman, Sr., together with Mr. Walter J. Harris. There I found Hugo Quilici all caged up like a squirrel, similar to the bankers' cages I described in connection with my short stay with the Dominion Bank of Commerce. Our acquaintance ripened, and we decided to set up living quarters in an apartment which was rented from the Kennedys. Thus Hugo and I became close buddies and have been ever since. As time went on, we enlarged our group to include Frank Morrill of the present firm of Morrill-Machabee, whom we, in those days, called "Shorty;" Harold Gorman, the chairman of the Board of Directors of the First National Bank of Nevada, and Gordon B. Harris of the present Gordon B. Harris Insurance Agency.

A year's time passed speedily and in the spring of 1927, my good friend Hugo came

up with a brilliant suggestion to the effect that there was a young lady in this community that was comparable and compatible to me and my characteristics, which by this time he had thoroughly digested. And he exclaimed his astonishment why he had not brought us together sooner during the previous year. This error he promptly decided to correct, and thus I was dispatched on a blind date to the young lady's home, situated on North Virginia Street, for the purpose of taking her to the annual formal dance of the Sigma Nu fraternity, which was to be held in the old gymnasium on the University campus. I proceeded to this young lady's address with a certain amount of anxious anticipation, and on ringing the doorbell, and the door being opened, there stood a vision, a vision that I have never forgotten, to such an extent that I mentally exclaimed, "Where have you been all my life?" It appears that this refined, modest person had hied herself down to the (then) Grey Shop in the old Masonic building and purchased a black and white silk taffeta frock which intrigued me to no end. As a matter of fact, I have always been an admirer of ladies' clothes, and suppose I will continue to the end of my life. Here she was, with these alternate tiers of black and white taffeta from the waist down to the hem, with the bodice of black and with a huge tulle pompom in the center, of black and white, and a revered black and white collar.

We took off for the gymnasium, danced under the light of Chinese lanterns to "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi," then the favored sentimental dance piece, and which had the tendency of making one slightly lose his equilibrium.

This acquaintance ripened with resultant visits to the local theater and elsewhere, and little did either one of us know or realize that it was soon to terminate, at least for a period

of time. Easter came, and on the Good Friday I wired flowers to Toronto for my mother to wear on Easter Sunday at church. She followed her annual custom, along with my sister, of visiting St. James cemetery where all the Sampsons await the final call. She took with her my corsage and placed it on my father's grave the Monday after Easter. Little did she realize she had contracted a cold, and to make a long story short, my mother passed away the following Friday. I had but one thought in my mind and that was to return to Toronto for the funeral, and so I bade a hurried farewell to this young lady, known as Margaret Ryan, at her home, with her sitting on a footstool gazing into the fire, and with Hugo outside honking the horn, for a quick run to the S.P. station.

On my return trip to Toronto, time permitted me to review my travel experiences over the year that had been spent in the West. Climate-wise there is no comparison between the two geographical parts of this continent. The western states, in my opinion, enjoy a much better all-around climate and, in certain locations such as California, are not subject to the severe winters of the East. I also learned that the western states were more or less free from hurricane storms, but are subject to earthquakes.

I think the wide open spaces account for a great deal of the freedom and more open expression of opinion by the people than those in the East. It's much more easy to become acquainted and converse on short notice, and certainly one does not have to be formally introduced to strike up an acquaintance, which in certain cases develops into firm friendships.

Business-wise, there appeared to be a more adventurous spirit prevailing than in the East. Against this I gained the impression that one had to prove himself before being generally accepted.

My return East presented new problems on my arrival as, in addition to my mother having passed away, my eldest brother was to follow within eight weeks' time. All this required the breaking up of the home, and the disposition of personal effects, and the usual long-drawn-out business of settling two estates. It was therefore over a year before I was free of these family obligations and thus permitted to decide what my future would be.

After some thought, and as a result of my prior visits to Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Reno, I made the decision to make San Francisco my destination and the locale where I would develop my business and social future. The question might be asked, in view of prior statements, why did I not return to Reno? The answer is quite simple, I had every inclination to return to Reno on a permanent basis and open a practice in public accounting. There was one prime reason that deterred me from doing so, and it has reference to the young lady that stood framed in the doorway of her home.

Margaret Ryan was a professional in the art of teaching piano music. Her one long and main objective was to attend a normal school of music. This ambition of hers centered on a two-year course, at the famous Olga Steeb School of Music in Los Angeles. I did not consider it advisable to interfere with this well-determined ambition, and so we went our respective ways, little knowing at that time what fate had in store for us.

THE HOLLYWOOD PERIOD

And so I boarded the train, taking the southern route with the intention of dropping off at Los Angeles and then proceeding to San Francisco. Arriving at Los Angeles and registering at the Biltmore Hotel, I proceeded to the offices of Touche-Niven and Company,

CPA, and there to renew my acquaintance with its resident partner, Edward Barrett. On that same day, noon saw me conducting an audit for his firm. Mr. Barrett had dissuaded me from proceeding at once to San Francisco, as he held out the prospect of my receiving a permanent and well-salaried position.

In less than two months, I was appointed auditor of Columbia Pictures Corporation with offices at the studio, North Gower Street, Hollywood. But for the grace of God, my stay at Columbia would have been of short duration. My reaction can be likened to “a fish out of water,” full of confusion and wonderment as to what it was all about. I inherited a one-man accounting office, the occupant of which performed the unbelievable task of posting, one at a time, six books of account, and who never failed in obtaining a correct balance. This marvelous individual was mild in his actions and language in comparison with the rest of the studio personnel, who indulged in very plain, common-word language. “Jesus Christ” and “for Christ’s sakes” constantly emerged from their lips. The Jews were particularly adept in this regard. Female extras, in some cases stars, were generally referred to as “broad.” This was my introduction into the land of make-believe, Hollywood, the world center of motion pictures, a center full of promise and disillusionment, of sham and deceit, and yet some degree of decency; of ignorance and culture, of extreme wealth and “Mister, can you spare a dime?” of great creative power and also the resort to the tawdry, where a man’s word was not as good as his bond; where survival for existence was a constant activity, and where sex was an ever-eager participant in the struggle for advancement. Hollywood was a clear demonstration of the age-old law of supply and demand, with the supply far exceeding the demand in all vocations of the motion picture industry.

One like myself, holding a minor executive position in this swirling, contemptuous, controversial, dog-eat-dog boiler factory, hesitates to evaluate such a large, extensive industry in all its ramifications. One could be accused of over statement and lack of actual knowledge of matters outside his own experience. It is for these reasons I shall confine my history to what I witnessed and experienced. Columbia Pictures offered a fair cross-section of the entire colony. However, its methods, techniques, attitudes, and general operating conditions were considered far more severe than that of the other studios.

And so they came by the hundreds from the eastern cities, towns, and villages. Hollywood was the Mecca and the passport was beauty. Yes, beauty as to figure, face, hair style, and general demeanor, yet lacking in the essentials of common sense, true values, the ability to be realistic and to render good judgment on the merits of a problem. Hollywood had the world at its feet. There was little competition, and as to foreign-land movie production, it was very much in the embryonic stage.

Who were these men, these moguls who ruled such a power over such a large industry and who held a life or death sentence over male and female, regardless of age, ability, previous experience, and background? Most of such sprang from the lower stratas of our eastern cities, of meager education, raised in a restrictive household economy, yet fired with ambition and with a quick eye to observe an opportunity to make money. They embraced the new business of motion pictures with great alacrity. Some of them opened up and operated cheap nickelodeons in the East. Others, like in the California gold rush of the ’40’s, headed direct for Hollywood, a then-suburb of Los Angeles, what with its trees, quiet homes, and lazy atmosphere.

The filming of "The Squaw Man" was the talisman which opened the flood gates to a new kingdom and entrenched power which would exist until foreign competition, labor union dictation, and the advent of television, toppled the kings from their thrones and motion pictures would accept second place to the TV colored sets in the individual homes of the nation.

Without offering any disparagement, the truth is the Jewish race pioneered, controlled, and operated the industry from the writing of the picture script to the screening of the finished production as projected in the theater.

Preceding the release of a picture, all studios tested out what had been produced by the holding of a preview performance at some outlying family theater. The word would leak out, and, on one occasion, I witnessed seven or eight Shirley Temples dressed as Shirley was, hair in the same curls, being pushed forward by their frantic, idiotic mothers into the center of the pathway to the theater. There, with a fond hope some director might notice and sign up the poor, bewildered, little child who should have been home asleep in its bed.

Such was the drawing power of the motion picture industry, nor was it confined to the environs of Hollywood. It was nationwide. The name of Hollywood could be likened to Niagara Falls, the long-dreamed, ideal location for a honeymoon. Is it any wonder the trains daily unloaded the flower of our youth, all bent on joining the movies? Good looks and an attractive figure were supposed to be sufficient for one to enter the portals. Not necessarily so. Books can be written on the tragedies and the heartaches that accompanied this migration. On making the rounds of the studios, they met the cold eyes of the casting directors who made their appraisal. They were placed on a roster of

extras and for the time being, forgotten. Back to the boarding house, a small apartment shared by other hopefuls, they whiled away their time waiting for the casting office phone call, with their funds running low in the meantime. Desperate, reluctant to return home to ridicule and defeat, they became the victims of the "call girl" system, in many instances, not too long after their arrival. Others managed to avoid the ancient profession by becoming attachés, protégés, or whatever name you wish to use, of the various levels of studio personnel. Some reached the pinnacle of so-called success. One or two illustrations, if you please.

Charlie Chaplin was in the process of producing "The Gold Rush" in the year 1924. An extra by the name of Lita Grey attracted his attention, and she was but twelve years old. She was cast for "The Gold Rush" and given a part. At the age of fifteen, Lita was seduced by Chaplin (page 95 of *My Life With Chaplin*), and they were subsequently married. If the researcher cares to read in detail the life this girl was required to live as Mrs. Charlie Chaplin, he should read her portrayal, published in 1966 by Bernard Geis Associates, and on file with the University of Nevada, catalog number PN/2287/C5/C52.

Take the experience of a young lady, born of good parentage in Vienna, Austria. She married Fritz Mandl, a man of wealth. Not content with this, she must needs appear in a movie production, "Ecstasy." One scene saw her swimming in the nude. Nudity was a novelty in those days, but is now becoming an accepted practice, what with our topless waitresses in San Francisco and Los Angeles. Hollywood soon beckoned, and in the succeeding years, under the name of Hedy LaMarr, her pictures grossed some thirty million and she grossed six husbands. At the age of fifty-one, Hedy wrote her autobiography

in which she plumbed the heights and depths of her life. She leaves nothing unsaid; some of the details cannot be repeated in this writing. This autobiography lays bare the life the so-called stars were called upon to experience. The book is worthy of being read, and was published by Bartholomew House. *Ecstasy and Me* is on file at the library of the University of Nevada, catalog number PN/2287/L24/A/3.

A thorough digest of *My Life With Chaplin, Ecstasy and Me*, and *King Cohn* (the latter to be referred to in subsequent pages) will provide the researcher, both from a business and moral point of view, with sufficient knowledge of how this large and important industry of the nation conducted itself.

Previously, I asked the question, "Who were these men, these moguls who wielded so large an influence?" The recording of a few personalities should prove of interest. Samuel Goldwyn, a former glove salesman of Polish origin, ran away from home at the age of eleven, migrated to the United States, became associated with Jessie L. Lasky and a young playwright, Cecil B. De Mille. They produced in the year 1913, the first United States feature film, entitled "The Squaw Man." This picture was shot at Hollywood on an open-daylight stage. From this arose the mighty partnership of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Harry and Jack Warner set up a bicycle shop at Youngstown, Ohio, in the year 1903. They later rented an empty store at Newcastle, Pennsylvania, to be operated by them as a nickelodeon and to be known as the Pioneer Theater. From this beginning emerged the large and extensive Warner Brothers studios of Burbank, California.

Then we have Carl Lehman and his twenty-one-year-old "wonder boy." The senior Lehman became owner and head of

Universal Pictures Corporation and under his management achieved much success. He foolishly placed his twenty-one-year-old son in charge of the studio and the results were tragic.

Harry Cohn, proud in the boast that he was born in a New York flat whose rear window was level with the onrushing elevated street cars, and that he seldom used a word of more than two syllables, was vice president in charge of Columbia's Hollywood studios when I became identified with this organization as its auditor. Here was a man no one could ever forget. Possessed of a keen mind, the ability to evaluate the success of a picture when in its script form, an able executive in the management of the daily life of the studio, a shrewd investor, and working in close harmony with the New York City sales and financial office, he, together with his brother, Jack Cohn, and Al Brandt, caused Columbia Pictures to rise to the level of the major studios and to be acknowledged as such. It has been said that these three New Yorkers came to Hollywood on a shoestring. They became known as the CBC boys, dealers in the quickie, at low cost and immediate sale. True or otherwise, it is said they started with three hundred dollars. They rented everything by the day, including labor, rushing the negative to the laboratories for quick prints, then off to New York one of the three would go, to sell the product while the remaining two made ready for the next "short."

Having delineated Harry Cohn as an efficient operator, permit me to state, he won the cordial dislike of those that worked under him. He was a slave driver, ruthless, gave no quarter, accepted none, and manifested those qualities which caused him to be known as an egotistic giant. Due to his methods, Columbia never lost money on a single picture. He was not a believer in having a number of

temperamental stars, directors, and script writers on the permanent payroll, and he had the luck or good fortune of engaging such actors and actresses and directors, when not otherwise employed by other studios for a single picture.

Frank Capra, a director of high standing, was an exception. He was under contract and consistently produced fine pictures. I recall certain pictures which offered high returns to Columbia during my term of office. His "Bitter Tea of General Yen," 1932, his "Lady for a Day," 1933, "It Happened One Night" and "Lost Horizon" in 1937 proved his ability to be known as one of the top directors.

You may now ask the question, "How is a star born?" The following will give you a good insight into the manner in which this is brought about. There was a young lady, a switchboard operator in the city of New York. She elevated herself from the humdrum position of being a hostess in Texas Guinan's night club; her name was Barbara Stanwyck. Barbara married a stage personality who worked as a master of ceremonies in New York musical productions and whose name was Frank Fay.

It so happened at this time, Hollywood was going through one of its cycles—incidentally, everything moved in cycles in this industry—I am referring in this instance to musicals. After the Depression, and at low ebb, Warner Brothers had the audacity, as considered by others, to produce "Broadway and Forty-Second Street." It was a large musical, lifted the entire industry out of the doldrums, and put much money into the coffers of the Warner Brothers studio. Thus it became necessary for the other studios to follow suit, including Columbia. Frantic orders went to the head offices to produce emcees and bring them to the coast. Out came Frank Fay and his Barbara Stanwyck.

On arrival, it was discovered that Frank Fay had a falsetto voice and could not make the sound track in a manner acceptable to the public. And so Frank was quietly dropped.

Barbara came to the attention of Samuel Goldwyn. And he, being a believer in developing actors and actresses, tried Barbara out in a picture, only for it to result in failure. Here is where Harry Cohn comes in. Always quick on the trigger to benefit by someone's failure, he brought Barbara Stanwyck to Columbia, and she was cast in a class two picture, almost class three, entitled "Mexicali Rose." So little was thought of this picture that it was not even accorded space in one of our three sound stages. It was made in an old stage without soundproofing.

I well remember the day in question. I tiptoed out to see how "Mexicali Rose" was progressing. The scene was a tawdry honky-tonk bar on the border between the United States and the Republic of Mexico. In addition to the bar, it had the traditional booths and the traditional open staircase going up to the balcony to the traditional "trick rooms," with the names of each occupant painted on her door. "Mexicali Rose" was appropriately dressed for this scene with a feather boa very much in evidence and a parasol ruffled and exotic-looking.

Barbara was strutting her stuff with well-undulated hip movements, body swings, and all the other attributes of a third-class prostitute. She did well in this role and if one studied her career he will find that most of her success, until later years, had some resemblance to the ancient, honorable profession.

It so happened that Frank Capra, Columbia's ace director, one of the best in the entire colony, also observed Barbara Stanwyck in this production. Frank Capra went to Mr. Cohn's office. While I was not there, it was

reported back to me that he said to Mr. Cohn, "Give me that girl and I'll make a star out of her." Mr. Cohn agreed, and she was placed in a picture with Frank Graves, the locale of which was an artist's studio in Paris.

From there each of her succeeding pictures at Columbia was a success with increasing salary to her. Then came the day when she walked into Mr. Cohn's office and said that she had signed a long-term contract with Warner Brothers and thus she would be severing her connection. Naturally, Mr. Cohn hit the ceiling, and Jew-like, hollered like a stuck pig at the lack of cooperation on the part of Harry and Jack Warner and threw the usual bluff that she would be held to her contract. Instead of a lawsuit, these men of the same race, although competitors, settled their differences. Miss Stanwyck went to Warner Brothers on condition that she make two more pictures for Harry Cohn within one year's time. It's only a small note to add that Barbara Stanwyck was the first actress who ever succeeded in having the banners outside of a theater read "Miss Stanwyck." Barbara went on to further heights and achievements, became one of the industry's highest-paid stars, and I am free to admit was, and is still, a good actress. Today she is willing to accept minor roles of a "mother" type in TV westerns and some years ago passed her fiftieth birthday.

Going back to Frank Capra, the studio decided to make a picture revolving around a bank robbery, the money in a mysterious manner being extracted from the bank vaults. The writer assigned to this picture consulted me several times in my office as to banking technique and I assisted him as far as was possible. In return for my help and without my knowledge, he wrote a part into this picture of a very businesslike executive in the bank, and he called the part the role of "Sampson."

When the script reached Mr. Cohn's desk and the usual story conference was held, Harry struck out the word Sampson and said, "The hell with it, you're not going to spoil a good auditor by making him an actor." Thus the opportunity of fast becoming a star with all its disillusionments was avoided, and I think a very wise decision was made.

Perhaps at this time it might be of interest to learn my observations as to the day-to-day operation of a studio such as Columbia Pictures. In making this recording, I have ever to bear in mind that I am delineating a period of time in the life of this nation which has passed and which will not return. Hollywood is an entirely different place in this year 1967 to what it was in the early thirties.

The offices of all the heads of departments were equipped with sitting room couches and overstuffed side chairs of a velour type. These couches were affectionately known as "casting couches," and I must confess, the first day, on being assigned one of these offices I looked with blank astonishment at my furnishings. Of course, the corner offices, that is to say, the executive offices, had "casting couches;" they were of a more elaborate nature.

Mr. Cohn's office was a long, oblong office with French windows reaching to the ground and looking out on Gower Street. Entrance could only be made by his pressing an electric door latch, and one had to stand ready with hand on the outside of the door so as to exert the necessary pressure when the lock was released. On entering, one passed his grand piano and then four elaborate lounges, two on either side of the room. As one approached "the presence" at the far end of this office, he would note Mr. Cohn's over-burdened desk, over-burdened with electric fans, bronzed lions, elephants, diamond-studded gold badges as an honorary fire chief of Los Angeles, diamond-studded gold

badges as an honorary chief of police of Los Angeles and much more impedimenta. To his right were three phones and his call box, or intercom system, which was connected with the heads of all departments. When Mr. Cohn would drop my lever calling my office, a white light went on and a buzz commenced, and it never ceased buzzing until I answered. After permitting his worn, weary heads of departments to indulge in a little relaxation by attending a football game in the Memorial Stadium, Mr. Cohn was wont to return in one of his three Rolls Royces to the studio and drop all levers of all heads of departments just to see how many of us had returned from the game. I ask you, who would want to pick up the threads of business life, say around five p.m., after witnessing a good football match?

The studio was rather quiet in the early business hours of the morning prior to Mr. Cohn's arrival. On his arrival, around eleven a.m., the whole studio became electrified, and we knew the boss was in his seat.

Harry followed a routine, more or less, consisting of numerous conferences, sending for this one, that one, and endeavoring to get down to the matter of production later in the afternoon. In the interval, a visit had been made to the Brown Derby restaurant on Vine Street in order that he would be seen by his competitors. Returning to his office, he would, by this time, be seen coatless. Later in the afternoon, off would come the vest. But sooner or later, generally by seven p.m., Harry was down to his undervest, and now he was really "hitting on all sixteen cylinders." He performed the best work and accomplished the most from seven p.m. until the wee hours of the morning. On occasion, this period of the evening was devoted to story conferences, a very important technique in the production of a picture. I say this because it must be remembered that this industry was going

to take the type-written word and have the actors and actresses portray this emotion on the screen. That is why the "daily rushes" were immediately screened in order to ascertain whether the director had "got anything in the can."

There was another reason for Mr. Cohn's success as a producer—it was his repeated injunction to his hirelings that, "Don't you ever forget that the average intelligence of a motion picture audience is that of eighteen years and you've got to play down to that level or otherwise you will not make money."

As auditor, in addition to my studio activities, I was called upon to take care and account for all Mr. Cohn's stock investments, and they were considerable. I was also required to unravel Mrs. Cohn's purchases, no easy task, but never a check was signed by Mr. Cohn unless I assured him things were in order. What aggravated me the most was an examination of his restaurant checks at the Brown Derby. I was required to examine each check with particular reference as to whether the tip had been raised. I say all this because we're talking about a man that had a beautiful home at Fremont Place, owned three Rolls Royces, and at that time was drawing a salary of \$10,000 a week plus expenses.

Referring to the daily routine, the head of each department knew what his business was and laid out the work for his foreman, etc., in accordance with the shooting schedules. What would appear to be a complicated, confused operation by an outsider was one that came readily and with the least amount of effort by well-trained permanent personnel.

As an illustration of what these minions of Mr. Cohn could produce, we had made a picture, a Foreign Legion picture with the location on the Arizona desert. The location crew, including the stars, Ralph Graves and Jack Holt, had experienced great discomfort

due to the high winds. The winds were so intense that the mikes became clogged with sand and much of the sound track was not audible. It then developed at the studio that one of the key scenes of the entire story had not been properly shot either as to action or sound, and so arose the question, "Shall we go back to Arizona with all the expense involved, or, what shall we do as an alternative?" Mr. Cohn settled that in no time flat.

On Thursday afternoon, he ordered our largest sound stage stripped. When I use the word "stripped," it means that this stage contained sets of various pictures previously produced, but left standing for the want of storage and in the event some particular scene had to be reshot. To strip it meant that the laborers and carpenters had to enter and remove every single piece of setting they found. This they proceeded to do, and without going into any further detail, I stood at the entrance to that stage on the following Saturday noon, and I was in the midst of the Sahara Desert. A backdrop from the height of the stage to the floor, painted in the colors of light blue to white, had been hung around three sides of this immense stage. Truckload after truckload of white sand had been dumped, and the necessary wind waves of the sand created, and the mounds that go with the appearance of a real desert. Artificial palm trees were planted and held in place. Two camels were reposing near these trees, and several other smaller animals. Tents of the Legion were pitched. I can truthfully say that when this scene was projected in the theaters, one could not detect any indication that it had been shot on a stage. Thousands of dollars were saved in the re-enactment of this scene, and with good sound effects.

Anyone employed in the motion picture industry had to forget working for stated hours. It is true that the crafts received

overtime after an eight-hour shift, but it also should be remembered that the unions had not yet moved in during my stay with Columbia. That was to follow at a later date, and when it did come, the unions took their revenge on the motion picture producers until it hurt, hurt to the extent that the foreign market took away from Hollywood much of its production.

All this studio activity, apart from Mr. Cohn's, was under the constant observation and supervision of Mr. Samuel Bischoff, studio manager, and hatchet-man, Sam Briskin. Sam Bischoff was a genial Jew and with a great sense of humor, and I once recall him saying, "You know, Sampson, the nearer you get to the corner office, the nearer you are out in the gutter." Mr. Briskin was more or less an assistant to Mr. Cohn, and being a hard-hitting Prussian Jew, gave no quarter and asked for none. I use the word "hatchet man" for the simple reason that he performed all the disagreeable tasks for Mr. Cohn.

At two each Saturday afternoon, it was my practice to phone Mr. Bischoff with more or less the following quote, "Whose heads fall in the basket this week?" He would then give me a list, three or four, sometimes as many as seven, directors and script writers, actors and actresses who were being dropped. Their termination checks were made out and sent to Mr. Bischoff's office for his initials and then to Mr. Briskin. Those severed would come to my office for their usual weekly check, only to be informed Mr. Bischoff had it. When they appeared in his office, he broke the sad news that they were terminated. Resentment many times occasioned a demand that they see Mr. Cohn. They never saw Mr. Cohn; they saw Sam Briskin.

It may be of interest how such a large activity as Columbia Pictures was operated from a financial standpoint. All financing

was centered at the New York office, for this was the office where the receipts from the screening of the picture in the theaters, both in the United States and the world at large, were received. It was the obligation of the head office to so finance such earnings as to their being synchronized to the production schedules of the studio. In other words, if the board of directors decided on a cycle of staggered production involving, shall we say, four or five pictures being shot at the studio at one time, New York had to arrange its financial structure to meet the extra demands of money.

The studio was permitted a petty cash fund of \$50,000. That was our working capital, replaced from time to time as withdrawals were made from this fund. Each week it was my duty to evaluate just how much in cash would be needed to meet all obligations for the ensuing week. This required consultations with the production manager, directors, and sometimes, the producers, as to what scenes they would shoot, what stars would be employed, how many electrician: laborers, painters, and all the other crafts that go to make up the shooting of a picture. An entire day would be devoted by me in assembling these figures in order that I would reach a sum of money in time for next week's operations. This all had to be ready not later than four on a Friday afternoon in order that it should be included in the weekly telegram. Please understand that we have not yet reached the point where electric typewriters could talk to each other continent-wide. Business was still confined to the telegraphic message.

Here is something that amused me no end: the Jews loved to talk to each other, regardless of the expense, and took great pride in telling each other at the Brown Derby the length of their weekly wire, as against the other person's wire. Everything went into this long communiqué concerning production,

stories, availability of stars, producers, writers, etc.

Way, way, way down somewhere towards the end, there would be the blunt statement that Sampson required \$475,000 or \$525,000 for the following week's business. With a few exceptions the requested sum arrived the following Monday morning, and I was phoned by the bank to say it was on deposit in the Hollywood branch of the Bank of America. On occasion, either Mr. Cohn or Mr. Briskin would call down on my box and say, "What in the hell are you going to do with all that money?" and I had to be ready with an answer in detail. When I come to record the great Depression, you will read how important this petty cash fund of \$50,000 became in the lives of all studio employees.

If one reads the history of the great Depression of the late twenties and early thirties, he will understand that the Depression had taken hold of the East well before its effects were felt on the western coast. Wealthy men were committing suicide by jumping off ten-story high buildings in the Chicago belt, and were, on completion of the eighteenth golf hole in Florida, committing suicide at the clubhouse. All of this was taking place, as I said, with little effect on the economy of the western states—so much so that the chamber of commerce at Los Angeles and other civic bodies started to exclaim as to what all this financial difficulty back East was about. They thought they had the answer and that was to put on a large public display in the way of a procession to reassure all and sundry that the economy of the country was in safe hands and there was nothing to fear. This attitude was partly due to the method of doing business in the West, particularly selling. Everyone went around with an optimistic outlook and just couldn't believe that the bottom was about to fall out of our economy.

And so we had the big parade down through the business streets of Los Angeles, with floats appropriately draped with charming figure with not too much other than the figures themselves—our “extra girls”—and the slogan from the beginning of the procession to the end was “What Depression?” They were soon to find out.

While all this was going on, Mr. Cohn was merrily purchasing a very fine yacht harbored at Boston, Massachusetts. This yacht was brought through the Panama Canal, berthed in the Los Angeles harbor where it was outfitted, and we heads of departments were instructed to suggest names for said yacht. We did our best, but Mr. Cohn chose his own name, and, in due time being outfitted with a captain’s cap and regular yachting clothing, double-breasted coat, brass buttons, etc., he and his friends proceeded with an experience captain in charge of navigation to sail this luxury over to the Catalina Island. Mr. Cohn, being much of a landlubber, was not prone to accept sea sickness and the disturbance of sails, and all that sort of thing, with the result that the sails were permanently furled and the auxiliary gasoline engine resorted to whenever it was decided to hold a party aboard and with Catalina Island their destination.

Came the day, and after President Hoover’s frantic effort to have the incoming President cooperate with him in meeting the head-on coming financial crisis, when Mr. Roosevelt refused. We still had with us what was termed the “lame duck” session. In my opinion, and the opinion of many others, if Roosevelt had acted in concert with Mr. Hoover, a great deal of the oncoming depression misery would have been avoided.

When Mr. Roosevelt did take over, he used a statute passed in World War I (which somehow had failed to be repealed by Congress) and which had no more relationship

to the situation he was confronted with than the man in the moon, to close the banks. So the banks were closed. Sampson’s \$525,000 requested of that week, or whatever the amount was, was ignored. And I reported to Mr. Cohn that we had but thirty-five thousand of the fifty thousand petty cash on hand.

Mr. Cohn called all hands to be present on Sound Stage Number One, and he explained the situation to the stars, the directors, and, of course, the painters and laborers, etc. He stated we were all going to be treated alike, and that he had instructed Sampson to advance not more than twenty dollars at one time to any one person if they really needed it. Then my sense of humor rose to the surface as I beheld these temperamental star-actresses, semi-star-actresses, and some actors, as they approached the humble precincts of the auditor’s office with the request that they be advanced twenty dollars. How far would twenty dollars go when the person in question owed hundreds of dollars on credit, drove an expensive automobile, and in every other sense lived it up. I know little of the effects back East, but I can definitely state that it was one of the most distressing and painful experiences for tens of thousands of people on the West Coast. And what of the poor little extra girls hanging around waiting for the few dollars they earned as “atmosphere” on the big productions, what happened to them? Well, many of them were forced to take the easy way. The situation could be somewhat likened to the American troops when they occupied Italian cities. A package of American cigarettes was the medium of exchange between girl and boy for the favors she gave.

Let us take as a typical example of how the Depression affected Los Angeles. On a Sunday afternoon, I stood in front of a large, pretentious home in Pasadena. It had a three-

car garage, and as President Hoover said, no doubt there was more than "one chicken in each pot." Such a home called for at least three Japanese gardeners, to say nothing of a butler, maids, and a cook. The residence was being sold under auction. And the first thing to be sold was the house and grounds, with the husband and wife clutching each other at the front door with tears streaming down their faces as they saw their life investment disappearing for a mere fraction of the original cost. Moving on inside, the furniture and furnishings went for small sums such as five to ten dollars for a table containing twelve or fourteen pieces of pure Belgian cut glass. A friend of mine bid on an upstairs hallway cupboard of linen, complete with sheets, pillowcases, blankets, and a variety of towels. The whole went to him, if I remember, for the sum of eleven dollars. The only people in Los Angeles who had money, or should I say nearly all those that had money, were the Jewish people. They moved in, and what they acquired for so many cents on the dollar would be worth recording. No one had any means of support, and to the everlasting credit of President Roosevelt, even if he was responsible for a more aggravated situation by not acceding to President Hoover request, he got things moving again through his WPA legislation.

It took the motion picture industry a considerable period of time to regain much of that which had been lost, but not for long, because through the process of time and changing conditions, the industry was definitely set for a decline in all its fields of operations. The various crafts, having gained sufficient strength, became unionized, with the result that many of their conditions vastly improved, financially and otherwise. Through federal legislation, the production studios were divorced from controlling motion

picture theaters. The introduction of double-billing of feature films produced disastrous results in the dropping off of attendance by the public. People had no desire to sit through two lengthy features. England, France, and Italy were improving their production techniques and were finding a ready market in this country, pictures produced at a considerable lesser amount than could be produced in Hollywood. And so came the gradual decline of what had been a monopoly and a tight hold on those that worked in this industry. The day came when the star system was largely terminated. True, the remnants of this system are still before the public, mostly in a TV capacity, but they are not being replaced to any extent by a new generation.

In the days of my acquaintance, a star receiving what was then considered a substantial salary, saw most of it paid out to his or her retinue. First of all, the business agent required ten percent of the gross earnings of the star, and then add a publicity agent who had to be employed for the purpose of working up the fantastic goings on of the temperamental star. The hairdresser, a personal maid, a valet, and a chauffeur were some of the flunkies that surrounded the "victim" in question. Due to the lack of breeding, and "without their heads screwed on straight," they helplessly stood there and watched their efforts go into the pockets of others.

Take the case of Francis X. Bushman, called the "great lover" by an adoring public. He rose to great heights. He navigated a twenty-three foot, custom built, purple, gold-monogrammed Marmon auto through the streets of Beverly Hills and Los Angeles. He maintained a kennel of three hundred great danes and a fifteen-hundred bird aviary on a 280-acre estate. Misguided, he made love to one of his married leading ladies,

brought about her divorce, and married her. In later years, “my dear little Beverly” in turn, divorced him, a man who sprang from nothing. His orbit declined and the great lover was reduced to straitened circumstances. I observed him one day in Mr. Briskin’s office, literally with his hat in his hand, wistfully hoping that he might receive some minor role in one of Columbia’s productions.

I’d like also to mention Mary Astor, a person who successfully accomplished a transition from silent pictures to sound, no easy feat, which I will explain in a minute or so. Mary engaged in a torrid romance with the “great profile,” John Barrymore, all referred to in her book *Mary Astor, My Story*, published in 1959. It’s sad that the great of this era resorted in the afteryears of life, and generally when in straitened circumstances, taking pen and paper to reveal to an ever news-hungry public their intimate lives when they were on the center of the stage. Mary Astor maintained a “red hot” diary up to the year 1930, a diary that was so hot with sensation as to her private life that the Los Angeles courts ordered it sealed and kept from prying eyes.

I just mentioned Mary Astor’s successful transition from silent pictures to sound. I would like to elaborate on this for a moment or so. In the silent days, all those on the set, including the crew (electricians, propmen, wardrobe personnel, hairdressers, script girls, and other necessary personnel involved in shooting the scene in question) had no restrictions placed on their conversation or movements. The director, aided and abetted by the traditional violin and small piano, was able to shout through his megaphone to the actors, verbally exhorting them to portray the lines in such a manner as would bring, shall we say, tears to the eyes of the adoring public. The actor and actresses did not have to speak a word, and they conveyed the thought

through pantomime. Let me say that there was many a fine actor or actress who, through this medium, was really able to stir the emotions of the witnessing public. Take the Gish girls in Griffith’s “Broken Blossoms.” Who would not be moved to tears, as I was, when watching that particular scene showing Miss Lillian Gish dying with the little Japanese boy paying her homage? Similar illustrations could be given, but this one will suffice.

And so came the day when Warner Brothers startled the entire world by announcing they would produce sound pictures by recording on a disc the dialog uttered by the actors and actresses. The discs, quite similar to our records of today, were placed on a turntable in the projection booths of the theaters and if the projection operator was efficient, were synchronized with the positive print that was being projected. This caused the other Jews to look to their laurels, with the result that all the studios in time were able to produce sound movies.

When I arrived at Columbia Pictures studio, we didn’t even have a sound stage. Harry Cohn and his partner purchased in the East, at great expense, a sound-recording truck and had it expressed to the West Coast. There it stood in one of the passageways of the lot, with its cables and mikes carried to where the scene was being shot, in order that the recording of the voices would take place. During the tenure of my position, sound stage after sound stage was erected, and in due time, a central sound-recording building was constructed which controlled the synchronization of all cameras being operated on the various stages. Without becoming technical, and thus confusing the reader, scientific advancements brought it about that through this synchronization of motors in a control center, the dialog was imprinted on the side of the negative as it

was shot. Today, all pictures are so thoroughly synchronized that the pioneer days are forgotten, and the present process is accepted as a matter of fact.

This change to sound brought about new faces, new voices, mostly from the East, where they had learned the proper technique of voice projection in the legitimate theater. Some of the moguls decided that they should employ dialog directors in order to teach the cast how to speak the King's English with proper pronunciation and diction. And, so we had quite a migration from the East of so-called dialog directors, good, bad, and indifferent, who endeavored to bring the talent up to a state of proficiency, sometimes with success and sometimes with failure. The executives of the studios in time got tired of dialog directors, so they were all packed up and sent back East and forgotten, as were the masters of ceremonies after Hollywood became satiated from producing musicals.

I should be of interest, twenty-five years from now, to recall some of the great in the acting field. Their names are recorded in a publication entitled *International Celebrity Register*, U.S. edition, editor-in-chief, Cleveland Amory; editor, Sidney Wolfe Cohen, on file at the library at the University of Nevada, catalog number 920.073/c932, 1959 edition. The reading of their biographies will convey more to the researcher than any comments on my part: Clara Bow, the "It" girl; Constance Bennett, Joan Blondell, famous for her portrayal in "Forty-Second Street and Broadway," a Warner picture already referred to, which lifted the industry out of the doldrums after the Depression; Shirley Temple, Jeanette MacDonald, Irene Dunne, Mary Pickford, Greta Garbo, Jean Harlow, Vivien Leigh, Beatrice Lillie, Bette Davis, Gloria Swanson, Jean Arthur, Fred Astaire, Gene Autry, Ralph Bellamy, Joe F.

Brown, Eddie Cantor, Nelson Eddy, Douglas Fairbanks, Errol Flynn, and Clark Gable.

At the cost of repetition, I wish to say it is sad that a large percentage of the stars, directors, and executives, having risen to heights of acclaim, soon or later were to end their days in oblivion. True, there are some reposing at Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Glendale, California, where Jean Harlow's private chapel is the utmost in elegance. However, by far and large, they have passed to their final resting places, and, in the words of the poet Scott, have become "unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

The reference I have just given to the *Celebrity Register* is silent as to the name of Harry Cohn, and much to my wonderment. I say this because if what I have previously stated is properly analyzed, the researcher must come to but one conclusion, that he was a giant in his chosen calling. It was a hard life for me to live while I was his auditor. Incidentally, I was never allowed to leave the studio at night until he, through the means of his callbox, permitted me to go home, be it nine or ten o'clock in the evening.

I have just learned that a book has been published entitled *King Cohn*, authored by Bob Thomas. A copy of this publication will reach me in the next day or so from San Francisco, and, after reading it, I intend to file it with the library at the University of Nevada. I am informed that this is a true portrayal of Mr. Cohn, and that it confirms the observations that I have made about him in my recording.

Perhaps I should add that Rose Baker Cohn, his first wife, supplied the necessary finances for the CBC boys to commence operations. So much so, that I observed with interest that our transformer trucks at the studio were registered in her name. When I used the word *transformer*, I mean

the transformation of AC current into DC current. Her registered name implies the old dodge of a husband registering his property in his wife's name in order to avoid lien or the payment of a judgment. Mrs. Cohn was a delightful person to know; she knew nothing about the studio and cared less. She did not see a great deal of her husband, and enjoyed spending his money on her numerous charge accounts in downtown Los Angeles and Hollywood.

In time, Harry Cohn cast his eyes on an actress of, shall we say, of no great importance. After the requisite period of liaison, Rose Baker Cohn was dispatched to Carson City, Nevada, where she lived out her necessary residence, a guest of former Senator Ken Johnson, in room supplied by him over the Senator Cafe.

Cohn's second wife survived his death, a mother of two sons. *I really had a hearty laugh* when I read in the newspapers of Mr. Cohn's funeral obsequies. Someone thought up the idea of turning one of Columbia's sound stages into a religious chapel, all decorated and festooned in black and purple. There lay Harry in his expensive casket; and if I may use slang once more, "the big payoff" was the singing, by a quartet, of the Lord's Prayer. I hold no interpretations as to who the Lord is, or whether He sits on a great white marble throne, but for the moment, let us assume He does. Be that the case, the good Lord must have had more than a hearty laugh as the sound of the music set to the Lord's Prayer reached his ears in the eternal heavens "not made by man," as we Masons are wont to say. Such a performance was not in keeping with some of the conversations I overheard in Mr. Cohn's office.

So Harry was taken out to the cemetery, and a proposal made that he should be entombed in a large vault or mausoleum

adjacent to some nearby water. Whether this has become a reality, I do not know, but there is a big question in my mind.

I have already made statements as to the aftermath of the Depression and how it required a period of time before the studios once more reached full production. In the interval, retrenchment was the order of the day, with the result that operations and personnel were reduced to a minimum. Many heads fell in the basket at Columbia, and mine was one of them. For the following four years, I carried on as a public accountant in Los Angeles, installing an extensive cost-production system for a sheet metal company, special time-cost analysis for Warner Brothers preparatory to their installation of an IPER timekeeping cost-factor procedure, the recovery of defalcations, under bond, of many thousands of dollars, and similar work, until the time of my permanent departure for Nevada in 1938.

In retrospect, permit me to state that I have endeavored to portray an industry that grew from a seed, flowered, blossomed to full maturity, and then withered to the condition we find it in this year of 1967. It forms a most interesting period in the history and development of the United States of America, and, in one manner, the world as a whole. While a part of, and yet holding myself aloof from many of its activities, I enjoyed this phase of my life. I cannot say I gathered any moss in the process, yet at the same time I participated in an atmosphere completely different in form to that which had gone before.

THE RETURN TO RENO; MARRIAGE; THE YEARS WITH THE VIRGINIA AND TRUCKEE RAILWAY

In that part of my oral history covering my first visit to the western United States in 1926, reference was made to my stay at Reno for over a year's duration. In that part of the narrative, I introduced the name of a young lady, Margaret Ryan. While our acquaintance was of short duration, due to my return East to attend my mother's funeral, certain impressions had been made by the two parties concerned. Notwithstanding our separation, and our traveling along different pathways over the next nine years, there was an impulse to resume where we left off in the year 1927.

There are some of us who believe there are such ethereal bodies as guardian angels. I, for one, have always felt that I had a guardian angel and notwithstanding the general belief that all angels are sexless, I've considered mine a beautiful blonde female. Be that as it may, she, or he, or whatever this force is, has had a drastic control over my movements as I have traveled over past various decades. I can look back and safely say that when confronted with

an emergency or some situation that called for a solution, my guardian angel either carried me over or under or around the obstacle!

In keeping with a periodical practice of corresponding with friends in Reno, I dropped a line to my previously mentioned good friend whom I used to refer to as "my buddy," Hugo M. Quilici. In this letter, I commented generally on life, what I had been doing in Los Angeles, and, incidentally, made inquiry of our mutual friend, Margaret Ryan, with the added observation that I presumed she had married some years previously and no doubt was a mother of several charming children. After due consideration, contemplation, and studious survey of all the factors involved, for which Hugo was, and is, known, and after due consideration with Gordon B. Harris, a reply was sent to me to the effect that Margaret Ryan was not married, did not have two delightful children, and that the seeds sown in the year 1927 had remained, and that if I cared to open correspondence with her, it would be cordially received. It is unnecessary to go into all the personal procedure that ensued, save to

say that the Christmas week of the year 1937 contained this announcement in the *Reno Evening Gazette*:

The engagement of Margaret Ryan to Major Gordon A. Sampson of Toronto, Canada, was announced this week by her mother, Mrs. Edith Bleeker Robinson. The engagement was first told informally Christmas Day at a family dinner party while Major Sampson was visiting here during the holidays, and it culminates a romance of ten years standing. Miss Ryan is a prominent musician of Reno, is a graduate of Olga Steeb Piano School of Los Angeles. She was educated in Reno and has taken an active part in the musical and social life of Reno and has often appeared as a pianist at club, church, and social functions. At present she has a large class of piano students. Her grandfather, the late Reverend Samuel Unsworth was rector of the Trinity Episcopal Church here for many years.

Major Sampson is a Canadian who served in the World War I with the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada. He, at present, is residing in Los Angeles, but following his marriage to Miss Ryan, will reside in Reno.

Well recalling the economic conditions of Reno in 1926, which, in my opinion, have not altogether changed over the ensuing years, where the relationship of salaries and wages to cost of living have not been comparable with other western centers, I declined, on my engagement being announced, to give up my accounting practice in Los Angeles and return to Nevada until such time as a suitable

opening in Reno or elsewhere would be presented to me. Therefore, I remained at Los Angeles, even after the date of our marriage, which took place on September 3, 1938.

The wedding and the reception afterwards were held at the old Fulton home on West First Street and was attended by approximately four hundred persons, all personal friends of the bride.

It is quite proper to ask why this particular locale for this particular wedding. The Fulton family over many years had been closely associated with the Unsworth family, and especially so were Mrs. Anita Bertena (Mrs. John) Fulton is concerned. Mrs. John Fulton was the mother of a charming daughter by the name of Mary, who some years prior had settled herself in South Africa. When her marriage took place, there was an open telegraphic wire maintained between South Africa and the Fulton home, and, during the wedding breakfast, Mrs. Fulton exacted a promise from Margaret Ryan that when the time arrived for her marriage, she would be married in the bay window of this home, under the Fulton bridal wedding bell that had been used for the past three generations. This is the reason why our marriage took place in these delightful surroundings. Further reference will be made to this Fulton home later in this history.

Our marriage took place September 3, 1938, and after the honeymoon I returned to my practice in Los Angeles while the new Mrs. Sampson carried on her piano studio at Reno. It was not until the following December that a prospect of an opening was placed before me, and that was that I come to Nevada and be assistant auditor for the Virginia and Truckee Railway. There was no hesitancy on my part as it answered more than one question as to the future success of our marriage. For this reason I discontinued

my practice and journeyed northward to Reno.

The Reno of 1938 was considerable different from that of 1926, for the city had expanded rapidly southward. In 1926, I can well remember the McCarran house just south of the river and a few other homes that had been built between the river and California Avenue. South of California Avenue there was very little in the way of homes —just the fields indicating plenty of stones and rocks. This remark can also be applied to the initial Reno Municipal Golf Course. There certainly were more pebbles and stones than golf balls, and if one really attempted to play this ancient Scottish pastime, it was necessary to use well battered-up old irons while one not only drove the ball, but drove plenty of stones and pebbles with it.

There was certainly no indication in 1926 of the expansion that would take place, and I can still see the little street car jogging down Center Street and turning west on Second Street, with the one-and-only visible policeman, in a sort of khaki uniform, lounging against Mr. Wingfield's bank at the corner of Second and Virginia Streets, with the traditional cigar in his mouth.

Business-wise, I was able to discern a certain amount of expansion, but not to any great extent. And today I often wonder what supports this ever-expanding, explosive population that Washoe County is experiencing. It certainly is not because of manufacturing output, for manufacturing in this area, other than of a very light nature, is absolutely impossible. I say this for the reason that the supply of raw materials is not at hand, and we in Nevada are subject to high freight rates, to some extent discriminatory, where the same rates apply to Nevada and to California. My only answer is that Reno has and is expanding as a distribution center

for all of northern Nevada, and, further, that many retired persons have come to this so-called "tax-free state" to obtain the relief from the burdens of taxes imposed elsewhere. I think we are fast reaching the point where that motto should be obliterated.

Another factor, and a very important one, is the gambling industry. In 1926, gambling was restricted to the 21 game, plus one other game I cannot remember, and the slot machines. This form of gambling was conducted in a conservative manner and without all the hoopla that we experience today. One could descend to the basement of the Bank Club and indulge in a quiet game of 21 or the giving away of one's money to the slot machines. Incidentally, speaking about slots, they were of an entirely different variety than those used today, a variety that intrigued me very much. They were old-fashioned in construction, had a huge wheel on the outside which you cranked up, and, finally, a steel device which dropped down into the notches of the wheel and that was the lucky number. It would be impossible for the operators today to reach the high percentage of profits that the "iron bandits" provide if they were compelled to use this old slow-moving type of gambling device.

It was not until the foreign element arrived, be it the Smith family or the Harrah family, that, gambling was lifted out of a rather inconspicuous participation in our economy to what we, of necessity, must accept at this date.

There was no occasion, when the Wingfield interests and other local interests in control of gambling, for them to be accused of skimming any receipts "off the top." Under the present method of operation, particularly in Clark County, which on the surface would appear to be an operation of high integrity, there is, nevertheless, feeling that all is not well with

this particular industry. This industry now contributes such a large percentage of the general funds of the state that it has become all powerful and one not to be set aside lightly.

I cannot make any comparison of the main streets of Reno between 1927 and 1938, other than to record that a few false fronts were added to the old buildings that were constructed in the early days of Reno. As a matter of fact, outside of the dozen or so modern structures in downtown Reno that we see today, the rest could be very safely torn down and promptly forgotten. There is a considerable movement afoot at the present time to rejuvenate downtown Reno, to revive its retail selling potential, all due to the fact that so many merchants have moved as far as two and a half to three miles from the center, establishing themselves in modern shopping centers, such as those located at Plumb Lane and South Virginia Street. They will not return unless the property owners, some of whom reside out of state, tear down these old buildings and construct new ones, which they won't. Downtown Reno is consigned to becoming just what downtown Las Vegas is, namely, a gambling center with the necessary restaurants, stationery, jewelry, and medium-price clothing stores for the tourists who come here to lose their money.

As to the individual business executives, management, etc., I have found no difference over the years referred to. They still retained that attitude that one must live in Reno for at least five years before being accepted as a so-called "native." Their ethics, in most cases, was quite similar to the ethics of businessmen in my native city, Toronto, as there had not as yet been introduced the "hard sell," the stringent promotion, and high adjectives, as introduced by our friends in the state of California.

My arrival in Reno during the month of January, 1939, was preceded by an interesting trip in my automobile from the south. And as I passed through Carson City, I relived more than one experience. On the following day, I did something once done before, namely, I traveled on the "V & T" railway to the scene of my future business operations, Carson City. The train arrived there without incident, and, on detraining, I entered the station office building and was greeted by a Mr. R. R. Malo, freight traffic manager. I asked to see Mr. Ed Miller, the auditor, and Mr. Malo's reply, given with a gruff voice, was that Mr. Miller had not arrived yet, his office was down the long hallway, and I should wait there. This greeting was accompanied by a slow survey from foot to head by Mr. Malo as to who I was and what I was liable to be. Carrying out his instructions, I repaired to the audit office, and the first thing that greeted my eyes was the immense deposit of papers and documents on top of all desks, filing cabinets, and safes. It all reminded me very much of a set dressing that the Columbia set dressers would create for a railway station scene. I was particularly intrigued with a little pot-bellied stove which seemed to give off its rays of heat for a circumference of some five feet from the center of the stove. I also learned very quickly that it had to be fed promptly from time to time, otherwise it would go out. It was sort of a "sugar and tongs" affair that kept this little stove active.

In due time, Mr. Miller arrived, somewhat out of breath, and he sat down, trying to figure out just where to start me in the work of the railway. He finally decided on my typing an operating statement on a twenty-seven inch wide Underwood carriage typewriter. I remarked to Mr. Miller that I was not a typist in any way, shape, or form. His reply was, "What have you done for that typing in the

past?" My prompt reply was that I always had a secretary to do this sort of office work. He assured me that there weren't any secretaries in the V & T railway, and that I may as well get accustomed to typing. Thus I proceeded, with the traditional one finger of each hand, to prepare the statement in question.

Perhaps at this point, I should explain why this opening with the railway came about. Later on in this history, dealing with the V & T railway, mention will be made of the late Mr. Samuel C. Bigelow, who was secretary and passenger traffic manager of the railway prior to his being appointed a receiver.

In the heyday of the railway, a considerable amount of insurance coverage was in force, with resultant large premiums. Mr. Miller conceived the idea that in order to eliminate competition in the then-small community of Carson City, Mr. Bigelow and he should form a partnership as insurance agents, using the railway's policies as a nucleus for the development of additional insurance that the community would require in the future years. This was done, and the resultant development took place in the railway's auditor's office by Mr. Miller with Mr. Bigelow supplying the necessary capital.

It was a profitable partnership, so much so that the partners decided that Mr. Miller should resign his position as auditor and devote his entire time to the insurance business at the office which they had established on the main street of Carson City. This is the reason why Mr. Miller was leaving the railway, and this is the reason why I was appointed as his successor.

Naturally, I had to obtain quarters for myself, and, with the assistance of Mr. Bigelow's nephew, Leslie Pierson, I was able to rent a room in Mr. Pierson's home. Prior to my being taken to his residence, Leslie emphasized the point that I would have an

outside private entrance. At five that evening, work was discontinued, and Mr. Pierson conducted me through six inches of snow to his home. Instead of going in the main front entrance, we diverted to the right, and on stepping on the veranda, entered the private entrance to my private bedroom.

In those days, Carson City was famous for old-time walnut furniture with the dressers showing the traditional white marble slabs atop. The creators of these masterpieces sometimes caused the head of the bed to reach almost to the ceilings of the bedrooms. That was the type of bed I was assigned. In the center of the ceiling was a drop cord with a socket and a glaring electric bulb without shade. Also, in the year 1939, Carson City specialized in what was generally termed the "induced heating system." Why the word *system* is used is still questionable in my mind. By way of explanation, the inhabitants were wont to have wood-burning stoves in sitting rooms, down hallways, the heat from which was supposed to travel around ninety-degree angles and induce itself into rooms that did not contain a stove. Such was the case at the Pierson residence, and I wish to go on record by stating that very little heat induced itself into my habitation!

I was then left to my own devices, and as the room was cold, the stove only having been started in the living room, I threw myself on the bed, covered myself with my heavy overcoat, and I uttered the exclamation to myself, "My God, what have I ever done to deserve this?" It was such a drastic change, almost overnight, from the warmth of modern living in Hollywood that drew this exclamation from me.

Very despondent, I invaded the snow and slush, went down the main Street to the one-and-only attractive tea room (one could hardly call it a restaurant) known as the

Marjorie May, located on the corner where the Golden Nugget is now located. After my evening meal, and as there was no movie booked for the rather dilapidated-looking one-and-only motion picture theater, what was I to do with myself? There was but one answer: go back to my living quarters and try to while away the remaining time until going to sleep. It's a certainty that if that marriage hadn't taken place on September 3, 1938, I would have been on the next train, or by the use of my own automobile, with as much speed as possible, southward to Los Angeles or some other warm clime!

Perhaps the reader will feel that I have indulged in too much intimate detail as to my arrival in Carson City, but it has been done for the purpose of contrasting what our capital was in those days with what it is as of this current moment. Gone are all those pioneer effects and conditions. And it is a surprise to all of us that Carson City has enlarged, expanded, and modernized itself to the degree it has now reached. Please remember, in 1939, all the affairs of state were conducted in the following buildings: the capitol building; the Veterans Memorial building, which housed the highway department on its main floor and in the basement; the old bank building directly south of the United States Post Office, which contained the Nevada Industrial Commission; the old, stone building to the east of the present capitol building where the state printer's offices were, and that's about it.

Today we have not only beautiful residential districts, but we have state buildings dotted over the entire area, with new ones being constructed. When the legislature next meets, it will not meet in the stately old capitol building, but in its own separate legislative building, properly equipped for both houses and all necessary committee rooms, etc.

Going back to 1939, it appeared that, after the dinner hour, there were but two activities in this, the smallest capitol of the United States, namely, go to bed or go downtown to one of the several bars and drink. Here I will leave my arrival in 1939 to work with the V & T Railway. I shall pick up where I am now leaving off, after having recorded the years 1850 to 1939.

THE V&T RAILWAY: HISTORICAL BACKGROUND AND FIRST PHASE 1850-1869

We now come, in my opinion, to the main portion of this oral history, the Virginia and Truckee Railway, of which I was vice president and general manager at the time of abandonment, May 31, 1950. Much has been written and discussed concerning "America's most famous short-line railway." It was famous from coast to coast due to its association with the Comstock Lode, for the transportation of \$310,000,000 of gold and silver over its rails within the short period of twenty years, for its contribution to the Union forces during the Civil War, and the romance attached to its operations while Nevada was still a territory. Various publications concerning the life and times of the railway have found receptive reading by the public at large and are located on the shelves of most railway fans. It is from such sources of information as newspapers, the *Reno Evening Gazette*, the *Nevada State Journal*, the *Carson City Nevada Appeal*, the *Gardnerville Record-Courier*, and the *Virginia City Territorial Enterprise*, and the many conversations with senior employees such as the late Edward Zimmer, former chief dispatcher; the late Charles Rulison, former master mechanic; the late E. C. Peterson, former master mechanic; the late W. T. Mathews, former attorney general;

the Honorable Clark J. Guild, and my own association with the railway, which enables me to record what is now being written. In doing so, thought has been given to a full century of time, 1850 - 1950, a period in Nevada's history during which the "V & T" had its life and being. This oral history makes possible the correcting, in more ways than one, the false impressions that have generally prevailed as to the abandonment of the line. No one of the principals in this drama is better qualified than I to relate the events leading up to the filing, with the federal and state commissions, of the appropriate petitions. No one is better informed than I as to how every avenue was explored involving the continuation of the railway operations. The step was not undertaken hastily, and, for me, it was a day of regret, yes, sorrow, when I appeared before Mr. George C. Allard, chairman of the Public Service Commission of Nevada, and handed him the appropriate legal documents. The record is to be made straight for all to read: justice will be extended where justice is due; recognition is to be accorded to those entitled to same, and per chance, mild ridicule for those serving first their personal interests and ambitions.

I am going to devote an entire paragraph consisting of one single sentence to state that the late Ogden Mills and the heirs to the Mills family estates were not entitled to the criticism and castigation they were exposed to at the time of the abandonment proceedings.

The following publications are especially recommended to the historian, as they provide a correlation with the years I was employed in an executive capacity: *Bonanza Railroads* by Gilbert H. Kneiss, published by Stanford University Press, first edition, October, 1941, University of Nevada Library catalog number 385.09793/K68b. Gilbert Kneiss was indebted to the late Frank Emmett Murphy, second

to the last vice president of the railway, who served over fifty years, October 1, 1887 to April 26, 1938 (Mr. Murphy died in June, 1939) for much of the factual data dealing with the early operations of the then-termed Virginia and Truckee Railroad. It was in the late 'thirties that Gilbert Kneiss, whom I knew personally, paid lengthy visits to Carson City and Mr. Murphy. His book is well-written.

The second publication, entitled *Virginia and Truckee* by Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg, published by Grahame H. Hardy, Oakland, California, first edition 1949, University of Nevada Library catalog number 9793/B414. Beebe wrote; Clegg photographed. As one would expect of Lucius Beebe, he wrote with vivid, colorful metaphoric descriptions of personalities and bombastic, high-sounding language. His reference to the attorneys of the Mills estate as "the janitors of the absent rich," page 54, *Virginia and Truckee*, is a fitting example of his over-indulgence in exaggerated statements. Nevertheless, Beebe's book should be read as, like Kneiss's publication, it contains a complete roster of the railway's motive power and rolling stock. The bibliographies of both are quite extensive. I knew the late Mr. Beebe and, of course, know Mr. Clegg.

The third publication is *Railroads of Nevada and Eastern California*, volume one, by David F. Myrick, published by Howell-North Books, Berkeley, California, 1962, University of Nevada Library catalog number F385.09793/N998r. Mr. Myrick's two volumes on Nevada railroads are well-written, full of interest, and bespeak serious research on his part. All three publications contain a wealth of photos. They cannot but assist the researcher as to the locales, motive power, and equipment. In addition, valuable, factual information is to be found in several pamphlets issued by the California-Nevada

Railroad Historical Society and the California Rail Fans Association. These pamphlets will be filed with the University of Nevada Library, as Exhibits Three, Four, Five, and Six.

There are four logical divisions of time in the history of the Virginia and Truckee Railway: first, 1850 to 1869, a period prior to the operation of the railway; second, 1870 to 1895, the period of high return to the railway; third, the period of 1896 to 1938, the decline in the fortunes of the railway; fourth, 1939 to 1950, the final, concluding years of the railway.

It is generally recognized that the first discovery of gold occurred at what is known today as Dayton. Dayton was, and is, located at the foot of Gold Canyon, a canyon leading upwards to the Comstock Lode and Virginia City. This discovery was made in the year 1850, by prospectors from the East with their destination, California, and its gold bonanza. Subsequent discoveries of gold and silver on Mt. Davidson saw the birth of Virginia, later to be known as Virginia City. An army of miners and adventurers from California flooded the dirt roads leading to this great wealth. Likewise, those from the East. One main route for these seekers of fame and fortune was by way of Henness Pass, or by Donner Lake, down the banks of the Truckee, then to Virginia City. Thousands using this means of travel passed through Washoe Valley, many of them remaining over in order to avail themselves of the ready water supply, neighboring farms, and meadow lands. Thus came about the centering of immigrants at Franktown, a center that became a hive of activity prior to the advent of the railway.

The absence of both wood and water from the vicinity of the Comstock itself forced the miners to depend upon the resources offered by nature in Washoe Valley. Sawmills were built, one at Franktown, with lumber and wood prepared in great quantities. Such

materials, including water, the lifeblood for mining at Virginia City, were transported across the Washoe Valley and the intervening mountains to the scene of mining.

The presence of water and fuel in such quantities resulted in the construction of quartz mills. These were built in accessible localities with resultant village settlements. The towns of Ophir, Washoe City, and Galena, in addition to Franktown, were alive with business in the 'sixties.

Washoe City was laid out as to streets and blocks, a tracing of which is to be found in the V & T special collection at the University of Nevada Library. Washoe City Lodge Number Two, Free and Accepted Masons, had a large membership at this center. Washoe City at one time had a population of between six and seven thousand.

Steamboat Springs, Washoe City, and Franktown were well-recognized retreats for the weary miner, especially so over weekends. The mineral waters of Steamboat were well-used for "boiling out" purposes after a week of hard liquor on the part of Comstock miners.

Ore from the mines was hauled by wagon mules and packed by donkeys across the barren mountains and the marshy ground at the head of Washoe Lake, and crushed at the several mills. The teams returned to Virginia City with wood, lumber, and produce. Here we see a well-balanced transportation movement.

The Ophir Mill, adjacent to the onrushing waters of Ophir Creek, just north of Bowers Mansion, consisted of seventy-two stamps and was erected at a cost of half a million dollars. The Dall Mill, at Franktown with a population of 1,613, operated sixty stamps.

It should be understood that the transportation of ore, other than high grade, to Washoe Valley was unprofitable due to the excessive costs involved. Add to this situation

a decreasing volume of water available for the stamps, and one can fully understand the search for an unlimited supply of water. Franktown, Ophir, and Washoe City were, in time, to become bypassed and forgotten. (The white foundation stones of their mills can still be located at this time of writing.)

Where did the stamp mills, the mills which crushed and pulverized the ore, transfer their operations? To the Carson River and its Brunswick Canyon, some five miles east of Carson City. This river had a fine volume of water, sufficient for the demands of the many mills that would be operated there.

Thus we conclude the first period, 1850-1869, a period which heralded the coming of the "iron horse."

It is appropriate at this time to emphasize the basic principle of railroading. Railroads, especially those classified as shortline railways, were brought into being for some specific purpose or function. Once that purpose was fulfilled and concluded, the railway in question sooner or later became abandoned. The V & T Railway was no exception. It was originated in order to bring ore from Mt. Davidson to the Carson River. Wipe out the source of ore and the mills close, and so does the means of transporting the ore. The historian should bear in mind these statements when he comes to a review of the railway's petitions for abandonment.

The transference of the mills from Washoe Valley to the Carson River, with resultant increase in milling operations, necessitated improved methods of ore transportation. With improved dirt roads out of Virginia City, sixteen mule team ore wagons were used in this operation. It was now possible to profit from a lower grade of ore, previously left on the tailings at the mines.

The teamsters established high haulage rates—as much as the traffic would bear. They

had a monopoly with no thought of a railway at some later date wiping out their bonanza. They overlooked the fact that winter snows, spring thaws, and steep dirt roads at times forced the mills to shut down due to the lack of ore supply. One by the name of William P. Sharon, representative of the Bank of California at Virginia City, was to change all this in due time.

In order to be of assistance to the historian, without the necessity of his having to refer elsewhere, involving the examination of numerous volumes and other writings, I propose to afford him a thumbnail sketch of events incident to the consummation of a steam rail service between Virginia City, Brunswick, Carson City, and eventually, Reno.

Preceding the granting of a charter to the Virginia and Truckee Railroad, March 5, 1868, other applications for railroad charters included such names as the Virginia, Carson, a Truckee Railroad; the Lake Bigler (Lake Tahoe) a Virginia Railroad Company; the Virginia City and Silver City Railroad; the San Francisco a Washoe Railway. It seems as if everyone desired to invest in a railroad.

Darius O. Mills, William C. Ralston, and William P. Sharon, backed by the Bank of California, were the actual builders of the railroad. Sharon, in his capacity of cashier, had skillfully loaned the various mills large sums of money. In time, through their inability to repay, Sharon gained control of seven mills in the year 1867. He consolidated his ventures into one, named "The Union Mill and Mining Company." Sharon was a Last actor, as he later handed over to the "banking ring" of San Francisco no less than seventeen mills. Thus, we witness the creation of an empire for D. O. Mills, and his heirs, with resultant fortunes.

William Sharon did not look far afield for men to construct his brainchild, a railway to descend some 1,575 feet from Virginia City

to the Carson River. He sought out local men of experience and know-how. November, 1868, saw him seeking the services of one I. E. James, a leading mine surveyor, to conduct a survey as to this project. James assured his inquirer he could survey and construct a railway even if it did involve curvatures of 18.5°. James was so employed.

Sharon required a general manager, one who could say “no” and mean it. Henry M. Yerington, then employed in an executive capacity at one of the mines, was his choice, and a fine one at that. Mr. Yerington was a strict man where a chain-of-command was concerned, and this carried on to the time of his death in the year 1910. Mr. Yerington demanded clean, well-painted equipment at all times. His pride and joy was Engine No. 11, the *Reno*, affectionately called the “Brass Betsy.”

Mr. Ed Zimmer, who was employed as an office boy by Mr. Yerington and who retired from the railway in 1950 as its chief dispatcher, informed me of the vice president’s exactness. When No. 11 would pull in at the Carson City station from Virginia City, Mr. Yerington would stride out from his office and examine in minute detail the appearance and condition of the “Brass Betsy.” Woe betide the person responsible for non-shining brass, be it the bell, whistle, cylinder heads, boiler-casing bands, or brass-rimmed wheel guards. The latter equipment represents a throwback to the horse and buggy era. The builders of “iron horses” carried over from the carriage and buggy manufacturers the leather, round shaped mud guards, which prevented the flying off of mud from the wheels. Instead of leather, steel was used, with the very necessary trim of rounded brass all mounted over the driving wheels.

(I should mention that those employed in the roundhouses of railways today, serving

diesel engines, are officially known as hostlers, a throwback to the horse-stable hostlers.)

Mr. Yerington was born a Canadian, in the province of Ontario, in the year 1829, not far removed from my place of birth. The Nevada State Museum has a biography of him as contained in *Canadian Men and Women*, page 1108. He, together with his family, are buried in the Carson City cemetery.

Mr. James completed his survey in January, 1869, some two months after having accepted the assignment. In order to have a heavy trainload of ore descend without mishap, he found it necessary to create an average curvature down the mountain equal to seventeen full circles. His grade averaged two percent.

General superintendent Yerington broke ground April 1, 1869. Chinese labor, 450 in number, recently released from extending the Central Pacific railway as far east as Reno, were employed for building the right-of-way over land mostly owned by the federal government. This ceremony was witnessed by an enthusiastic crowd two miles below Gold Hill on the American Flat.

Thirty-eight grading camps were established between the Carson River and Gold Hill. The employed Chinese were the slaves of the China gang bosses. The bosses were paid one dollar per day per laborer, the greater part of which remained in their pockets. I have personal knowledge of these Chinese payrolls, as, under my supervision, they were shipped to the payroll records division of the Interstate Commerce Commission at the time of abandonment, 1950.

The ties were hand-hewn from the nearby mountainsides! It became necessary to construct a trestle, five hundred feet in length with a height of eighty-five feet, to be known as the Crown Point trestle. In later years,

fire destroyed this trestle and it was never replaced. In its place, a long curvature of track was constructed around the surrounding terrain.

Next in order came the tunnels necessary to hold the grade to two percent. Seven tunnels were built by Virginia City miners requisitioned for this work. Within five months' time, they were completed, ready for ties and rail. Early in 1869, Mr. Sharon placed his order for fifty- and sixty-pound rail with a firm at Liverpool, England, a large percentage of which remained in the line at the time of abandonment in 1950. His order included stub switches, fastenings, and fittings. Shipment was by sailing vessel via the Atlantic Ocean, Cape Horn and north to San Francisco. I read the correspondence concerning the loss of one vessel through storm. Fortunately, it carried none of the rails.

As a hedge against such an emergency, Mr. Sharon arranged for a loan of 15,000 tons of rail from the Central Pacific. The order that he placed in England safely arrived at San Francisco, was there unloaded, loaded on flatcars and shipped direct to Reno, the Central Pacific railway having completed its line eastward into Reno on May 5, 1868. (It is of interest to note that lots on Commercial Row were snapped up at \$1,000 per lot on May 7 and 8, 1868.)

The Central Pacific's first train passenger arrived in Reno on June 19, 1868. Wells Fargo operated a "pony express" service to Virginia City for the arrival of such trains. Passengers to the Comstock had to content themselves with buckboards operated by the Pacific Union Company via Geiger Grade. The department of history, Southern Pacific Railroad, supplied me with this data.

With the rails delivered to the construction site by oxen team from Reno to Carson City,

came the day to drive the first spike. Mr. Yerington performed this duty using a solid silver spike. The date: September 28, 1869. He also drove the last spike August 24,

Stations had to be located on the line, not as yet extended into Carson City. We start with Lookout, Empire, Brunswick, Merrimac, Santiago, Eureka, Mound House, Silver, Hayward, Scales, Baltic, Gold Hill, Round House, and Virginia. I donated to the University of Nevada Library the original linen tracings of the railway's right-of-way, yard trackage, and ancillary structures, meticulously drafted in the year 1905 by William Henry Kirk, the railway's chief civil engineer. These tracings are a work of art and include the profile maps of the right-of-way. All tracings record the parcels of land acquired and purchased by the "V & T" Railway, be they grant, bargain, sale or donated. All this information was of the utmost value when it came time to dispose of and sell the railway's real estate after abandonment. (More about this facet later.) I cannot recommend too strongly to any researcher a study of these tracings.

What of motive power with which to haul the ore? Sharon, early in 1869, placed an order for three locomotives with the Union Iron Works of San Francisco. They were to be known as No. 1, the *Lyon*, a 2-6-0 locomotive with fourteen by twenty-two cylinders and forty-inch diameter drivers; No. 2, the *Ormsby*, a 2-6-0, with fourteen by twenty-two cylinders and forty-inch diameter drivers, and No. 3, the *Storey*, a 2-6-0, with fourteen by twenty-two cylinders and forty-inch diameter drivers. (In the event one is not familiar with railway parlance, the first figures, as quoted above, 2-6-0, refers to the number of wheels the locomotive was mounted on. There were three types of wheels, namely, the pony truck wheels, very small in diameter, fixed

to the locomotive at its front end and more or less used to guide the locomotive around the curvatures. The center figure, 6 in this instance, refers to the drivers themselves, the wheels which drove the locomotive. The third figure "0" refers to the trailer wheels, generally underneath or near to the cabin of the locomotive. Divide any number given and you have the number of wheels on either side of the locomotive. Thus, if you were looking at these three engines from the side, you would see one pony truck wheel, three drivers, and no trailer wheels.)

It should be understood that these locomotives were designed to the specifications of the "V & T" Railway, very much due to the curvatures they would be called upon to negotiate. As I have already pointed out, Mr. James found it necessary to create one curve of 18.5°. In order for a locomotive to negotiate such a curve, it had to possess what is known as a short, rigid wheel base. A rigid wheel base is determined by the length of the drivers from the rear circumference of the rear driver to that of the front driver. The word *rigid* explains that here is a piece of machinery that cannot rotate or swivel; it's rigid. The pony trucks and the trailer? trucks to the rear, take care of the movement around a curve.

In addition, two locomotives were ordered from the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; No. 4, the Virginia, another 2-6-0, cylinders sixteen by twenty-four inches, drivers with a diameter of forty-eight inches; and No. 5, the Carson, with the same specifications. They were purchased for the passenger traffic—and high speed, at that. These Live engines comprised the original motive power with which the line was opened for business.

Consideration had to be given as to rolling stock and equipment. Accordingly, an order was placed with the Kimball Manufacturing

Company of San Francisco for express car No. 1, baggage-and-mail car No. 2, passenger coach No. 3, passenger coach No. 4, all at a cost of \$2,500 each. P. H. Cooke, a federal co-receiver for the railway, in the year 1937, gave away these beautiful specimens of early transportation to the Paramount Motion Picture Company for the paltry sum of \$300 apiece.

Small, light, four-wheeled dump cars, fixed to a rigid frame were purchased. Double-headed locomotives were used in the downgrade transit over a distance of thirteen and one-half miles to the Carson River mills. These cars were used to haul lumber and timber from the railway's Carson City lumber yards to Virginia City and elsewhere for use in the mines. Lumber and timber to feed the Comstock mines was felled at Lake Tahoe, and, in some instances, rafted across the lake to Glenbrook. There it was cut to dimension, raised by locomotive power to Spooner's Summit, then flumed down Clear Creek to the V & T lumber yards situated at the south end of Carson City. The switch engine, generally the *J. W. Bowker*, No. 21, now the property of the Railroad and Locomotive Historical Society of California, was used in these lumberyards.

Engines Nos. 1, 2, and 3, on arrival at Reno via the Central Pacific, in the fall of 1869 were readied for their oxen-hauled transit to Carson City. Their rods were disconnected, tenders uncoupled, and wide steel bands affixed to the wheel flanges. Lake's Crossing, now known as the Virginia Street bridge, had to be shored up in order to take the weight of these locomotives. They reached Carson City without incident, were reassembled, and set out on the line.

July 22, 1872, witnessed the "V & T" Railway's tracks being connected with the Central Pacific's main line as far west as

Ralston Street, at a later date reduced to the east side of Virginia Street. The steel bridge over the Truckee River neared completion in September, 1871. Some nine months later the Reno extension was hooked onto the main line at Carson City. The construction of the right-of-way included a small length of tunnel at Lakeview Hill. The numerous grant, bargain, and sale deeds obtained by the railway between Carson City and Reno are of interest. As an illustration, it appears the surveyors on arriving at Steamboat Springs carried printed form deeds in their pockets. Pencils were often used. The transit was leveled at Huffaker's, and off they went in a straight line. It made no difference to the rancher; he wanted the railway and so cheerfully signed his grant, bargain, and sale deed for a sum of ten dollars, and in some cases, one dollar. I saw the deeds in question. They are now in the possession of the Mills Estates. What a change of attitude on the part of the adjoining landowners in the just-past fifties. Lawsuits and disputes were to witness the division of the spoil.

The *Virginia* and *Carson* locomotives were destined for Virginia City via Geiger Grade, a grade, far, far different from the well-paved highway of today. After some difficulty, the *Virginia* arrived at Virginia City intact. Not so the *Carson*. She was stuck in the mud at Madden's, halfway up the grade. All attempts failed to dislodge her. Disassembled, loaded in wagons, the *Carson* presented a sorry sight on arrival at its destination. The Brill cars and coaches were hauled to Carson City.

To sum up all this intense activity, a survey late in the year 1869 would indicate a right-of-way graded, ties laid, rails spiked, tunnels completed, with motive power and rolling stock on hand ready for the business of moving ore from the Comstock Lode to the Carson River mills. In addition to the

main line, the railway had constructed over forty miles of spur and siding tracks, a large percentage of which led into the mining properties.

Where did the finances come from? A few facts as a prelude: William Sharon incorporated the "V & T" Railroad Company for the construction of a line; Gold Hill, northerly through Virginia City, along Lousetown Creek, and to a point on the Truckee River ten miles east of Lake's Crossing, the future site of Reno. At once settlers in Eagle and Washoe Valleys protested. Everyone was desirous of a railway. Sharon held out his price tag. Ormsby and Storey counties petitioned the legislature for permission to sell half a million dollars worth of county bonds, and Sharon accordingly changed his survey. The line eventually passed through Carson City, Eagle Valley, Washoe Valley, Pleasant Valley, then north to Reno. I donated the original tracing of Mr. Sharon's Lousetown Creek survey to Mr. Robert A. Allen, former chairman of the public service commission for Nevada. The records state that independent mill owners subscribed \$387,000 for their stock, and Messrs. Sharon, Mills, and Ralston added their million and a half, the latter fact purposely omitted from the 1949-50 abandonment sessions by the railway's opponents. Other likewise generous acts by the Mills family were discreetly forgotten at these hearings.

The one outstanding factor concerning this brainchild of William Sharon is that within less than a year's time, the first locomotive passed through the American Flat tunnel within hailing distance of Gold Hill, November 3, 1869. The formal entry into Gold Hill took place with the *Lyon*, locomotive No. 1, being given the honor on November 12. Omnibuses operated over the remaining distance to Virginia City for a fare of twenty-five cents. The newspapers

of that time described the event as a festive occasion. Unlimited supplies of beer were available to the citizens, iced champagne for the elect. One should contemplate the enormity of this project. Devoid of all present-day equipment for creating a grade, tie and steel laying, the necessity of seven tunnels, a high trestle bridge, labor conflicts between the China crews and the miners, steel from England, steam power and equipment from San Francisco, it is still a wonderment to me that trains were in operation within such a short period of time. This concludes the first period, 1850-1869.

THE V&T SECOND PHASE, 1870-1895

We will now discuss the second phase of the railway's existence, the period 1870 to 1895, which I have previously described as "the period of high return." We now have the railway in operation and we read in the newspapers of that date that snow and snowslides of the winter '71-'72 blocked the tunnels and cuttings and caused transportation to cease for as long a period as nine days.

Time Table Number One, issued by the railway is somewhat interesting; it was issued on July 11, 1870. It carded six trains eastbound, Carson City to Virginia City, and six trains westbound, Virginia City to Carson City. Two trains of each six were passenger trains. And true to railway traditions, all "V & T" trains operated and were routed east- and westbound regardless of the fact that they geographically operated north- and southbound!

In 1872, the decision was made by the officials to continue the line from Brunswick Canyon in the river to the capital, Carson City. Suitable preparations were made for this event. So the special train arrived with

people perched on the roof of the coaches, a band supplied music, and Messrs. Sharon and Yerington supplied the elect with iced champagne and other refreshments for the ordinary citizen.

In the same year two additional coaches were put into operation, manufactured in the Virginia and Truckee Carson shops. Caboose were first used with benches facing each others. Later, the regular coaches with upholstered seats provided better passenger accommodation. These later coaches were most attractive for that day and age. The clerestory windows were stained glass. The ceilings were buttoned, hand-painted oil cloth with borders of gay patterns. The seats were leather and chenille, and the exterior of these coaches, a light green. It was at a later date that they assumed the famous canary yellow color with green trim to become known and appreciated by all rail fans.

At the commencement of the railway's operations the locomotives were painted in red and trimmed in gold. This year, 1872, fulfilled the ambitions of Mr. Sharon in the way of cleaning up the ore dumps at Virginia City and elsewhere. Now it was possible to transport low, low-grade ore from Mt. Davidson to the Carson River, and at a profit. Thus was wiped out the extensive operation of sixteen-mule teams with their attached ore wagons trans-descending the dirt roads to destination. The ore wagon operators had made their considerable profit, and it was without any regrets that they ceased to exist.

Bowers Mansion has always been a place of interest since its inception, and there are plenty of publications which go into detail as to its erection and the life and times of its owners. I only mention in passing that even in the year 1872, its picnic ground and warm water baths were a godsend to the weary miners.

The same year, engine No. 11, *Reno*, the “Brass Betsy,” which I have already described, was placed into operation. She was a graceful, high-speed locomotive, the best example of the then-popular American type. This engine had a bell and a whistle that even today can be remembered as being distinct from other bells and whistles. It had more or less been the intention to retain *Reno*, No. 11, as a museum piece for the citizens of Nevada. However, with much reluctance, the remaining federal co-receiver, Mr. Samuel C. Bigelow, found it necessary to dispose of No. 11 in the year 1945 to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios for the paltry sum of \$5,000. Mr. Bigelow needed this cash to keep the railway in operation.

The conclusion of 1872 saw construction of the line from Reno to Carson City begun. Half a year later, this was completed. A sad commentary is that Carson City citizens felt that “grass would grow in the streets” if the line was connected to Reno. Heretofore, Carson City was the first destination point for all the transportation passenger-wise, freight-wise, and produce-wise, destined for Virginia City. It was transported mostly from Sacramento, up the Strawberry grade to Echo Summit, around Lake Tahoe and down Clear Creek grade. I have seen sketches depicting the horse teams and freight wagons negotiating the sharp curves in the mountain roads. The lead horses of such equipment had to be specially trained to make these curves in such a way that would prevent the rolling equipment from going off the road or scraping against the rocks.

When one considers that Virginia City was once described as the “Paris of the West,” and enjoyed silks and satins, high-priced gourmet foods, fine furniture, and all the other luxuries of life, one wonders how this method of transportation was able to fulfill the demands placed on it. With the extension

of the railway to Carson City, all the traffic as described from Sacramento to Carson City traveled over the Central Pacific line, Sacramento direct to Reno, then over the “V & T” line to Virginia City. A good deal of romance went out of existence when the stagecoaches and freight wagons ceased to negotiate the perilous Lake Tahoe route.

Work on the stone round house and yard tracks at Carson City was commenced in the year 1870, and the shops themselves were completed in 1873. These shops were the very latest in the way of construction and equipment of any railway in the far West. In fact, at one time they were considered the finest shops west of Omaha, Nebraska.

When the word “shops” is used, it should be understood that there was an entire, well-rounded operation designed for their use. There was the pattern shop where the patterns were made for use in the iron foundry. I saw hundreds of these patterns, some of which incorporated black walnut, at the time of my sojourn with the railway. Just what happened to them after abandonment, I have no knowledge. In addition to the pattern shop and the gray iron foundry, we had the tin shop, the boiler shop, the blacksmith shop with, at one time, twenty smithies, and a large and extensive machine shop, equipped with every known piece of modern machinery of that date. There was also a very fine car building shop with its necessary woodworking machinery. There were other ancillary structures such as the coach-painting shop and storage facilities. I filed with the state museum of Nevada an article containing full details as to each piece of machinery installed in these shops. See Exhibit Number Seven.

It was decided that a gala ball should inaugurate the opening of these shops for business. Governor L. R. Bradley was the

guest of honor. And from the descriptions I have read of this event, the dancing including hundreds of couples; refreshments, both alcoholic and otherwise, were partaken in the car-building shop, and the sun was slowly rising over the mountains before the last guest departed.

In this year, 1873, the number of ore trains passing down the grade daily from Virginia City was thirty. The records show that at times all sidings between Virginia City and Brunswick Canyon were filled with loaded ore trains waiting fast transit to the mills. It was necessary at times to place the crews on an eighteen-hour daily basis. It was in this year that the high point as to number of trains was reached, namely fifty-two ore trains per day. To give the researcher some idea as to tonnage being hauled, the late Mr. Frank E. Murphy supplied the following figures covering the first six months of operations in the year 1873. Merchandise, 21,010 tons; lumber, 35,457 tons; wood, 54,210 tons; coal and stone, 19,534 tons; ore, 112,044 tons; tailings, 6,088 tons; livestock, 110,000 tons; silver bullion, 80 tons; in all 358,423 tons were hauled by this little railway over this short distance.

The year 1874 was of special importance, because the Central Pacific railway had refused to permit its famous "silver palace" sleeping cars to operate over the "V & T" lines, due to the opinion that they would become derailed on our 18.5° curves. It so happened that Mr. George Pullman, the founder of the famous Pullman company, arrived in Reno in his fifty-three-foot private car known as the *California*, with the intention of visiting Virginia City. On being informed of the objection of the officials of the Central Pacific railway to the operation of their coaches or sleeping cars over the line, Mr. Pullman promptly ordered his car coupled to the "V & T" train and that it be hauled to Virginia City.

It's needless to say his private car negotiated the curves, with the result that the Central Pacific permitted its "silver palace" sleeping cars to operate over the line to Virginia City.

This equipment, even if it was referred to as "silver palace" sleeping cars, was far from modern in the manner that we know Pullman sleeping cars of this date. Equipment of that period had no means of domestic water being supplied to the various tanks or coach reservoirs. The only method that could be used was to drag a hose up the steps and through the end doors of the sleeping cars, open the washrooms and fill the tanks from within. This all was a rather messy business. In addition, there was evidently some contact between the sexes when this filling operation was in course. All of which resulted in a bulletin being issued by the officials of the Central Pacific railway to the porters and other employees called upon to perform this task. I discovered this original order in the files at the Carson City office. The original now is on deposit with the history department of the Southern Pacific railroad at San Francisco. It makes interesting reading, and I quote from the reproduction of this order which I gave to the Carson Appeal on January 28, 1949:

An interesting sidelight on the early day railroad and its problems was turned up yesterday by Gordon Sampson, vice president and general manager of the Virginia and Truckee railway. Sampson was going through some old V & T records in anticipation of the story of the railroad's last trip, the directors having applied for permission to abandon the service on this famous bonanza line. A letter was discovered by Sampson addressed to the porters of the sleeping cars and signed by A. M. Towne, general

superintendent of the Central Pacific railway company. It was meant for the porters on the 'silver specials,' the sleeping cars which made the run from San Francisco to Virginia City, when the latter was in its heyday. It concerns apparently what was a pressing problem in those days. The order states, Hereafter, upon leaving the terminals of your route, you will at once notify each gentleman occupant of the car of the location of the washroom and the water closet for the use of gentlemen, and at the same time give the location of the ladies' toilet which must not be made use of by any gentleman. This notice must also be given to each gentleman entering the car at any way station. This information is important, and porters will not be excused for neglecting to notify each and every gentleman immediately so that the ladies may not be surprised accidentally or purposely while occupying the ladies' toilet. Towne still isn't taking any chances in this important matter, for he adds, Whenever it is necessary for the train or station men to fill the tanks with water, the car porter must see that the ladies' toilet is unoccupied before allowing the door to be opened for the hose to be taken into the room.

A big fire occurred at Virginia City in the year 1875, and much of it was destroyed. Undaunted, the miners, together with the owners, rebuilt the city to a large extent. And it is interesting to note that St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, having been burned, was rebuilt. The miners were very generous with their wealth. In addition to their many contributions to St. Mary's in the Mountains,

as it is officially known, they also donated a most beautiful chalice to St. John's Episcopal Church of Virginia City. This chalice is today in the possession of the Episcopal bishop of the state of Nevada, and is carefully safeguarded in a substantial vault.

This year also was to see the Bank of California crumble and crash, largely due to Mr. William Ralston's management. So much so that Mr. Ralston committed suicide and his body was recovered from the San Francisco Bay. This forced a liquidation of the bank; however, the Virginia and Truckee railway was not affected.

Prior to Mr. Ralston's death, he assigned his one-third interest in the railway to Mr. D. O. Mills. So, on reorganization of the bank, Mr. Mills owned two-thirds of the stock in the railway, and Mr. Sharon, one-third. Messrs. Sharon and Mills raised sufficient money to refinance the bank with the result that it carried on over many future years. However, its operations at Virginia City were discontinued.

Busy little William Sharon, who now had mines, mills, railways, and lumber activities under his control, considered it appropriate that he should be elected U.S. Senator from Nevada. He was our fourth Senator, and served from March 4, 1875 to March 4, 1881. Mr. Sharon brooked no interference in any of his endeavors and was considered at the time so powerful that if one desired to obtain public office, it would be wise for him to first see Mr. Sharon.

The year 1876 introduced a novel change in the transportation arrangements between the Virginia and Truckee Railway and the Central Pacific railway. As already explained, the "silver palace" sleeping cars were operating between Virginia City and San Francisco. Up to this time, upon their arrival at Sacramento, they continued through the Sacramento and

San Joaquin valleys with all the resultant heat and dust. Accordingly, in this year, arrangements were made that the sleeping cars would terminate at Vallejo and the sleeping car passengers board a steamer for San Francisco. They were served breakfast on board ship going west to San Francisco, and dinner eastbound to Virginia City. A special colorful timetable was provided all interested parties, which stated that fifty-six miles would be saved through this more modern means of transportation, and so the passengers were solicited to this effect.

It would be interesting to note what the time-table consisted of as to time periods, and I give the run from Virginia City to San Francisco. The train left Virginia City at seven p.m., arrived at Gold Hill at 7:13, Mound House at 7:45, Carson City with a stopover of fifteen minutes at 8:25. It reached Steamboat at 9:31, and Reno at 10:05. There the sleeping cars were attached to the westbound Central Pacific train scheduled to reach Truckee at 12:00 midnight, Sacramento at 6:30 in the morning, Vallejo at 9:10, and then, via steamer, to San Francisco at 11:10.

In the year that we are discussing, there appeared what I will, for the sake of a better word, call a traveler's guide, issued in the East, containing information for all prospectors, miners, and others interested in traveling to the western states. Contained in this publication was a trip over the Virginia and Truckee Railroad by, I daresay, an editor of this publication. It took place on May 29, 1876, and will be found as Exhibit Number Five to this oral history.

In order that the researcher may form some opinion as to the first transportation operations of the railway, *Time Table Number 1*, effective July 11, 1870 at six a.m., schedules seven trains eastbound and the same number westbound. Perish the thought. All trains

operated east and west, even if they were headed north and south. Just one of those old railroad traditions persisted in over the succeeding years. In addition to these scheduled trains, as many as fifty dump car ore trains operated daily between Virginia City and the Carson River (Brunswick Canyon), five miles east of Carson City. The ore trains would return to the Comstock loaded with timber for the mines. It should be noted that the "V & T" only operated in the year 1870, between Virginia City and Carson City. The Reno extension came into effect in 1872. The running time for passenger trains between Virginia City and Carson City was 2.15 hours.

It can be safely said that the years 1876 and 1877 were the most profitable years the railway was to experience. The year 1878 was to witness a decline in traffic, and in the following ten years, freight shipments were to drop off as much as eighty-six percent of the peak load originally experienced. In 1879, one fifth, or 52,841 tons of ore, were shipped to the Carson River mills.

In the years 1878-79, Mr. D. O. Mills okayed the construction of the Carson and Colorado Railway, a subsidiary of the V & T, which commenced at Mound House and extended to Keeler, California, a distance of 293 miles. Actual operations over this line started in 1880. It was a narrow-gauge line, and for twenty years, starved for want of business.

The town of Hawthorne had a population of but 500, and business was so slow that it appears the operating crew of the train would stop at Walker Lake for a swim. Mr. Mills, on inspecting this new brainchild of Mr. Sharon, made the remark, or at least he is alleged to have made the remark, that this railway, the Carson and Colorado railway, was either built a thousand years too soon or a thousand miles

too long. I bring this into the record because later on, we'll see what an important part the Carson and Colorado railway had to do with the future of the Virginia and Truckee railway. The record shows that Mr. D. O. Mills severed his connections with things west, and pulled out for New York in disgust, and more or less remained there until the time of his death.

While traveling east some years ago, Mrs. Sampson and I detrained at Poughkeepsie for the purpose of visiting Hyde Park and the burial place of President Roosevelt. At Hyde Park, there is located St. James Episcopal Church, and I read with interest the tablets inside the church, and also the various monuments in the adjacent graveyard, erected in memory of the Mills family.

The year 1879 saw an interesting event take place. General Grant visited Virginia City in his private car in order to express appropriate appreciation and thanks for the manner in which the Comstock mines financed his military campaign.

A fatal accident of some importance took place in the month of April, 1880, when the second roadmaster of the railway, George F. Hayward, was killed in the Brunswick Canyon of the Carson River. The newspapers of that time carried full, vivid, and dramatic writings as to this fatal accident followed by Mr. Hayward's burial at Carson City.

In the early part of the year 1951, I discovered a small but interesting scrapbook, which had been commenced by one of the Mills family, in which I read with interest the entire account of this sad affair as recorded in the *Carson Times* over a period of several days. Curiosity on my part led me to wonder whether Roadmaster Hayward's grave might be located in the Carson City cemetery.

It so happened that I had a visitor from Oakland, Mr. F. J. Monteagle, assistant city editor of the *Oakland Tribune*, one long

interested in Nevada history. Discussing the possibility of locating this grave, we both proceeded to the cemetery, and after what we thought was a thorough examination and exploration of the entire area we failed to locate any such grave. Mr. Monteagle remarked to me that if such a grave was still in existence it would be bordered by four cedar logs, which was the custom of the '80's, and that any monument would be of a wooden nature. We were about to depart from the cemetery, when lo and behold, there in front of us was a barren spot with two remaining logs; against one was pitched at an angle, an old, three-inch, oaken monument board. Some friendly woodpecker had succeeded in penetrating the entire thickness of this board just above the name "G. F. Hayward," which stood out for easy recognition. Over the process of time, with the wind and sand, all the lettering, due to the excellent pigments that were used in the '80's, had now become embossed. The inscription was very simple—his name, followed beneath by the word "died," the date of his death, April 21, 1880, and nothing further.

Naturally, we were elated to make this find, and it was there and then that I had decided that something must be done about this grave to the railway's second roadmaster, who, incidentally, fought in the Civil War and carried the rank of sergeant. Accordingly, I, at the railway's expense had the grave site reconditioned, a four-inch concrete border outline installed, and the oak monument board was sent to the University of Nevada, where it was reconditioned and preserved in plastic. On its return to the cemetery, it was mounted on steel supports over and above the concrete and the entire plot covered with loose, white gravel.

Having done all this, I took advantage of Armistice Day at which time the local

veterans were dedicating one other grave in the cemetery, to have them rededicate Sergeant Hayward's grave. So with the appropriate firing party, bugler, and the sound of taps, and the Reverend Arthur Kean of St. Peter's Episcopal Church of Carson City to offer the dedicatory prayers, a fitting honor was paid to Sergeant Hayward, long delayed and after a period of seventy-one years.

The *Nevada Appeal* of Thursday, July 19, 1951, carried the following article, which I shall read into the record to confirm what I have already stated, and also to expose to the researcher the somewhat nostalgic, tragic wording of the newspaper editors of that long-forgotten period.

Plot of Former V & T Employee
to be Fixed

George F. Hayward's death
stirring recorded in Times

The grave of the second roadmaster of the now abandoned Virginia and Truckee Railway is to be brightened and rededicated in Lone Mountain cemetery as the result of a chance reading of an article contained in a musty book filed away in the V & T station on North Carson Street.

The story was told the Nevada Appeal this week by Gordon A. Sampson, vice president of what at one time was Nevada's most tamed short-line railroad.

He was in the station this week looking through old and historic records with F. J. Monteagle, assistant city editor of the Oakland Tribune. They happened to come across two articles from the Carson Times telling of the untimely death of George

F. Hayward, a "frightful disaster" back on April 21, 1880, and of his funeral, "the last tributes of respect, impressive services, gone but not forgotten sketch of the life and character of a noble man."

"I wonder if we could find his grave in Lone Mountain cemetery?" Monteagle asked Sampson. And shortly afterwards the search for the tombstone was on. "Just as we were ready to call it quits," Sampson reported, "Monteagle found the man's grave and the headboard was just about to fall over."

The V & T official has since become so absorbed in the incident that he, this week, took steps to repair the grave plot, to rededicate it in the style of a bygone rail official. Concrete curbing is to be placed around the grave. The top of the grave will be filled with topsoil and gravel and a new headstone is to be erected proclaiming that the former roadmaster was killed "in the line of duty." And at a date to be announced, somber graveside rites are to be conducted with H. H. Atkinson, esq., a Spanish-American war veteran, delivering the eulogy. Reverend Arthur S. Kean of St. Peter's Episcopal Church will conduct other and appropriate services. Assisting Sampson with details is Pat Allen of Carson City who was the V & T's roadmaster at the time of its abandonment over two years ago.

Hayward's unfortunate death was extensively covered by the Carson Times, and from all accounts he was one of the city's most noble and upstanding residents.

His obituary, in part, declared, We doubt if his place will ever be satisfactorily filled again. He was a man of decided force of character, prompt and faithful in business, and gifted with a peculiar faculty of properly selecting and controlling to best advantage the large force of subordinates under his immediate supervision.

He never gave a cross word to his wife during the sixteen years of married life, and never left his home without kissing his children and their mother. His last words to his wife before starting on the trip which was to end so fatally were, "Have I not always tried to be good and kind to you and our children?" And then with tender farewell, he left her living arms to be, as it proved, next clasped in the cold embrace of death.

Hayward, only thirty-six years old at the time of his death, was killed when engine No. 10 jumped the tracks near the Vivian mill and plunged into the Carson River. As the Carson Times reported, When the leading engine struck the fatal rocks, Mr. Hayward, who was riding upon it, jumped to the right and struck against the banks of the side of the track with fearful force.

Many of the cars struck against his body, and when he was finally extricated, he was in a dying condition and lived but five minutes. His wounds were of a frightful nature. A deep gash extends from the center of his back at the waist around to his abdomen cutting deeply into his entrails. His head is sadly cut and contused. His right arm is broken at the elbow, right

leg broken at the knee, his thighs are jammed and bruised, and in fact, his entire body presents a pitiful spectacle.

Mr. Hayward had been for the past eight years in the V & T employ; for the past six years, he had occupied the responsible position of roadmaster, and was justly esteemed one of the most thorough railroad men in the United States in his particular branch of the service.

I might add that, as a result of the relocation of Sergeant Hayward's grave, some patriotic society or the United States federal government has erected the usual marble monument at his grave site.

While the period of high returns, 1870 to 1895, was naturally in effect in such a year as 1884, nevertheless, the handwriting commenced to be written on the wall. And as a result, the population started to decrease with resultant empty homes and houses. There is still evidence at Virginia City of some very fine residences which were constructed, of fine proportions and good architecture.

One such structure was built in the year 1875, and was purchased by Mr. Robert L. Fulton, a mining engineer, in the year 1884, to be dismantled and shipped to Reno for rebuilding. This two and a half-story structure was carefully torn down, piece by piece, board by board, with each board and ornate scrollwork being numbered in order to afford easy reassembling. The whole was placed on flatcars of the railway and shipped to Reno. Mr. Fulton had purchased some property on West First Street where the Security National Bank of Nevada now stands. There it was re-erected and, as already stated, became the scene of many outstanding social occasions over the ensuing years. While the home was at

Virginia City, United State President Ulysses S. Grant was received and entertained there, it being one of the notable historical occasions that I referred to.

Several interesting enlarged photographs of the interior of this home were donated by me to the University of Nevada. Perhaps it would be of interest to record a few facts as to the structure, so different from modern day homes. The rooms were spacious with twelve foot high ceilings, great, tall windows, and high mantels carved of white imported marble. The best lumber and, naturally, the best workmanship went into the building and expense was not spared. The doors were of solid sugar pine, some of them ten feet high. The banisters were of walnut, and the paneling of the rooms were redwood. Crystal chandeliers of Sheffield manufacture hung from the ceiling. This is the home that I made reference to concerning my marriage to Margaret Ryan, a marriage at this time of writing which has continued along its tranquil path for twenty-nine years. The march of time and progress and development of Reno called for the demolition of this home in the year 1951. And if the researcher is interested in reviewing the *Nevada State Journal*, issue of Sunday, January 7, 1951, he will see various pictures of this home in the process of its demolition.

Another interesting "V & T" shipment took place April, 1887. We must go back to that period in the life of the territory of Nevada when there developed in Virginia City a movement known as the "Copperheads." This group was largely influenced by the Copperheads of Sacramento, and the object of their endeavors was to see that the territory of Nevada should align its sympathy with what was generally called "the South." The territorial governor, taking cognizance of this situation, deemed it advisable to re-

enforce his authority through the assistance of suitable armament. Accordingly, his excellency, James W. Nye, governor of Nevada territory, communicated with Washington the request that something in the nature of firearms be supplied him. After the necessary delay, red tape, consultations, plus correspondence, a shipment was made from the East, from the oldest ordnance factory of the United States, the Watervliet Arsenal, an ordnance factory that may still be in existence at this late date, and if not, it is only recently been discontinued. The shipment, consisting of several artillery pieces, together with all the necessary accessories, shells, canister shot, harness for horses, and ammunition carts, was finally received at Benecia, California, via Cape Horn. Now it appears that the officer in command at Benecia was that type found in all armies, always a stickler for red tape and who hesitates to take any initiative without reconfirmed orders from a superior officer. The officer in question decided, on his own volition, that there was no suitable place in the territory of Nevada where to ship all this business of warfare, and so decided to have it retained at Benecia. This naturally called for much more red tape, much more correspondence, and breaking down of resistance. Finally, Governor Nye was advised that the martinet officer at Benecia had been instructed to forward these weapons to Nevada, and they were first lodged at Fort Churchill.

Distribution was made from Fort Churchill in the year 1874, and one of the two three-inch field cannons, known as Griffen rifles, arrived at Virginia City and became known as the First Nevada Artillery, which was gazetted on July 12, 1875. This honorable company later became known as Battery A, Virginia City, Nevada.

The other three-inch field cannon was located at Gold Hill. Nothing was further heard from the Copperheads, and these pieces of field artillery were drawn through the streets of Virginia City on the national holiday and other state occasions, with the artillerymen resplendent in their blue uniforms, wearing caps similar to those used by the northern forces in the Civil War. Somewhere I have seen photographs of the artillery company on parade, and therefore, my statement can be taken as correct.

With the decline of mining activity, like the houses already referred to, these two guns were shipped over the "V & T" railway to Carson City and there became forgotten. Nobody was interested in guns, and no one wished to be enlisted in an artillery company. Fortunately, someone had sufficient interest in the future to have these two guns boarded up in a shed, together with their ammunition wagons, for proper protection. Especially so, as the Nevada National Guard was disorganized in the year 1898, including Battery A and Battery B, as the United States government had assimilated what national guard Nevada possessed. There is no record as to the disposition of the Gold Hill gun.

It was not until the year 1906, that is to say nineteen years afterward, that the guns were removed from this woodshed and placed on concrete footings on the west side of a building then known as the Pavilion, later to become the headquarters of the reorganized Nevada National Guard. There they remained, lacking attention, with weeds growing where carefully planted grass should have been. In the year 1927, the two rifle-cannons were loaned to Reno to be placed in front of the California Building of the Nevada Transcontinental Highway Exposition. At the conclusion of the Transcontinental Exposition, the cannon remained in Idlewild Park. It was

not until the year 1940, when it was decided to inaugurate an annual Admission Day holiday for the state of Nevada, that the two cannons were returned to their original home. This was done in the stealth of night by some enthusiastic young citizens of Carson City. Lo and behold! In the midst of the long Admission Day procession, Battery A and B rifles proudly were horse-drawn down the main street of the capital with the requisite number of artillerymen dressed in the days of 1874 sitting astride the ammunition wagons. At the conclusion of this "inauguration," they were emplaced in front of what is known as the Heroes Memorial Building, and there they have remained to this date.

As there was insufficient room to also mount the ammunition wagons at this location, the honorable Clark J. Guild, chief curator of the Nevada State Museum, kindly accepted custody of the ammunition wagons and, at this time of writing, they are located in the yard of the museum. Brigadier General Jay H. White, Adjutant General, Nevada National Guard, in his biennial report, July 1, 1938-June 30, 1940, records the history of these guns. A copy of his report is filed as Exhibit Number Eight.

Little more need be said of the remaining years of this second phase, which I have several times referred to as a period of high return, because there was no sudden change in the fortune of Virginia City and of its railway. Instead, it was a further period of some eight years before the gradual decline over the entire area took place. Due to heat, it was impossible to sink the mines below a certain level. And, generally speaking, it was in the minds of all interested parties that the bonanza was, to a large extent, fast becoming a thing of the past. The return to the railway in the way of freight business became less, and yet it was able to carry on and service

the communities of Virginia City, Gold Hill, and Silver City. Finally, it reached a point of no return which will be discussed in the next and third phase of the railway's history, that is to say, the period of 1896 to 1938, for which I have used the heading "the decline in the fortunes of the railway."

THE V&T PHASE THREE, 1896-1938

The third phase of the railway history records, in the year 1895, the death of William P. Sharon, and with him died the driving force, the initiative, the inventiveness of which he was possessed. There is no question that we had in this man one of those bold, intrepid individuals who was willing to gamble, perhaps progress too fast, all in the endeavor of developing the virgin West.

One so often hears, in a sense of disparagement, of founders of America's great fortunes that were created in the '70's, '80's, and '90's. But I ask myself, would this country have attained its economic status of today if it had not been for the Rockefellers, the Mills, and all other such similar families who entered on the great venture, win or lose, to, through their means, develop the entire United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific? It took daring, and too much credit (in my opinion) cannot be paid these early pioneers. True, in most cases they reaped rich rewards, and true, in most cases they became millionaires, but in the so doing, they brought along with them countless tens of thousands of other citizens on their way to fame and fortune in a somewhat lesser degree. It must have been a great day in Senator Sharon's life when he came to the point of decision, backed by surveyor James's analysis, that a railway could twist and turn itself down from the heights of the Comstock Lode to the Carson River below so that the lower grade ore, which

up to that time had remained on the dumps at Virginia City, could be milled.

As we face today's events, both national and international, I do not think my opinion can be questioned when I say we need a considerable number of Sharons in our federal political affairs, and at this very moment! We as a nation are fast developing the art of the double-talk, the innuendo and the evasive answer, and one of the best examples at this time of writing is our esteemed federal Secretary of State, Dean Rusk. Secretary Rusk comes on the TV in a most bland manner, says much and yet says nothing. While the preceding statement has nothing to do with my oral history, I am tempted to insert it due to the recent upheaval in the Middle East; and while the Russians have failed in their objective, they have shown us to be a nation of a two-sided nature. We are the aggressors in Viet Nam and yet we are not the aggressors in the Middle East.

And so, with the departure of Sharon, shall we say one more coffin nail was inserted in the future of the V & T Railway! One may properly ask if such a decline was an actuality. How does it come about that the railway remained in existence a further fifty years or so? As I proceed, the researcher will find the answers to this question.

In the year 1897, a prize fight of no mean proportions was scheduled to take place at Carson City between two famous pugilists, Messrs. Corbett and Fitzsimmons. Those were the days of lush living, particularly for the "barons" of the East, a great number of whom possessed private railway cars. (If one is interested in reviewing such ornate equipment, the late Mr. Lucius Beebe had published a separate book on such private cars and I can assure you the reading will provide much valuable information as to how the rich indulged themselves in everyday luxury.)

These cars arrived in great number at Reno, and the local papers recorded that all the sidings of the V & T railway were occupied by such private cars, diners, etc., while the occupants journeyed to Carson City for this pugilistic bout. Some three to four thousand out-of-state sports people journeyed to Nevada for this occasion. Naturally, this event resulted in considerable amount of revenue for the "V & T" Other important, special excursions took place over the ensuing years, and naturally brought additional revenue.

In the year 1900 gold was found at Tonopah. As a result, the Southern Pacific company approached Mr. Mills as to the purchase of the Carson and Colorado railway which operated from Mound House, Nevada, to Mina, Schurz, and south past Walker Lake to Keeler in California. Evidently Mr. Darius O. Mills saw in this offer the opportunity to recuperate some of his investment in a line, which, as I have already stated, he considered "either a thousand miles too long or a thousand years too soon."

Mr. Mills sold the Carson and Colorado railway for the sum of \$2,750,000. In the selling, little did he realize that through the enormous development at Tonopah, and later at Goldfield, that the Southern Pacific railway would repay to itself the entire investment within one year's time. The Carson and Colorado railway was renamed the Nevada-California railway. Further, little did Mr. Mills realize that in the selling of the "C & C" railway he was sounding the final death knell for the Virginia and Truckee railway.

In order to visualize the impact that the strikes at Tonopah and Goldfield had on the transportation facilities, may I, even at the cost of repetition, state that all freight destined to those two locations moved over the standard gauge railway of the "V & T" from Reno to Mound House; there it was

reloaded onto narrow gauge equipment for transit from Mound House to Tonopah and Goldfield. This was a costly operation, but a profitable one for the "V & T" railway. And if I have not already remarked, it resulted in freight being back logged at Reno on sidings from Reno to Mound House, and at Mound House itself, with the consignees at Tonopah yelling their heads off for the receipt of their shipments. This condition continued until the year 1904, when the Southern Pacific changed the line to standard gauge from Mound House to Tonopah Junction, the connecting point with the Tonopah and Goldfield railway. Now we have a standard gauge road bed from Reno right through to Tonopah Junction, there to be taken over by a separate railway known as the Tonopah and Goldfield railway

There must have been, in the executive branch of the Southern Pacific, a "Mr. Sharon," and I say this for the reason that the Southern Pacific was reluctant to see the amount of freight revenue arrive via the "V & T" Reno to Mound House. There was but one answer as far as the Southern Pacific was concerned, "We'll buy out the Virginia and Truckee railway." So, in the year 1904, they offered to purchase and here was the chance for Mr. Mills, after having received a goodly return on his original investment and a goodly return on other persons' investments, to withdraw from all transportation activities and depart to other climes. Instead, he set an unreasonable high price for the sale of the railway, which was refused by the Southern Pacific company. The latter company was quick to act, and they said to themselves (in my words), "We will show Mr. Mills a thing or two."

The result was the construction of what is known as the Hazen cutoff. Hazen, if one looks on the map, will be shown as a point on the main transcontinental line of the Southern Pacific, a short distance east of Fernley. It was

a simple matter for the Southern Pacific to run a line down south from Fernley as already described, the Hazen cutoff, to Mina, and there connect it with the old C & C line to Tonopah Junction. When this took place, all freight ceased to travel over the V & T railway via Reno-Mound House.

Mound House, a beehive of activity in previous years, became an isolated spot on the desert, only active when the occasional train was operated between Carson City and Virginia City. This false move on the part of Mr. Mills was the first major factor in determining the ultimate abandonment of the railway. The other, as already stated, was the decrease in mining activity. The yet-to-come, a third nail in the coffin, was the construction of a concrete highway between Reno and Carson City.

For reasons unknown to me, on June 24, 1905, the name of the Virginia and Truckee *Railroad* was changed through re-incorporation to Virginia and Truckee *Railway*, and it so remained until its abandonment. With declining revenue from the operation of the main line between Carson City and Virginia City, the management, so much criticized at the abandonment hearing, instead of throwing up the sponge, looked about for other sources of revenue, especially as the freight receipts at Mound House had now become a thing of the past.. Coincident with this thinking was the development of much activity in the Minden valley, a valley famous for its peculiar type of water, which produced meat products, lamb and beef, known well over the western states. This same water resulted in the highest quality of butter and dairy products.

The board of directors, in the year 1906, decided to construct a branch line of fourteen miles to Minden, and construction was commenced in the month of April of the

same year. In a comparatively short period of time, the fourteen miles were open for operation—on August the first of the same year. The construction had involved building two bridge structures a few miles south of Carson City.

The citizens and financial interests of Minden were desirous of obtaining this branch line because there was no highway other than a rough, tortuous dirt road. The Dangberg family, who practically owned the town of Minden, offered the railway a right-of-way over their holdings which commenced at the southern city limits of Carson City direct through to Minden. Their offer was accepted, and thereafter the railway, up to the date of its abandonment, operated over the Dangberg properties. Naturally, the agreement contained a proviso that if at any time the railway failed to operate over its right-of-way, the properties would, *ipso facto*, be reclaimed by the original owners. I can assure the researcher that the Dangberg interests, through their attorney, lost no time in invoking this clause when the final certificates of abandonment had been issued by the respective service commissions.

In passing, it is interesting to note that this branch line was not extended to Gardnerville, which to all intents and purposes is the same as Minden. It appears that the Dangberg family were once residents of Gardnerville, and as a result of some disagreement, decided that they would shake the dust of Gardnerville from their feet and establish their own town—which they did, and which they named Minden.

Naturally, this branch line resulted in additional revenue to the railway and was one of the main reasons for its continuance, notwithstanding the several coffin nails I have already made mention of. However, even with this additional freight revenue, it

became apparent that the operation of a steam locomotive or locomotives on a daily basis other than Sunday was too expensive, and that some other means of transportation should be considered. Accordingly, for better or for worse, the railway purchased a McKeen motor car operated with gasoline, manufactured by the Union Pacific railway company. This car, in addition to the operating cab, had a post office compartment and baggage compartment and a passenger compartment seating some thirty persons.

The first time I witnessed this car was at Reno in the year 1926. At that time, federal prisoners were housed in the "bastille" in Carson City. On this certain morning, I stood with amazement and with a rather amused smile on my face as these handcuffed prisoners were hustled off the Southern Pacific train, rushed through the passenger station, and invited to enter the McKeen motor car. The procession was so endless that I was led to wonder just where they were stowing so many prisoners, and it appeared to me somewhat like the numerous mice that the late Walter Disney used to depict departing through a hole in the wall of the room. Perhaps it was the proper thing to purchase this motor car, and yet I am of the belief that if you are operating a railway, you should operate it to the best of one's ability by steam (or today by diesel), and if that does not meet the requirements, why, fold the thing up. In any event, you will read later on that I promptly discontinued the McKeen motor car during my administration.

The year 1907 saw the conversion from wood firing to oil, with resultant saving in cost because the wood had to be cut and split and shipped in to the Reno and Carson yards, whereas fuel oil came to the railway in tank cars, and at little expense the oil tanks on the tenders were filled.

The year 1917 saw the scrapping and selling of all cars which formerly transported the ore from the Comstock Lode to the Carson River. This equipment was quite extensive, and there are pictures in existence showing these trains waiting on a siding between Virginia City and their destination. So here we have the termination of the *real* purpose for the construction of the railway, and if you will remember, I said that all, or mostly all, short-line railways were constructed for a specific purpose, and when that specific purpose was fulfilled, the use of the railway was more or less finished. That statement certainly applies to the "V & T" railway, and if it had not been for such side issues as the revenue derived from the transshipment of merchandise at Mound House, the branch line to Minden, and the operation of the shops at Carson City, the railway could well have been discontinued in 1917.

The next nail in the coffin was placed in the year 1920, when the first eighteen-foot wide cement highway was constructed from Reno to Huffaker's, a distance of approximately five and a half miles. The contract was awarded to Ward Brothers of Reno on May 20, 1920, for a bid sum of \$72,101.60. This information was supplied me by Mr. Stanley D. Sundeen, office engineer of the Nevada state highway department. Subsequently, the highway was continued to Carson City, and at a later date to Minden and Gardnerville.

The automobile industry attained a greater volume of production, with prices more reasonable; the result being more citizens owned autos, so why travel on the passenger trains of the "V & T" railway? Then too, through the benevolence of the Nevada Public Service Commission, operating rights for LCL freight (less than carload freight) were issued, thus diverting revenue from the railway to the highways. We have not yet

reached the point of the long, heavy animal trucks, with trailers almost the same length, that were to haul animals from Gardnerville and Minden valleys to Reno via highway, and not by railway.

In order to emphasize the decrease in the operation of trains due to the lack of business, I will quote from *Timetable No. 91*, issued October 1, 1922, which showed on passenger train operating both ways, Reno-Virginia City, daily other than Sunday; one mixed train operating both ways, Reno-Virginia City, daily other than Sunday; and the McKeen motor car, operating between Reno and Carson City both ways daily other than Sunday. It's quite evident from this table that business was reaching a low point compared to the years of high return.

Notwithstanding the criticism of poor management, and we're going to hear a great deal about poor management from here on, the operating officials of the railway in 1922 inserted a large ad in the Reno, Carson City, and Minden newspapers calling upon all friends of the railway, shippers, consignees, etc., for additional freight business. I refer to such officials as Frank E. Murphy, vice president in charge of the railway, H. Coffin, general manager, H. L. Griffiths, general freight agent, and Samuel C. Bigelow, general passenger agent. These gentlemen realized that something had to be done if the railway was to survive. I would say their appeal fell on deaf ears. This must have been the case, for in the year 1924, the last dividend was declared by the railway, and from there on there were not sufficient profits to declare dividends, and, accordingly, resort had to be made to other financial sources in order to continue

I hope the researcher will bear all this in mind when he comes to read about the abandonment proceedings and hearings of 1950, for then he is going to read much about

mismanagement, of lack of interest, of a "don't give a care" attitude—all of which is false, for here was a little transportation system fighting to live just as long as it was at all possible. With the declaration of the last dividend in 1924, an additional nail was placed in the coffin.

In the year 1929, it is of interest to note that President Herbert Hoover visited Virginia City, and, instead of a boisterous population of many thousands welcoming him as it did General Grant, the papers and records stated those who greeted him were but five hundred in number. There you have the proof of the rise and decline of the Comstock Lode.

And so we pass to the year 1932 and to Mr. Ogden Mills, grand son of Darius O. Mills, who had inherited the capital stock of the railway, other than that one-third interest held by Senator Sharon which had passed down through family connections to the Newlands family. For reasons best known to Mr. Mills, and it most certainly wasn't from a standpoint of making a profit, he purchased the Newlands interests and thus the heirs of D. O. Mills became sole owners of the "V & T" railway, sole owners of its capital stock which would not return dividends in the future, stock that was to be declared worthless at the time of abandonment. As a matter of fact, in the hearing proceedings, the Mills Estates, Incorporated, a corporation formed after the death of Ogden Mills in 1937, subordinated, and laid no claim in the liquidation proceedings concerning such stock holdings.

Why did Ogden Mills do this? The answer is simple and one that the money-mad man of today might take note of. He did it solely for sentimental reasons. He was aware that through a turn of the wheel of fortune, turned by Senator Sharon, that the "V & T" railway was to a large extent the foundation of the Mills family's wealth. Much of the dividends

accruing to the grandfather were invested in a large acreage immediately south of San Francisco, where he built the Mills family home. We had the Mills airport in due time, and the rest of the land has been incorporated in the towns and communities immediately south of San Francisco. Mr. Mills did nothing that one would not do today if he had the same opportunity, and I fail to see the virtue of the criticism that has been leveled at the Mills family.

But here is his grandson picking up a useless holding, as I have said, for sentimental reasons: the little "V & T" railway, intact, at least as long as he lived. The sincerity of his attitude is manifested in the fact that he personally loaned the railway \$95,000 between the years 1932 to 1937, the year of his death, when he was assistant treasurer in the federal government, and it was this money that provided the cash with which to operate the railway and with which to meet its annual deficit.

The annual reports filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission and still on file in Washington, D. C., will verify my statements as to what these loans were used for. The picture is to suddenly and dramatically change in the year 1937, which I will discuss later on.

Now I wish to refer to the condition of the roadbed and rolling stock and locomotive power of this railway as it was in the year 1932, for it has a distinct bearing on the abandonment proceedings. Perhaps the often-leveled charge of mismanagement could prove to be correct when one evaluates the condition of the three factors above mentioned. With few exceptions, no new rolling stock had been acquired or built by the railway from its inception; no new locomotives had been purchased after 1912, and the roadbed, bridges, tunnels and culverts

were in more than a dilapidated condition. I say the management could be criticized for attempting to operate a railway under these conditions. There being no sources of funds to rehabilitate the railway, better management would have called for its prompt abandonment, and yet they persevered, at all times operating on a daily basis without any liability or casualty insurance, never knowing when a suit would be filed for physical injury or damage to merchandise. From my own experience, I have no hesitation in saying that if it had not been for the intense loyalty, not only of the management, but of the entire personnel of the railway down to the youngest trackman, all of whom bent every effort in the endeavor to afford transportation over a dilapidated, antiquated line, more than one fatality would have resulted.

In the year 1937, Ogden Mills, assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury, died. With him died all sentiment where the Mills family was concerned. It must be understood that we are now into the third generation with a fourth generation in the offing, who knew nothing of all this history other than in a general way.

As already stated, the entire interests of the Mills family had been incorporated into a corporation known as the Mills Estates, Incorporated, with headquarters in Wall Street. These offices were staffed with attorneys, tax experts, accountants, comptrollers, and various other officials charged with the administration of the various properties owned and occupied by the corporation, both in the East and in the West. Naturally, in such an organization no sentiment prevails. It's strictly business. As a result, when the \$95,000 was exhausted, using the vernacular, "the cow refused to give further milk," and the railway was strictly on its own.

It had been the practice of Frank E. Murphy, vice president in charge of operations, to correspond with Mr. Mills as to the necessity of further advances. Please understand the \$95,000 did not come in one lump sum. It was spread over the five years in question. Wit] Mr. Mills's death, what was Mr. Murphy to do? He had to secure some other source of cash from which to meet his operating deficit and with which to carry on. And so he visited the town of Minden, where the Farmers Bank of Carson Valley was located, and was successful in obtaining an unsecured loan for \$15,000. Naturally, this loan would provide but a stopgap in the operation; this question, however, was to be promptly resolved.

The banking history of Nevada will state that the Bank of America of California reached out and decided to establish itself in the state of Nevada under the name of the First National Bank of Nevada. The bank owned and operated in Reno by the late Governor Kirman and Walter J. Harris was absorbed, as well as the Farmers Bank of Carson Valley.

In the course of events, W. W. Hopper, president of the First National Bank, paid a visit to this new acquisition at Minden, and, being a good banker, he examined the loan portfolio. Therein he located Mr. Murphy's unsecured note for \$15,000. Through the bank's attorney at Carson City, the late George Sanford, he made a demand on the railway for prompt payment with the alternative of the management assigning the entire assets of the railway as collateral for the \$15,000 loan. It was so like George with his quiet smile that masked much of his real character, (This has nothing to do with my history, but as an aside, I will state that the late Mr. Sanford delighted in loaning his money to the proper parties, provided it was well-secured, and always with

the proviso that the principle in whole or part could never be repaid before maturity date. He was a lover of interest-earned income.)

And so ends the decline, the third phase of the fortunes of the railway. We will now discuss its final years as phase four, the years 1939 to 1950, a period of time during which I was personally associated with this transportation system and therefore familiar with what transpired over the last eleven years of its existence.

PHASE FOUR: THE CONCLUDING YEARS, 1939-1950

The management of the railway, together with the attorneys of the Mills Estates, Incorporated, in New York City, fearing that the First National Bank might force the railway into involuntary bankruptcy, decided to "beat the banks to the punch." Accordingly, the railway petitioned the federal district court to be declared a voluntary bankrupt with the appointment of the necessary receivers. Such petition was granted and a receivership declared on April 25, 1938, Finance Docket 204. In the petition, three railway officials, Mr. Frank E. Murphy, Mr. Samuel C. Bigelow, and Mr. Edward Miller, the railway's auditor were named. As the First National Bank felt they had a prime interest in the receivership, they, through Mr. Sanford, requested Judge Norcross to include an outside party. This was agreed to. Mr. Miller's name was deleted and Mr. P. H. Cooke, who had been associated with the Nevada Copper Belt railway operating out of Yerington, Nevada, for some time, was appointed the third co-receiver. Thus this receivership, granted in the year 1938, continued until January 18, 1946, at which time it was terminated on my recommendation.

The history of this receivership as to personnel is as follows: Mr. Murphy, who

was dying of cancer of the face, resigned from the receivership November, 1938, and passed away the following year. Mr. P. H. Cooke, through injuries sustained by falling in his room at the Senator Hotel in Carson City, resigned December 31, 1939. This left Mr. Bigelow as the sole remaining receiver, and he continued in this capacity until his death, August 31, 1945, at which time I was appointed temporary receiver for a ninety-day period, which was extended until the receivership terminated on January 18, 1946.

Returning to the new receivership management, I'll be quite candid in stating that Mr. P. H. Cooke headed such management. Mr. Murphy, due to his health, was no considering factor, and Mr. Bigelow, with his mild nature, was easily persuaded to accept the dictates of the rather overbearing personality of Mr. Cooke. Again, permit me to state that these gentlemen had very little to operate on from a financial standpoint. They were strictly on their own. Why the railway continued operation for another thirteen years is still a moot question.

The last train to Virginia City was operated during the month of July, 1938. When I use the word train I mean steam locomotive. There was transportation to Virginia City until the year 1941, which consisted of a White motor mounted on a six-wheel passenger chassis, a most grotesque-looking piece of rolling equipment. It provided passenger and baggage service.

Mr. Bigelow increased the use of the McKean motor car, and thus began the procedure of storing at Reno sufficient freight tonnage until it warranted the use of a steam locomotive. This meant that freight and tank car shipments to Carson City and Minden were often held at Reno on the interchange track, with that of the Southern Pacific railway, for a matter of two or three days

until sufficient tonnage was available. In my judgment, this was a mistake. My policy, when I took over the management of the railway, was that we would operate steam six days a week whether we had any freight or not, in order that when freight *did* arrive, it would be delivered the same day to the consignees.

When it became known that there would be no further steam operation to Virginia City, the Railway and Locomotive Society decided to charter a special train to operate over the line from Reno-Carson City to the Comstock in July, 1938. (Gilbert Kneiss's book on the "V & T" railway is catalogued at the University of Nevada, and a reading of page 77 fully describes this rather nostalgic event of the last train to Virginia City.)

The Genoa, Engine No. 12, was sold to the eastern railroads to play in the "Railroads on Parade" at the New York Fair. It also played at the fair at Chicago in 1948-49.

It is a matter of history that the Railway Retirement Act, together with the Social Security old-age insurance act, came into effect in the year 1937. It is also a matter of history that no pension retirement plan had ever been in existence where this railway was concerned. Whether the Mills family are open to criticism in this respect, I leave to your own judgment, but it would appear some of the early wealth could have been set aside for such a purpose; yet, on the other hand, the nation had not yet been educated to socialistic legislation. Large profits were made in the days when the wealthy were wealthy and the poor were poor and the in between were just in between. I can look back to when unionism was in its infancy.

An astute politician by the name of James Farley was the author of this socialistic legislation. He had adopted and inaugurated a device, namely, payroll deductions, with such deductions to be turned over to the United

States Treasurer to be incorporated in the federal general fund. The Railway Retirement Board and Social Security old-age pension board drew on the general fund to meet the monthly checks issued to pensioners. In any event, it provided the opportunity for many of the faithful and loyal full-time employees of the railway to retire for the reason their pension status was retroactive from the date of their first employment.

I feel that it's worthy to incorporate the names of some of these faithful servants who labored with small compensation in the way of salaries and wages for "America's most famous short-line railway," most of whom were residents of Carson City.

We have George Walker Roy, foreman of the blacksmith shop, retiring in 1936 after forty-two years of service. With his retirement, the blacksmith shop practically closed down from what at one time was twenty daily operated forges to a single forge heated up by the machine shop employees on occasion.

We have Charles James Rulison, after forty-five years of service, also retiring in the year 1936. He passed away on April 27: 1946. He was the master mechanic, and a finer gentleman I have never known. James Francis Savage, locomotive engineer who piloted the various engines of the railway over its lines for forty-four years, retired in 1937. He died in the year 1947. And we have Edward Charles Peterson, who succeeded Mr. Rulison as master mechanic, with thirty-eight years service, and who, at my urgent request, returned in the year 1949 to act in the capacity of supervisor of motive power for the two remaining years of the railway, due to the death of my most loyal master mechanic, Arnold Gillie.

Then we have James Gladding, roadmaster of maintenance, way and structures, retiring

in 1937 after thirty-four years of maintaining the right-of-way. In January, 1938, Howard Lamont Griffiths, freight traffic manager, died after thirty years of service. Mr. Griffiths was largely responsible for solicitation of freight and establishing friendly relationships with shippers and consignees. Also retired in 1938, after forty-seven years, was William Henry Kirk, chief engineer of the railway—not a locomotive engineer, but the chief civil engineer—whose immaculate linen tracings are on exhibit at the University of Nevada Library with the "V & T" special collection. Mr. Kirk passed away in 1945.

In the year 1938, William Anderson Wise, foreman of the carpenter shop, retired after thirty-two years, and with his retirement, the carpenter shop closed. Then we have Frederick Smith, pattern-maker, who retired in 1939 after twenty years. With his retirement, the pattern shop was closed. Even with its closing, there were several casts made in the foundry through the use of the patterns already constructed.

In passing, the railway was noted for its gray iron castings. They were of the highest quality and sought ready markets even as far away as the Republic of Mexico. The Southern Pacific railway ordered many castings. Frankly, it was a delight to go into the pattern shop and see these patterns stored in the racks by the hundreds, and examine the fine craftsmanship of which they were constructed. Black walnut was used to some extent in these patterns. During the final windup of the railway they were left to the disposal of the junkies and what happened from there on, I have no record.

John Theix was the foreman of the foundry, and he retired in 1940 after thirty-two years service. As I stated previously, the master mechanic, a faithful worker by the name of Harold Brooks, and Lester Felesina

made up several heats in the foundry and poured castings in the year 1940. Then the foundry became a thing of the past. Harold Brooks died in 1940 after twenty years of service.

In the year 1941, George Somerset James, foreman of the tin shop, retired after fifty years of loyal service, only to die shortly afterwards. His shop was closed for all time.

As a recapitulation, what at one time were considered the finest all-around comprehensive shops west of Omaha, Nebraska, were now reduced to the machine shop, and it reduced to the maintenance of the remaining steam locomotive power. Gone was the pattern shop, gone was the foundry, gone was the tin shop, gone was the boiler shop, gone was the carpenter shop, gone was the paint shop. Very little was left and very few employees.

If I have not already clearly indicated the circumstances under which I became associated with the railway, I will now do so, although it may be repetitious. I know I did state that Messrs. Miller and Bigelow formed an insurance agency which necessitated Mr. Miller's devoting his entire time to the insurance business. That was what brought about my appointment.

Mr. Miller had an assistant known as Peter A. Amodei, assistant auditor, and on my arrival I was confronted with the fact that Mr. Amodei would be in the office in the morning and Mr. Miller would be in the office in the afternoon. Mr. Amodei was a member of the Thirty-ninth Session of the legislature. It was calculated that he would do his legislating in the afternoon, and Mr. Miller would do his insuring in the morning. The other half of the day for each of them was to be devoted to inaugurating me into the mysteries of railway accounting. It didn't altogether work out in this manner, and if it hadn't been for

the extensive background in general business practice, accounting knowledge, and the ability to analyze, I'm afraid my departure from Carson City would have taken place without delay. I was more or less left to my own devices. By the following month of June, I found myself in sole possession of the audit office. Mr. Miller, having completed his arrangement with Mr. Cooke, resigned from the railway after twenty-two years of faithful service. Mr. Amodei departed for California due to his wife's sudden death and his desire to be with her family.

THE YEAR 1939

In my first year, 1939, the co-receivers decided to abandon the line to Virginia City and so petitioned the respective commissions. Such abandonment was granted, and in 1941 the rails between Carson City and Virginia City were sold to the junkies for the sum of \$52,000. The greater number of these rails were marked with the original dates of 1868-69. This steel, on arrival at San Francisco, was sold to the Japanese government, shipped to Japan, and made into munitions with which to kill our boys in World War II. When one reads of an exact example of the manipulations behind war efforts, one must greatly feel for the poor individual that is placed in the front line with a rifle in his hand and expected to offer his life as a sacrifice for his country.

Again, it may have been poor management on the part of the Mills Estates and on the part of the co-receivers, but the fact remains the Mills Estates, Incorporated, said, "You may have the entire \$52,000 with which to carry on and operate the railway at a deficit." This was done, and it resulted in a prolongation of its life. All of this was discounted at the abandonment proceedings by the opponent to abandonment; no credit was given to Mr.

Mills for his \$95,000; no credit was given to the Mills Estates for their gift of \$52,000.

In order to provide operating capital, in addition to this sale of rail, Mr. Cooke sold all the surplus passenger coaches and locomotives he could lay his hands on. He went further than that; he decreased the maintenance and way crews, spent no money on necessary ties, rails, etc., and, for the life of me, I yet cannot understand why the daily operations did not produce more derailments and casualties.

It did not take any long period of time on my part to establish just what the exact status of the railway was, both from a physical and a financial standpoint. Being used to breaking down financial statements and operating reports, I in no way exaggerate when I say that after sixty days of close contact with the work in the audit office, I came to the conclusion that the railway was entering into its last days. The sale of the ore cars, the loans by Mr. Mills, the abandonment of the line to Virginia City all pointed up to the final termination.

And what were we operating in the year 1939? We were handling three separate transportation operations, one of which can be put down as mismanagement, and I am ready to admit it—that was the institution of less-than-carload-lot trucks over Highway 395, operating in direct competition with the steam railway. There was no sense to this, especially on account of the low tariff rates in existence at that time. We also had the Virginia and Truckee Transit buses which Mr. Murphy purchased in the year 1932. Evidently Mr. Murphy thought that this investment could be developed into a comprehensive transportation system, but that required money, and Mr. Murphy didn't have it. So we were operating ninety-five percent obsolete buses. (I still have to smile at the lady who opened her umbrella to keep the raindrops

from falling on her person.) The roofs could be termed "sieves."

THE YEAR 1942

With Pearl Harbor, in 1942, there was a curtailment of the shipment of petroleum products over railroads. Some bright individual in Washington decided that petroleum products should be moved by truck and trailer tanks over the highways. His reasoning was good as far as the congested eastern area was concerned, where the cities are all located in a somewhat restricted geographical area, but, like so many things Washington does, where this diversion was in order in the East, it certainly was not in the West. The individual in question (I would like to know his name) applied the same rule to the West, not taking into consideration intervening mountains and other obstacles in the way of transportation. Petroleum products, restricted to the first three hundred-mile radius from point of origin, were brought to Nevada by truck, tank-truck and trailer, regardless of weather conditions, even in the winter months. This considerable revenue was taken from the railway, which caused it to use up at a faster rate the money from the sale of the rails to Virginia City. Such shipments of petroleum products were not restored to the railway until after the conclusion of World War II, through my efforts—which were not altogether ethical. I used political pressure.

To brighten one's day, I must make reference to the operation of the Virginia and Truckee Transit buses. Mr. Murphy's investment had proved to be one that operated at an annual deficit. In order to continue the operation he, prior to the receivership, loaned money from the railway to the transit company and, on my arrival, the Transit owed the Railway a small but important sum of

\$19,000. Prior to Pearl Harbor, there didn't appear to be any manner in which this loan and subsequent loans could be repaid. It was not taken into consideration what the army and navy was about to do to this dilapidated equipment.

Word of our famed shops had been passed around and evidently had been pictured as the most modern in all respects, notwithstanding all the lathes and the drill presses in the machine shop bore the manufacturing dates of 1872. That did not prohibit a continual flow of admirals and generals, fully booted and equipped and surrounded by their adjutants, attaches and followers, from arriving in Reno for transportation *via the buses* to Carson City to examine these old, narrow-windowed, roof-leaking, floor-sinking shops. Having been in the army, I certainly took an amused look at the "yes-boys" that trotted along behind the admirals and the generals as they made their inspection. Nothing came of these innumerable pilgrimages from the West coast to the capital city of Carson, but it did result in the wiping out of the entire loan of \$19,000 to the railway. I took this all into consideration at a later date when I sold the transit company to certain local parties, and which will be referred to later on.

I have already referred to Mr. P. H. Cooke, one of the co-receivers. He was quite a drinker, and after a cursory visit to the station in the morning and again in the afternoon, was wont to retire to the Senator Hotel and there to indulge in "bubbly water. Somehow he injured his back when he fell against the bathtub of his room, and which brought about his eventual demise at Yerington.

THE YEAR 1943

By the year 1943, the machine shop, as already stated, was the only shop in operation.

It consisted of three employees and the master mechanic.

One might ask what was there being done in the way of developing freight business and other income for the railway. Was the one remaining receiver, Mr. Bigelow, negligent in his management, or was he just standing still and, to use the old advertising phrase, "watching the Fords go by"? I would not agree with such statements because, not only through his efforts, but those of Mr. James McNulty the livestock solicitor for the Southern Pacific railway, who continuously visited the Minden valley, all sources of freight revenue were being tapped. Frankly, there was very little anyone could do, for the railway had now reached what in transportation parlance is known as an "unbalanced operation." Most of its freight revenue was derive from in-bound freight which necessitated the returning of empties to Reno. It was only on occasion that we had any out-bound revenue freight. No railway can exist under those conditions, and one only has to stand by the Southern Pacific line at Reno and see its trains passing eastbound and westbound. If it was all in one direction, the Southern Pacific would soon fold.

Still selling assets, Mr. Bigelow sold the fine "V & T" depot at Virginia City. Its tine lumber was dismantled and trucked to Ione, California, and there used to build houses for the miners. The freight shed at Virginia City remained until the abandonment of the railway.

THE YEAR 1945

The year 1945 brought a major change in the operations of the railway. Without prior indication, Mr. Bigelow suffered a heart attack in the early part of August of this year, to be followed by his death in the month

of October. With his departure, the railway lost a most sincere, loyal employee. He was conscientious, day and night, and strived in every way possible towards its continuance. He used to come to my office on a Saturday and ask my opinion as to how much longer the railway would operate. I would state that it could not last for any lengthy period of time, and yet, to his dying day, he harbored the thought that perhaps some miracle would occur which would revitalize the railway to a point where it would have a safe operating roadbed and safe rolling stock, to say nothing of locomotives. Now behold! Three co-receivers had departed—what was to be done with the management?

It so happened that the honorable Frank H. Norcross, who had retired from the United States District Court in the month of May, 1945, was, by orders from Washington, returned to the bench for a temporary period while his successor, the honorable Roger T. Foley, was serving a different assignment. Judge Norcross, having personal knowledge of me, on his own volition, phoned from Reno to the station office at Carson City and stated that he was appointing me temporary federal receiver for a period of ninety days. The temporary nature of my appointment was explained that he, Judge Norcross, did not wish to, in any way, retard the recovery of Mr. Bigelow, to all of which I heartily subscribed. My ninety days as temporary receiver were busily occupied in a last, futile attempt to ascertain whether the fortunes of the railway could be improved.

Accordingly, in the month of September, I indulged in as much public speaking as time would permit. I spoke before the Lions Club, both at Reno and at Carson City, called for a special meeting of the Chamber of Commerce at Carson City, visited the clubs at Minden, and generally made my personal

acquaintance with all possible consignees and shippers. I took every occasion to warn all parties interested in the railway as to the possibility of its having to be abandoned, provided additional freight revenue was not forthcoming.

To meet the criticism of stored, held back carload shipments at Reno, I eliminated the McKen motor car for all time and advertised in the paper to all concerned that the railway would return to steam operation six days of the week and would stand or fall by this decision.

The war having terminated, I immediately contacted the petroleum companies situated in California with the request that they resume their tank-car shipments to Carson City and Minden. There was certain opposition to my solicitation, for the very good reason that the companies had been accustomed to over-the-road transportation and their ability to unload their shipments even at the hour of two a.m. at the point of destination, due to the fact that the consignees had provided them with keys to the locks to their tanks. One can readily see how this was a more efficient and convenient operation than waiting for a tank-car shipment over the line which would arrive on the scheduled hour. I was determined to explore and evaluate all possible freight revenue regardless of the unbalanced line of operations referred to above. Accordingly, in the month of September, 1945, I appointed George T. Salzman as a public relations officer for the railway for the expressed purpose of earnestly soliciting all potential freight revenue that could accrue to the railway. In order to have the petroleum products returned to the line as already mentioned, Mr. Salzman accompanied me to San Francisco and Sacramento, and there we presented freight traffic managers of certain petroleum companies with a list of local citizens who

held credit cards for their private purchases of gasoline. The list had its effect, and while one such manager mildly objected to being "clubbed over the head," he agreed to the resumption of shipments over the railway's line. All of this resulted in petroleum products being transported to Carson City and Minden until the abandonment of the railway.

It was a fortunate decision on my part that we did return to the daily operation of steam locomotives, for the unexpected reason that a considerable shipment of inbound cattle was received on the interchange line at Reno, their destination the Minden valley. If only such inbound shipments had continued indefinitely, it's a question whether the railway would have petitioned for abandonment in 1949.

The less-than-carload, over-the-road rates were of such a meager nature, the profit on such shipments was gone by the time the trucks left the dock in Reno. I petitioned the Public Service Commission of Nevada on October 12, 1945, for an increase in rates without any resultant relief.

I have already referred to Mr. Bigelow and his passing, but as a note of record, Masonic services were held for him on November 5, 1945, by the Carson Lodge No. 1 of the state of Nevada, the oldest. All Mr. Bigelow's former associates with the railway acted as honorary and pallbearers.

During this first year of my administration, I endeavored to increase the passenger revenue by soliciting special excursions. One of such took place on October 18, a Lions Club International excursion. To make this event interesting, W. T. Mathews, then attorney general, acted as engineer, as he was a locomotive engineer before being admitted to the bar. E. H. Bath, postmaster of Carson City, based on prior experience, acted as fireman. Judge Clark J. Guild, based on his association

with the Tonopah and Goldfield railway, acted as conductor, and Wayne "Red" McLeod, Bob Tolson, Ralph Gelvin, as trainmen. Graham Dean, general manager of the Reno Newspapers, Inc., was the special passenger representative, and a well-known citizen of Carson City, I. L. Blair, was the news-butcher.

This excursion and similar ones aroused considerable interest and produced a good feeling over the entire line that the management was extending itself in every way possible to keep the railway in operation. And certainly, in these endeavors, it would be a false accusation to state that there was "poor management."

I should mention another outstanding excursion which took place on October 29, with the Capitol Lodge No. 4, Independent Order of Odd Fellows in charge.

Now comes Admission Day, October 31, 1945, and the political maneuvering of certain ones who wished to terminate Sampson's temporary receivership by the appointment of a certain party as a reward for his political loyalty. He was to be used as a tool for bringing about the abandonment of the railway and the distribution of its assets, in order that his administration might accrue to the benefit of those who were behind his contemplated appointment.

Admission Day is always embellished with the personal appearance of our federal, state, and local politicians. The honorable Patrick McCarran was no exception. He was always in the front ranks on Admission Day. Certain parties whose names were unknown to me at that time (and are yet at this date) approached and discussed and held a conference with our senior U.S. Senator as to replacing Mr. Sampson with a party of their choosing. The usual comments as to lack of interest, controversies, etc., etc., were trotted out as justification for my removal at

the expiration of my ninety-day temporary receivership. And, as a matter of fact, my replacement duly arrived in Carson City and was busily occupied securing a residence from which to carry on.

It so happens that the honorable Roger T. Foley had been appointed to the United States District Court, largely through the support and approval of Senator McCarran. So it goes without peradventure that Judge Foley was somewhat under complement to Senator McCarran and therefore would do his bidding. And thus it was decided, by keeping the entire matter *sub rosa*, that on the date of my expiration as temporary receiver, Judge Foley would automatically appoint one by the name of Mr. Hiskey, of the Hiskey Stage Line, as permanent receiver. Permanent for the reason that Mr. Bigelow had passed away and my temporary receivership had expired. In such a capacity as permanent receiver, and due to the physical and financial state of affairs of the railway, it is not too difficult to assume that Mr. Hiskey, in due course, would appear before the federal judge and report to him that the railway was bankrupt, physically deteriorated to a point that would require an expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars, and therefore should be liquidated. If the learned judge had ever so decided, it would have resulted in a foreign receiver disposing of the assets of the railway without special regard to the Mills Estates. And I leave it to the researchers, I leave it to myself, as to who would be the recipient of such liquidation.

All of this would have taken place according to schedule but for one simple fact. It so happens that I am a member of the Masonic order, and a Mason who got wind of this situation journeyed from Reno to Carson City and confronted me with what was to take place. I immediately communicated with Mr.

Duncan McLeod, the attorney for the Mills Estates with headquarters in San Francisco, and who more or less was my authority in the operations of the railway. He, of course, was more surprised than I was, yet he realized something must be done and done without delay. And so he communicated with the late Walter Rowson, Esq., of Reno, who handled certain affairs of the railway for me, on a local basis, together with John R. Ross in Carson City.

It was fortunate that Mr. Rowson was retained by the railway for the reason that he had been an extremely close associate with Senator McCarran over a considerable number of years. Their offices adjoined each other in Reno. Mr. Rowson was incensed, and as time was of the essence, he appeared in Judge Foley's Reno courtroom with a request and petition that my receivership be extended an additional thirty days. Judge Foley had no other recourse than to grant such a petition, a normal procedure in our jurisprudence. At the same time, Mr. Rowson certainly laid bare in the most stringent language (which I read) his feelings and reactions to Senator McCarran, who being an astute politician, immediately commenced to backtrack and cover up his identity in the whole matter.

The petition for the extension was based solely on the fact that the railway would be restored to a corporate status. There was no reason why the receivership should be continued other than from the standpoint of convenience. With a cooperating receiver, decisions could be made at the moment and without recourse to board of directors meetings, or resolutions, motion, etc. But, from the standpoint of being a bankrupt, the railway was *not* that, due to the fact that it had sufficient remaining funds from the sale of the steel rails and other revenues accrued to it to pay off its note of \$15,000 to the First

National Bank and its accounts payable (in the amount of some few thousands of dollars) that were frozen at the time the receivership was granted. However, the time of thirty days was not sufficient to reach the individual members of the Mills family in order to obtain total consent to a return to corporate status. Therefore, it was necessary for Mr. Rowson to return to Judge Foley's court with a further request for an additional thirty days. With some reluctance, Judge Foley granted this extension, but added a proviso that if the railway was not restored to a corporate status within the period of time, he would proceed to discharge my receivership and appoint Mr. Hiskey as my successor.

Notwithstanding this disappointing development, I did not reduce my interest or enthusiasm as to what still might be done with the railway and, accordingly, on December 1, I appointed Bernard C. Hartung as a successor to Mr. Salzman in public relations work. Mr. Hartung was a well-known citizen of Carson City and had been associated with the Nevada State Highway Department for many years, and he had that salesmanship and congeniality about him that if any person could have obtained even one additional ton of freight for the railway, Mr. Hartung was that person.

THE YEAR 1946

The final result of the federal receivership was the return of the railway to corporate status; this was accomplished on January 18, 1946, prior to the expiration of the second thirty-day extension of my temporary receivership as granted by federal Judge Roger T. Foley. Mr. Duncan A. McLeod, attorney for the Mills Estates was able to contact the various shareholders, and they met on January 7, 1946, and voted to dissolve

the receivership. At the same meeting they elected a board of directors and appointed various officials as follows: Mr. Leslie H. Moore was elected president (for the record, Mr. Moore was the senior representative of the Mills Estates, Incorporated, in charge of their western states properties); Mr. Duncan A. McLeod was elected secretary-treasurer; and the following directors were elected: A. Torregino of San Francisco, E. McCurdy of San Francisco, Ed Zimmer, chief dispatcher of the railway of Carson City, and Rudolph Malo, freight and passenger traffic manager of Minden, and myself. I was elected vice president and general manager, with Bernard Hartung, assistance vice president and general manager; Arnold L. Gillie was appointed master mechanic, and Ed Birdsley, superintendent of bus and over-the-road LCL truck transportation.

The month following, February, it was my considered judgment that a prominent attorney of Carson City, formerly of Yerington, Nevada, John R. Ross, Esq., be engaged as local counsel for the railway; and, as previously stated, Mr. Walter Rowson acted in the interest of the railway at Reno. Later on in that part of the history dealing with the railway, I will make a more fitting reference to Mr. Ross, who subsequently was appointed United States district judge for the state of Nevada. Suffice to now state that Mr. Ross became a close friend of mine, not only in a personal sense, but as to the affairs of the railway, and we spent many an hour together discussing the then-present condition and future prospects of this transportation system. Without his counsel and advice, I would have been seriously handicapped in operating a facility that, to use the vernacular, was "down at the heel."

One of the original coaches, built by the railway itself in the "V & T" shops in Carson

City in the year 1869, had been sidetracked in the Carson City yards and used as sort of a housing for a roadmaster who might be single at the time. It was so used by Mr. Luther Yahnig during the years 1945 to 1946, he being a bachelor. In order to stimulate interest in the railway, with the possibility of resultant increased revenues, I decided to have this piece of equipment completely reconditioned and put on the line for at least special occasions.

While this was being done, I solicited the interest of Mr. Thomas C. Wilson of Reno, who was busily occupied developing a public relations service and who, at this time of writing, heads the largest public relations agency in northern Nevada. Mr. Wilson was formerly of Carson City. He married Ma Winters, daughter of one of Carson City's old-time families. (I refer to Ira and May Winters, who maintained, over a long period of years, two large cattle ranches and who later embarked in the dairy business with much success.) Thus Mr. Wilson had roots and loyalty where Carson City was concerned, with resultant interest in the "V & T." It was through him that a considerable amount of free publicity was obtained in the newspapers of Reno, Carson City, and Minden, and it was he who named this caboose-coach, No. 8, the *Julia Bulette*. (Julia Bulette was no myth. As to personality, she was a most human person and quite proud of the fact that she was a member of the world's oldest profession, with headquarters at Virginia City.)

Suffice now to say that this coach had her name emblazoned on both sides of the exterior, with resultant favorable comment from not only the citizens at large, but particularly those of the "rail fan" profession. This coach was used on special excursions and other occasions and always drew a warm

response of appreciation from the traveling public.

It was in August of this year when Mr. R. R. Malo, already referred to as a director of the railway, resigned his position as freight and passenger traffic manager after twenty-one years of faithful service. Mr. Malo had always lived in Minden, and so he returned to that locality and engaged in private business until the time of his death.

Naturally, each one of these resignations due to retirement or other interests had its effect on the daily operations of the system. It must be borne in mind that adequate, experienced, and efficient replacements were very much out of the question. Anyone considering coming into an organization that had written on its face the fact that sooner or later it would be terminated would pause and make a second consideration as to being employed.

Mr. Wilson and myself, as already stated, engaged in a vigorous newspaper publicity campaign which was enlarged to radio broadcasts. On more than one occasion, I was granted free time on the local stations and took full advantage of the opportunity to urge all those interested in the preservation of the Virginia and Truckee Railway to exert every effort in the way of additional freight revenue, looking to its indefinite continuance.

There was simply no thought in my mind of accepting defeat and an inevitable conclusion that the railway was doomed. My heart and soul was in the preservation of it for an indefinite period of years. Thus, on a daily basis, every effort, not only on my part, but on the part of the employees, was made in order to maintain an efficient and optimistic operation.

Becoming somewhat short of working cash capital, I entered into negotiations with the city of Carson City in the month of

October, 1946, for an abandonment of the Carson City spur. This spur track, extending from a point west of the governor's mansion and running east on Caroline Street, crossing Carson Street and into the railway's yards, had not been used over a period of many years. In the old days, when the railway operated a number of freight trains, particularly during the time of the Tonopah and Goldfield bonanzas, such freight was switched over onto the Caroline Street spur for direct entry into the yard where such trains were broken up, separated, and redispached to Mound House, Virginia City, and so forth. By so doing, it left the main track on Washington Street clear of all traffic other than the passenger trains. Thus, such trains were not delayed and so were able to arrive on time at the Carson City station where the passengers entrained and detrained. Need for this arrangement had long since passed, thus this spur was obsolete and a hazard to automobile and pedestrian traffic. It so happened at the same time that the creek running parallel on Washington Street, extending from the mountains and eastward under Carson Street, called for replacement. I therefore approached the city fathers with the proposition that we would abandon the line on Caroline Street, they to retain the ties; the railway would lift and retain the rails, and for this abandonment, the city would pay the "V & T" the sum of \$1,273.59, the purchase price of galvanized iron culverts which would be inserted as replacements to the decayed wooden ones. Let us mention all this for the mere fact that here was another illustration of the railway's decline from its heydays.

Word became prevalent in Gold Hill and Virginia City that I was about to sell the old Gold Hill station, it to be torn down and removed, as was the Virginia City passenger station. The latter I have already referred to

in this history. I had no such intention of selling the Gold Hill property as, frankly, it was a facility of historical importance, and my viewpoint on these matters did not parallel that of the late Mr. Bigelow. What I actually had in mind was deeding the station, with surrounding grounds, to the commissioners of Lyon County, and this I did. They expressed their intention of using this facility by turning it into a museum, which to me was just what should have been done.

And so, taking advantage of a special excursion by the California-Nevada Historical Railway Association, the commissioners of Lyon County were invited to come to the platform of the railway's Carson City station, and during the festivities, I presented the deed to the chairman of that board. Also during these ceremonies, a railway fan from California, who somehow had come into possession of the national flag that used to fly over this station, produced it in my office and asked permission to also present this to the commissioners at the time of the deed presentation. I was most happy to do so—and, for the record, the flag had thirty-six stars.

Now what became of this gift both as to station and flag? One can journey to Gold Hill today, the year 1967, some twenty years after the presentation, and he will find the station in disrepair, neglected, unpainted, no museum, and no one interested in its future preservation. Whatever became of this historic flag, I do not know, and the answer to many inquiries on my part have always resulted in the negative. It is an indication of the general indifference to things of historic value. We demand this, and demand the other thing, and when granted, we lose interest. So perhaps life is moving at too fast a pace for the Gold Hill station.

Before passing on to another subject, it is interesting to note that the deed was made

legal by passing currency in the sum of one dollar. The dollar in question was donated by Mr. Charles H. Gorman, University of Nevada comptroller for a long period of years, who operated the telegraph key in the Gold Hill station in the years of his youth.

The month of November, 1946, witnessed a serious derailment at Washoe City, and it was due to the movement of gypsum from Mound House. To better understand the making up of a freight train for dispatch, especially where the number of loaded freight cars are few, thought must be given to attaching such cars in such a manner that there will be a break in between the heavily-loaded freight cars and empty cars. If one was to couple together five steel gondolas filled with gypsum, with a gross weight of ninety-five tons per car, the result would be a bounce between each car with devastating effects on the rail, especially where a railway operated with stub switches. When the occasion presented itself that there were not sufficient empty returned freight cars bound for Reno which could be interspersed between the gypsum gondolas, one was forced to couple these gondolas together with the hope that the transit to Reno would be effected without derailment or other accident. Such was the case on November the thirteenth, as the consist was five cars of gypsum coupled together, the mail car in front attached to the locomotive, and with the passenger coach at the rear. The poor roadbed, the crystallized rail, the open stub switches, were too much for this movement at Washoe City. The main car, No. 95, swung out and off the bridge immediately north of Washoe City, where it teetered in a most unsafe position with the railway mail clerk inside. Fortunately, he was able to extricate himself. Now we were faced with the necessity of closing down the line, placing an embargo for a number of days, until this wreck could be cleared up.

If I have not already so stated, it must be understood that even the lightest of operating cranes maintained by the Southern Pacific at Sparks was not permitted to cross over our Truckee River bridge at Reno, much less over the mileage of the system. A suitable crane could have remedied this wreck in one-tenth of the time it took for hand operations to restore the gondolas back on the main line and to return the teetering mail car also to the line. In case the reader asks, "Well, how did you do it?" I will reply in very simple language. We cribbed up, with used ties from a firm foundation below the bridge, and on reaching the level of the roadbed, used what are known as *sliding jacks*, which gradually coaxed the equipment back to a point where it could be lowered onto the main line rails. I trust that the reader will agree that the general manager was using good management in a tight situation.

As a further indication that he had no intention of abandoning the line or losing interest in it, he welcomed the opportunity of giving Mr. Lucius Beebe and his photographic companion Char Clegg the use of a siding in the Carson City yards for their recently-acquired private company car. This acquisition was originally business car No. 97 of the Central of Georgia railway and was constructed in that line's Savannah shops in the year 1906. Later on, it was known as car No. 100, the traditional designation of a president's car, and was purchased by the parties previously referred to.

I had never met Messrs. Beebe and Clegg prior to this time, yet their correspondence indicated that they were very much interested in the short line railways of the state of Nevada and were full of enthusiasm for making their private car their headquarters while they traveled to such centers as Virginia City and an occasional visit to California. I agreed that their equipment would be sided in our Carson

City yard, sheltered by large poplar and cottonwood trees, with a private telephone connection, and all other services that Mr. Beebe's tastes would require.

In due time, this private car, now to be known as the *Gold Coast*, arrived on the interchange at Reno and, complying with instructions, was placed on our Reno siding for reconditioning, redecorating, and furnishing. True to the Beebe tradition, an interior decorator from that sublime center of motion picture activity, known as Hollywood, was promptly dispatched to Reno to size up the situation, to make recommendations and, on approval, proceed to treat the interior of this car in a manner that I feel certain would have caused Mr. George Pullman to have an attack of heart failure.

Criss-cross ruffled curtains adorned the windows of both sides. Crystal chandeliers were substituted for the good old standard gas-oil lamps of ornate manufacture as used by many a president. Lush carpets, a false plastic fireplace, and richly upholstered, antique furniture all blended in with the new decor of the living room apartment. In addition to this observation room and its observation platform, the equipment had a very finely appointed dining room. The car came intact, with the original damask linen, crystal glassware, initialed china, and initialed flatware as used by the president of the Georgia Northern railway.

Came the time for the movement of this piece of heavy equipment over a rickety roadbed to Carson City, and I used the precaution of having the roadmaster inspect the entire line before departure as a safeguard against derailment, particularly over the stub switches.

The morning departure of the *Gold Coast* called for a celebration, and accordingly, Messrs. Beebe and Clegg invited as their

guests Mrs. Sampson and myself, Mr. George Stetson of Stetson and Beemer, a prominent insurance agency in Reno, and Mr. Graham Dean, the then-manager for the Reno Newspapers, Incorporated. After the appropriate introductions, we retired to the dining room and were served a breakfast prepared by a local cook of good repute. We were first asked to indulge in the "bubbly," namely champagne, which bubbled in the stems of the former president's glasses. This was followed by fresh strawberries—fresh imported strawberries out of season—served on glass plates with powdered sugar, quite a tasty dish. The main item of the menu was delicious chicken à la king washed down by more champagne.

THE YEAR 1947

We now will discuss the year 1947, a year that developed more than one interesting facet where the operations of the railway were concerned.

Previous mention had been made of the Tonopah and Goldfield railway applying for a certificate of "convenience and necessity" for abandonment of the entire line. I was present at the hearings, all of which were one-sided for the simple fact that no freight or passenger revenue was available to this line.

To illuminate the workings of the federal mind, particularly that of the Defense Department, may I inject a rather amusing circumstance surrounding the final days of operation of the "T & G" railway. Just prior to Pearl Harbor, the assets and properties of this railway had been purchased by a Seattle firm for the distinct purpose of applying for an abandonment of the line with resultant sale of steel as scrap.

Prior to Pearl Harbor, and because of the closing down of all the mines at Tonopah and

Goldfield, there was just simply no business. The Seattle firm completed the purchase, and then came Pearl Harbor. The Jews in question found themselves the possessors of a railway which Uncle Sam refused to have abandoned for the following reason: our beloved senior Senator for Nevada, Senator McCarran, having been successful in establishing what is known today as Stead Air Base at Reno, decided that the Air Force needed a large, extensive bombing range at Tonopah. Tonopah sprang into life once more, almost overnight, requiring the transportation of troops and material from Mina, Nevada, to destination.

The motive power the junkie firm possessed was not capable of handling this traffic, resulting in many derailments, with the detained airmen having to proceed by trucks and auto coaches the rest of the way to Tonopah. To relieve this situation, the Air Force supplied the "T & G" management with two diesel locomotives and thus the problem of servicing the air base was solved. Satisfactory conditions remained until the conclusion of the war. Then some fussy official decided to repossess the two diesels, and the United States district attorney at Reno notified the management. The management in turn pleaded with Washington that at least one diesel be continued on loan in order to operate what little freight and passenger traffic remained for the line. After much red tape, correspondence, and all that sort of thing, the Air Force consented. So at the time of the hearing, the "T & G" still had motive power with which to operate.

I was sitting in Judge W. D. Hatton's courtroom, present at one of the hearings, when a considerable noise developed outside the courtroom doors. The doors abruptly swung open and in marched a captain of the Air Force with the requisite retinue following

him, all bearing a very war-like appearance. The captain interrupted the proceedings, with the permission of the chairman of the Public Service Commission of Nevada, to serve a notice on the general manager of the line that he was there to take, forthwith, possession of the remaining diesel.

If ever the Air Force played into the hands of the proponents for abandonment, here was an apt illustration. Consternation reigned throughout the courtroom, and, of course, the attorney for the "T & G," Walter Rowson, was most willing for the Air Force to take possession of the last remaining piece of motive power, as, naturally, it supported the petition that a continuance of the railway was impossible. The gallant captain with his retinue, attaché cases, etc., departed in high glee, and the diesel was, in due time, turned over to him at Mina.

In the face of all these discouragements and absolute indications as to the necessity of abandonment, the PSCN refused to grant a certificate. The Interstate Commerce Commission, with wiser minds and independent thought, considered otherwise. And so, on January 22, 1947, they issued their certificate of abandonment. Undaunted, George Allard, chairman of the PSCN, still refused, and it became necessary for an appeal to be entered against his decision in the district court at Carson City, over which the honorable Clark J. Guild presided. It took little time on the part of the honorable judge to reach a decision, and this he did on August 28, 1947, ordering a total abandonment of what was once a glamorous and glorious short line railroad of Nevada. I wish to make special note of the judge's decision, for he did not have similar thinking when it came to the abandonment of the Virginia and Truckee railway. If one will read the final decision and opinion

of the chairman of the PCSN at the time his commission granted a certificate of abandonment for the Virginia and Truckee railway, he will read the slight dig aimed at Judge Guild for his having reversed Mr. Allard's decision as to the abandonment of the "T & G" railway.

This was the year gypsum was shipped from the Mound House location. In a letter to Mr. Jay A. Carpenter, the director of the Bureau of Mines of the University of Nevada, I was happy to inform him that 310 cars of gypsum were shipped over our line to California. In anticipation of this heavy movement of compost, I realized that locomotives 26 and 27 were incapable of handling such heavy tonnage, especially so as gypsum shipments would take place within a period of three months. After numerous inquiries directed to other railways, short line railways, and the placing of advertisements in the monthly publication maintained by the Short Line Railway Association in Washington, I was unable to obtain knowledge of any suitable steam locomotive power other than one unit located at nearby Yerington, Nevada.

The Nevada Copper Belt railway, operating in the Mason, Smith, and Yerington valleys, was in the process of liquidating its assets for the usual reasons, namely, no freight or passenger business. This railway possessed a locomotive, built in the year 1925 by the American Locomotive Works, capable of hauling double the tonnage of either of the Baldwins 26 or 27. Furthermore, it was a superheated steam locomotive, by which is meant the reuse of the steam a second time through its cylinders. There was no opposition on the part of my superiors as to the purchase of this equipment. Let me again emphasize they extended every willingness and interest in what I was doing in the way of continuing the operation of the railway.

To make sure of the proper move, I requested the railway's retired master mechanic of many years standing, Ed C. Peterson, of Carson City, to accompany me to Yerington for the purpose of a physical examination of this equipment. Outside of finding one minor defect, he, with long years of experience, okayed the purchase, and thus, the deal was concluded at a purchase price of \$5,000. In making this purchase, we both realized this locomotive was not designed or ever intended to be operated over a line such as that of the V & T railway. In the early part of my history dealing with the railway, I made reference to its sharp curves and the short-length rigid base of the drivers of the various locomotives. This American locomotive had too long a rigid wheel-base and was too heavy for the light, worn-out, 56-pound rail of the line. In order for it to negotiate the Lakeview tunnel curve, this curve had to be enlarged and its radius increased. However, it was a beautiful piece of equipment, and everyone took pride in the fact that we had some sort of modern power with which to handle this heavy tonnage with resultant increased freight revenue. Where was the \$5,000 to pay for this locomotive? The answer is very simple. I sold locomotive 25 to the motion picture studios for the same amount.

After abandonment, the "Five-spot" was torched by the junkies in the Reno yards of the Western Pacific railway—in other words, it was cut up for scrap. As time goes on, the specifications and descriptions of the steam locomotives will become something of the past, so I shall merely record the fact that this was a 2-8-0, consolidated, super-heated engine weighing 155,000 pounds, equipped with a piston valve and Walschaert gear with 51-inch diameter drivers. It had a fuel capacity of 2,500 gallons of oil, and the water tender contained 5,000 gallons of water.

While at Yerington with Mr. Peterson, I noticed a well-used freight caboose which I was able to purchase for the sum of \$300. My sole purpose in acquiring the caboose was to further increase the interest of the public, particularly the children, in the railway, for this piece of equipment offered unlimited possibilities. After it was properly reconditioned in our Carson City shops, it was painted with the famous yellow and green colors of the line and placed in service January 26, 1948. There are many grown-up citizens of Reno who today can recall the pleasure of their making use of this caboose—particularly its cupola.

Does it sound as if the management was inefficient and discouraged when I enumerate these purchases? Before my regime, Mr. Bigelow purchased a combination baggage and mail car from the Nevada Northern railway as a replacement for a wooden one condemned by the federal mail authority, known as mail car No. 13. The replacement was of proper steel construction, but its main drawback was its overextended length, hard on our curves, and excess tonnage to haul for no good purpose. I decided to shop this piece of equipment and take advantage of the abandonment of the Yosemite Valley railroad to purchase a short-coupled, all-steel Pullman mail car. This was a beautiful piece of equipment, modern in every respect. After proper reconditioning in our shops, and acceptance by the postal authorities, this Pullman mail car was put into daily service and continued to the day of abandonment.

The operation of our daily train out of Reno in the morning and its return in the evening presented continual and increasing hazards where automobiles and pedestrians were concerned. It was brought to my attention by the appropriate authorities (as a result of automobiles driving into the

locomotives even while they were traveling at a reduced speed of five miles per hour) that petitions would be filed with the Public Service Commission for the installation of wig-wags and flashing lights on all City of Reno crossings.

I would like to record the passing of one of the members of Nevada's supreme court, namely the honorable Justice E. J. L. Taber. With his death I lost a close friend and kind advisor. For reasons unknown to me, Judge Taber created a warm friendship between the two of us. Perhaps it can be attributed to my Canadian origin. His chambers were always available to me when he was otherwise in conference. On more than one occasion I got wise advice from him as to the methods employed by me in the operation of the railway and its numerous complexities.

All these circumstances should be borne in mind by the reviewer when we reach the abandonment hearings, hearings that were to record a lot of tit-tattle and twaddle on the part of opponents who were more interested in their own selfish interests than the merits of the railway and its petition for abandonment.

During this year (1947) and the year to follow, every piece of scrap metal, unused siding rail, etc., was sold in order to maintain a working cash basis. We were now down to the point of eating the flesh off our bones and soon there would be nothing left in the way of flesh.

On April 2, 1947, I was forced to sell the *Julia Bulette* and coaches 19 and 20 to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in order to again maintain working cash. It took great effort on my part to conclude this sale, and the afternoon on which these three pieces of equipment departed from Carson City, on train No. 1 at 4:20 p.m., saw me down at the south end of Main Street indulging in a highball. I had no desire to see such units

that had so faithfully performed a service for this short-line railway depart for all time and to become members of the motion picture colony. Prior to this sale, comments appeared in the various newspapers, and the *Gazette* ran an editorial headed "Let's Keep This Old Equipment." There were no results from such writings, but to the credit of the Reno Chamber of Commerce, they had nevertheless awakened some interest about valuable and historical railroad equipment leaving the state of Nevada for all time. In order to prove the desperate situation as to working capital, these three cars were sold for the sum of \$4,250 f.o.b. Carson City. The railway was now reduced to one passenger coach, No. 18, which continued on the line to the date of abandonment. As already stated, we had the Pullman mail car. Car 95 of the Nevada Northern was in shop storage.

In the prior year, rental arrangements were concluded with a company known as the Seaman Motors, who took over the old car shop and machine shop facilities for the manufacture of ranch cultivator equipment. Their rental was substantial. They provided a certain amount of employment for the community, and it was hoped they would continue in operation for an indefinite period of time. Such was not the case; they canceled their rental agreement as of June 30, 1947.

In the month of April, the Carson Appeal saw fit to run an editorial in which it delineated some of the benefits derived in the area supplied by the "V & T" It stated that the railway, in the year 1946, had expended \$116,000 in salaries to employees covering three counties, and that the railway had paid \$16,130 in taxes. It also referred to the fact that through the bank at Carson City, checks in the sum of \$420,800 had cleared in the one fiscal year.

In a desperate attempt to reawaken some interest on the part of the Southern Pacific company, I reached a decision to form a delegation, such delegation to appear before the president of the SP company with a request for relief and assistance in order to continue operation of the railway. Here again, I ask the opponents to abandonment whether they would consider this good management. considered it appropriate to make this approach, due to the fact that the "V & T" was a feeder short-line to the Southern Pacific, and that inbound freight resulted in the greater part of the freight charge accruing to the Southern Pacific main line as against the short division accruing to our line. One should understand that when a car of fuel oil was shipped out of Sacramento to Carson City, the Southern Pacific, on a proportionate amount of the rate, would receive the mileage revenue from Sacramento to Reno, and the "V & T" would receive mileage revenue for the thirty-one miles from Reno to Carson City.

A delegation comprised of representatives of the chambers of commerce of Minden, Carson City, and Reno, together with several other prominent citizens, accompanied me to this conference at which also was present Mr. Duncan A. McLeod, secretary-treasurer of the board. The president of the Southern Pacific was well-prepared for the conference, having the requisite number of attendants complete with files, analyses, and reports concerning America's most famous short-line railway. There I sat, the center of attraction, with a look on the president's face as much as to say, "Who is this individual, and why should I be bothered with this conference other than from the standpoint that it could affect our public relations in the northern part of the state of Nevada?"

He, in somewhat of an irritated manner, looked across his desk at me and said, "Do

you consider yourself a railroader?" For once I had an instantaneous reply, engendered by the feeling that "Monsieur Le Presidente" was endeavoring to hold me up to the ridicule of those present at the conference. My reply was, "No sir, I am not, and I understand from our chief dispatcher in Carson City that one must have forty years' experience in the railroad business before he is entitled to be known as a railroader and thus privilege to wear a hat." That was a sufficient retort for the president. No further comments along this line were made.

My first request was for his consideration of a rebate to our line for all interstate freight traffic originating with the Southern Pacific. In former years, the Southern Pacific had accorded the Nevada Copper Belt railway a similar consideration. To make myself clear, I was asking for an amount of freight revenue over and above the thirty-one-mile ratio. The answer came very promptly; the Southern Pacific was not going to make a second mistake, and any request for redivision of the freight revenue was out of the question. This, notwithstanding the fact that my freight traffic manager, who was also present, presented schedules of the division of freight between the two lines which showed that the Southern Pacific received more than a quarter of a million dollars in a single year as their part of the division of freight handled by the two railways.

The best relief that was obtained at this conference was the assurance by the president that a Mr. H. W. Klein, assistant vice president in charge of freight traffic, and Mr. J. W. Corbett, general manager, and his assistant, Mr. R. E. Hallawell, would come to Reno and inspect our line and perchance develop some recommendation whereby the "V & T" would become the recipient of a quantity of used ties. These high-priced officials duly arrived

in one of the Southern Pacific's "company cars," well-refrigerated, with good steaks and other choice food, and with the company chef aboard.

I had arranged for an inspection car on which we traveled over the entire line. Frequent stops were made in order that a minute inspection could be afforded, and in time we arrived at Stone Canyon, immediately north of the state highway where it crosses the line at Washoe City. Here we saw our entire maintenance-and-way crew, together with the roadmaster, busily occupied in raising the level of the entire track through this narrow gorge and the ballasting of same with crushed rock.

Over many years prior to my managership, this gorge had caused innumerable washouts and operating difficulties due to spring runoff and other water hazards, all of which resulted in the washing away of what little grade there was and always with the ever-present possibility of a derailment. Let me explain that for a certain distance in this gorge, one could reach his hand out the window of the passenger coach and touch the rock walls of the canyon. There was no extra right-of-way for a person to travel or walk, much less a crane. If there had ever been a derailment in this location the re-railing would have presented a most difficult operation. It was for all these reasons that the roadmaster, Patrick Allen, and myself decided that regardless of how long the railway would operate, we were going to raise these tracks out of the mud, place them on a higher elevation with crushed rock under the ties, thus forming a good grade in order to eliminate the possibility of costly derailment.

I have gone into some detail for the reason of contrasting a person more or less derided and criticized for lacking good management and, particularly, for lacking experience in

the railroad transportation business with officials who had grown up, in some cases from a section hand to that of a divisional superintendent, and, as in the case of Mr. Corbett, the general manager of the line. Mr. Corbett, on witnessing this reconditioning, stated to me, "You are doing something here that is going to last long after this railway will cease to exist. I consider it an unnecessary expenditure." There you have a statement of an experienced railroader as against an official who is supposed to know nothing about running a railway, but who took into consultation his experienced roadmaster, and his master mechanic, and two civil engineers who were not connected with the railway. All agreed with the necessity of correcting this acute condition regardless of how much longer the railway would continue in operation. Nothing became of the Southern Pacific officials' inspection of the line other than I was invited to a very fine steak luncheon in their "company car" at Sparks, Nevada.

As I have interjected the good name of Ed Zimmer, chief dispatcher of the line for many years, let me record the fact that Mr. Zimmer, like the president of the Southern Pacific Company, did not consider that I had the requisite experience to be the manager of a railway system. Poor Ed lived in the past. Of his many years of service, most were lived when the "V & T" was a fine, efficient, well-balanced system, managed by Mr. Yerington, and in which all employees could be proud. But those days had gone, and Mr. Zimmer, along with others, were unable to realize that different methods had to be applied, shortcuts made, and, perchance, unorthodox railway practices indulged in, in order to maintain some degree of operation. It made no difference to a person like Mr. Zimmer that it became necessary to shim up the Steamboat

Creek bridge with shingles, on a weekly basis, in order to maintain a balanced rail.

I have previously referred to the operation of the McKeen motor car, how I placed it in storage and reverted to the daily use of steam locomotive except on Sundays. When the Union Pacific Railway Company notified us that replacement parts would not be forthcoming in the future, it was useless to maintain this equipment any longer. I sold it for its scrap value of \$1,000, depositing this sum in the bank for the payment of wages.

This was a year of great activity when special excursions to Bowers and Carson City were made, and I'd like in particular to refer to the Lions convention trip to Carson City, which was held in the month of August. The founder of Lions International, Melvin F. Jones, honored the local Lions club with his presence, and it was a lovely Saturday afternoon when the special train departed from Reno at 2 p.m.

A mounted group of "bandits" held up the train at Washoe City, where Mr. Jones was removed from one of the coaches and a noose promptly placed around his neck, ready to be strung up over one of the limbs of a nearby cottonwood tree. The candy butchers immediately produced special editions of the *Carson Appeal*, detailing in full this holdup, and it was considered the fastest publication of any event that had taken place over the current years. A delicious dinner was served at the Carson Hot Springs, and departure made for Reno at 9:45 p.m. All the Lions were more than satisfied with the experience and service afforded them over the "V & T" railway.

In the same year, 1947, we experienced a serious gypsum derailment at Anderson's Station. This station was located approximately one mile south of the present Centennial Coliseum, and was an important stopping

point in the heyday of the railway. Due to a broken stub switch, four gondolas, each weighing ninety-five tons filled with gypsum, were derailed. Only the locomotive, the mail car, and the coach remained on the rails. Here again, we had the bouncing effect of four "gons" being coupled together. This derailment caused serious damage to the main line, necessitating construction of the "shoo-fly" around the wreck (in plain language, the construction of a temporary track adjacent to the wrecked main line) in order that traffic could continue on a daily basis. This was accomplished without any interruptions of service to the consignees, but it took more than one week, involving the unloading of three of the gons of gypsum before the wreck was cleaned up and said gypsum reloaded in the gons. This experience was just another indication of the total unsatisfactory condition of our line. We were operating too heavy an equipment, both as to the No. 5 locomotive and the loaded gons, over too light a rail, especially the stub switches.

The California-Nevada Railroad Historical Society, sensing the possibility of the railway's not being in a position to handle special excursions over an indefinite period of time, requested a special excursion, which I agreed to. And so, in the month of October, the railway fans by the hundreds arrived at Reno and were transported over the line to Carson City and to Minden, while those who desired to visit Virginia City made use of furnished buses.

It was after this excursion that I was forced to the decision of not further using "V & P" equipment for such excursions. Heretofore, not only the passenger equipment still retained by the railway but its old-fashioned flatcars, tunnel cars, wrecking car, and flanger car had been used, much to the delight of the railway fans with their ever-present Kodaks. The risk

was too great, as this railway could not obtain any casualty insurance, and we were faced with the ever-present fear of a lawsuit.

In the month of July, Reginald B. Newbery, who had succeeded Mr. Malo as freight and passenger traffic manager, resigned to take a position in California, and through an unbelievable circumstance Mr. Joe L. Fautz, an experienced railway official in freight handling, was available. Mr. Fautz knew his business and was able to reclaim some thousands of dollars from the Southern Pacific railway for incorrect distribution of the interline freight revenue. He was enthusiastic in an endeavor to develop hay business in the Minden valley, a commodity handled by the line in large quantities at one time. He was unsuccessful in creating any interest by the growers of hay; they preferred to ship via truck over the paved highways.

In the fall of this year, Walter Gerald Fisher resigned as the agent at Minden after forty-two years of service. He was the oldest employee in the railway's employ the year that we are discussing. He started out as a truckman, became an agent, a general freight clerk, a ticket agent, and finally, in charge of the Minden station for the last twenty-three years of his service. Another faithful, loyal employee had departed, largely due to ill health.

In this year of many activities, the Ormsby County Youth Center Association approached me with the request that they be permitted to lease a plot of land directly east of the station for their various activities, including the installation of a barbecue pit, to all of which I agreed and became the recipient of praise from this association.

THE YEAR 1948

The year 1948 can be properly termed "the year of decision," not apparent in the

early months, not until April 22, for it was on this date that locomotive 27 was retired from active service. To fully appreciate the situation the railway faced concerning its motive power, one must be first informed as to the jurisdiction of the boiler inspection department of the Interstate Commerce Commission. It should be understood that in the days of steam locomotive power, all such equipment from the Atlantic to the Pacific was under the rigid control of the boiler inspection department. The ICC set up three classifications for physical conditions pertaining to all locomotives. "Class one overhaul and inspection" was generally good for two years without repairs or further inspection. "Class two overhaul and inspection" was granted a further extension of two years provided an interior examination of the boiler and all other specifications as to running gear warranted such extension. "Class three overhaul and inspection" permitted, only in exceptional cases, a locomotive to be granted an extension to six years, and this, apart from the status of the running gear, depended largely on the quality of the water used in the boiler. Strong alkaline water reduced the life of a boiler and its tubes. The "V & T" was fortunate in having available all the fresh clear water needed for its locomotives. And this resulted in an extension of six years of life before the class three requirements expired. If expiration then took place, such a locomotive was shopped at the Southern Pacific shops in Sparks, Nevada, where it was torn down, repaired, parts replaced, wheeled tires turned down, not below gauge, etc; in other words, a complete overhaul. If I have not made myself clear, I shall just add that conditions solely connected with the circumstances under which steam locomotives operated were these extensions granted by the ICC.

No operational difficulty was presented in retiring No. 27, as I felt and knew that locos 26 and 5 could handle all the traffic operated over the line.

Let us look at the condition of No. 27. Its Krupp steel tires were worn too thin for ICC gauge specifications, having been turned down on an engine lathe more than one time over the former years. The tires were concave, necessitating new steel tires imported from Krupp's, Germany. The Allen engineering report photographs show the conditions of this locomotive. (You are referred to Exhibit Number Nine.) One steel-casting spoke of one of the drivers showed a Ping crack into which the shop crew inserted putty and painted it black prior to a visit by the ICC inspector. The large timber member supporting the oil fuel and water tanks was split and cracked over half of its entire length. This defect was held in place with a steel plate affixed to the timber and painted black. Many of the moving parts were below specifications, requiring replacement. At the time the Baldwin Locomotive Works of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, commenced the construction of diesels, they destroyed all patterns for all steam locomotives built for the railways of the United States. They paid attention solely to the building and construction of diesels. Accordingly, No. 27's worn parts would have had to be hand machined, made at the Southern Pacific Sparks shops.

If what has been stated is understood, then the reader will appreciate the operating conditions of locos 26 and 5 at the time of the railway's petition for abandonment, for they, in certain instances, were in a similar condition to that of No. 27.

It should be apparent to any reader of this history, even a reader with no mechanical or engineering experience, to realize that the locomotive power of this railway was far

from satisfactory Notwithstanding all this, the opponents to abandonment cheerfully chirped their way along with a false premise that the railway should be continued in operation.

Locomotive No. 26, built in the year 1907, and loco 5, built in the year 1925, were both up for "class three inspection" this year, 1949. An examination of these locomotives by the master mechanic of the Southern Pacific Company at Sparks strongly indicated both called for a tear-down with resultant replacements. The master mechanic quoted me a price of \$27,000 to rehabilitate both locomotives.

Now how was a general manager, successful in maintaining a mere cash balance of approximately \$20,000, going to secure sufficient money to pay such an expense? The Mills Estates were through loaning money, having permitted us to sell the Virginia City steel rail, all excess rolling stock, and other odds and ends. The banks would not accommodate a loan without collateral. In desperation, I visited Mr. Duncan A. McLeod, western attorney for the Mills Estates, and Mr. Leslie H. Moore, president of the railway on its return to a corporate status, and the senior representative of the Mills Estates, Incorporated, for the western coast. I was instructed to obtain quotations for a diesel locomotive. This was done, and after evaluating the various types of diesel equipment offered, and bearing in mind the peculiar specifications of the railway's roadbed and right-of-way, received a quotation of \$95,000 for such a unit. Add to this cost the outlay of \$20,000 in spare replacement parts for the diesel, to be stored at Carson City, pertinent to this specific model.

One should understand the vast difference in the maintenance of a diesel against a steam locomotive. Each part of a diesel is numbered,

and its manufacturer has cataloged an index with the number of miles each part is permitted to be used before replacement. So a railway must maintain an efficient inventory and constantly replace diesel parts according to mileage indicated on the index cards. It should be understood some parts, shall we say as an example, should be replaced every 10,000 miles, while other parts were called for replacement every 30,000 miles.

Now, after the investment of this \$95,000, a reserve unit of the same purchase price would be needed to be used in the event of a derailment, or during a required monthly overhaul, or in the event of damage to the first diesel. Add to this cost the employment of a diesel mechanic, estimated at a minimum of \$500 per month, which would have resulted in an increase for the railway's shop, train, and maintenance and way crews, as they were all under a lower wage scale. This also applied to myself with the exception of the last year that the railway was operated, for up to that time, I enjoyed a salary of \$425 per month for the management and operation of three separate and distinct utilities: the steam railway, the over-the-road LCL trucks, and the over-the-road transit buses. Add to all this the reconditioning of the entire roadbed between Reno, Carson City, and Minden in order to provide the safe operation of a diesel locomotive, and you have the true picture of the dilemma the board of directors and I faced.

In passing, it should be understood that the operation of a diesel in the place of a steam locomotive over any roadbed presents an entirely different operating situation. A derailed steam locomotive can, in most instances, with the assistance of a second locomotive, be re-railed by being "frogged on" through the use of steel equipment fastened to the sides of the rails which the drivers ride

up on and then drop down—on the ball of the rails themselves. Not so the diesel; a diesel is nothing more or less than an automobile. It is of light weight, has small driving wheels as compared with steam locomotives. Then too, one must understand that electrical motors are directly geared to the small driving wheels of the diesel. This explains the instant driving power of a diesel as against a 48-inch diameter steam locomotive driver wheel. Derail a diesel and one experiences a loss or damage to motors and other low-situated running gear.

What do we mean by a roadbed? It consists of two parts, the sub-grade which takes care of drainage and affords a firm foundation for the grade itself. What is the grade? It is crushed rock which the wooden ties are embedded in, to which the rails are spiked. Through the use of 110- or 120-pound rails to the foot, one experiences the smoothness of traveling over the lines of the Southern Pacific railway, the Union Pacific railway, etc. What was the condition of the “V & T” railway roadbed in 1948? In the first place, due to only 50- and 60-pound rail being installed, the original engineer did not create a sub-grade. All they built was the grade itself. Over the course of years, such grade disappeared, washed itself away, and so to use a railroad expression, the “V & T” operated “in the mud.” About the ties in 1948—the railway did not have the money to purchase new ties; we bought good second-hand ones. The roadmaster, Patrick Allen, was fortunate if he was able to maintain three good second-hand ties under each thirty foot of rail. About the rail itself, in this year 1948, at the time of abandonment, the following rail was in the main line, from Reno to Carson City to Minden: 137,583 feet of fifty-six-pound rail, seventy to seventy-four years old. Add to this 109,154 track feet of sixty-pound rail, forty to forty-four years old, and you have a clear picture as to the

running and operating conditions over which merchandise and human life had to depend for safe transportation.

What of bridges, trestles, wooden boxed-culverts? With the exception of the Ophir Creek trestle, all such were the original installations of the years 1870-72. As for the boxed-culverts, as each seventy- to seventy-two-year-old unit collapsed as a result of the weight of the train passing over it, the maintenance and way crew would install a galvanized culvert prior to the return of the one daily-operated train to Reno.

What the engine crews experienced on a day to day basis! Please hold on to your seat! William Recker, engineer, would report to the chief dispatcher, Ed Zimmer, on arrival of train No. 2 at Carson City from Reno. I have heard him report a metal noise between mile posts 7 and 8, a drop in the roadbed between mile posts 16 and 17, and a metal noise at the Sand Cut siding, Lakeview, just out of Carson City, *all in one run*. The roadmaster and his crew would leave at once. And while train No. 2 was sided at Minden, would locate a broken fish plate at mile post 7 1/2, a collapsed original wooden boxed-culvert at mile post 16 1/4, and a damaged frog at the railway’s sand cut. All repairs were accomplished before train No. 1 returned north to Reno in the afternoon.

Now one may question the accuracy of my memory and I am therefore willing to admit that the exact milepost may not be correct, but I am quoting from a single instance where the three defects described were reported by engineer Recker as a result of his run from Reno to Carson City.

The Steamboat bridge required shingle shimming each week. Fancy operating a railway with the use of shingles! Other similar tinkering took place along the entire line, and I found it necessary to place a “slow order” of

five miles per hour over the Carson River and slough bridges some two miles below Carson City. I suggest that the reviewer examine the Allen engineering report, photo exhibits ninety to ninety-four inclusive, where they concern these two bridges, and which cracked and strained and groaned each time a train passed over them. One does not need to draw on his imagination to understand that the physical properties of the railway were in a grossly deteriorated state, calling for a solution without delay. There were but two alternatives, the placing of borrowed money in the hands of the management for a partial or whole rehabilitation, or the closing down of operations because of the lack of cash on hand and, more important, lack of safety where passengers and train crews were concerned.

For the reasons given, I informed the president of the railway and the secretary of my intention to conduct an engineering survey of the railway's right-of-way properties, its ancillary structures, its shops, stations, and its motive power. Receiving their consent, I appointed a board of three experienced and well-known civil and construction engineers on July 21, 1948. The chairman of the board was Mr. Robert A. Allen, consulting engineer, formerly the federal chief public works administrator for the state of Nevada, formerly Nevada state engineer, and subsequent to abandonment of the railway, chairman of the Public Service Commission of Nevada; Mr. A. E. Holgate, Washoe County engineer, formerly Nevada state highway engineer, and formerly federal housing administrator; and Mr. Barney Stoutenberg, chief engineer and railroad construction contractor.

Without going far afield and obtaining the services of out-of-state engineers, I considered that right here in Carson City and Reno we had three experienced, unbiased men, beholden to no one, who would bring in a true and accurate

report as to the condition of the railway with appropriate recommendations as to what rehabilitation was required to make the operating conditions at least reasonably safe.

The engineers, on acceptance of the assignment, proceeded without delay with a mile-to-mile inspection and evaluation of the right-of-way, Reno to Minden, including all sidings and yard trackage. Their survey also included the Carson City shops and shop machinery, most of which was installed in 1872, with the exception of a small motor-driven drill press.

A preliminary report was filed during the month of December, 1948, and the final survey was handed me in the month of February, 1949. This report, a survey complete with photos setting forth the deplorable conditions of the right-of-way, its ties, rails, bridges, trestles, turntables, engine house at Reno, Carson City shops, and motive power, I am filing with the library at the University of Nevada, Exhibit Number Nine. The researcher thus will have the opportunity of reading in detail the minuteness of the survey conducted by these three engineers of wide experience.

It was rather laughable to listen while the opponents at the abandonment hearings endeavored to take exception to this survey, especially so when they questioned the qualifications of those who signed the report. Any endeavor to devalue Mr. Robert A. Allen's technical engineering background somewhat resembles a young fox terrier barking at the ankles of a fully-developed man. The filed survey speaks for itself. And on examining the same and looking at some of the enlarged photos, I exclaimed, "How in the hell do we manage to operate trains over such a right-of-way?"

I consider it appropriate to embody in this history a few paragraphs taken from the engineering report, together with a summation

as to the cost of rehabilitation. The report was headed, "Report of Survey of Conditions of the Right-of-way Properties and Ancillary Structures of the Virginia & Truckee Railway and the Relationship of the Company's Motive Power to that of its Right-of-way Properties," dated December 1948-February 1949. The three engineers' names followed.

Under date of July 21, 1948, the engineers were authorized by the Virginia & Truckee railway, through its vice president, to conduct a survey of the railway's entire main line, yard tracks, and sidings for the purpose of determining: one, the cost of reconditioning the line in order to produce a safety factor for operation on the basis of sixty-pound rail per three feet, all in accordance with modern railway practices; two, the cost of reconditioning the line in order to produce the same safety factor as stated in condition number one using either seventy-five- or ninety-pound rail to the three feet.

The necessity of the survey was stated by the engineers as follows:

The increasing number of accidents and lack of finances to replace the already too old equipment and the facilities upon which it runs made necessary the careful examination of the property of the Virginia & Truckee Railway to determine the cost of complete reconditioning to make operations safe for both the public and the employees.

The mileage quoted was, Reno to Carson City, 31.10 miles, Carson City to Minden was

quoted as 15.522 miles; in all, 46.622 miles of main line.

A further quote,

The service offered by the railway was exclusive up to 1921-22, when a hard-surfaced highway was built to connect the city of Reno with Carson City, Stewart, and Minden. Very soon, door-to-door freight and passenger motor car lines were licensed by the Public Service Commission of Nevada to operate along the highway which paralleled, side by side, the railway's right of -way. With constant improvement to the service and further modernization of the highways, the truck and bus lines cut deeper and deeper into the revenue the rail line had enjoyed exclusively prior to the twenties.

The following is the engineers' summary as to the cost of rehabilitating based on the use of sixty-pound re-laid rail, that is to say, not new rail but re-laid rail. I quote in round figures.

Grading	\$286,000
Bridge and trestles	\$86,600
Ties	\$605,500
Rails, material	\$198,200
Labor	\$294,400
Other track material	\$150,000
Ballast	\$211,000
Track laying and surfacing	\$237,000
Fences and signs	\$161,000
Roadway buildings	\$60,000
Water stations	\$58,000
Shops and engine house	\$115,000
Telephone and telegraph lines	\$66,000
Shop machinery	\$40,200
Reno crossing signals	\$104,000

These figures in round numbers total \$2,672, 900. Now let me here state that it would not have been necessary to expend this large sum of money in order to produce a reasonably safe operating factor over the main line. I want to be fair, for contained in this sum are certain items that could be by-passed for the time being. In order to be specific, I considered that the appropriation for fences and signs could, to some extent, be reduced, and that the shops and engine house could continue in their semi-satisfactory condition without complete rehabilitation. The shop machinery could be reduced by the purchase of just that amount of modern machinery to be used for the reconditioning of two locomotives.

There was some talk of radio operation between the Reno locomotive in transit and the Carson and Minden stations. I am certain such installation cost would not have exceeded the replacement of the worn-out telegraph lines we operated with. One almost had to be a magician to understand conversations over the old steel and copper wire line that we maintained between Reno, Carson City, and Minden.

The wig-wag street crossing signals at Reno and eventually at Carson City would have become a matter of requirement when ordered by the public service commission. Just how we managed to operate without loss of life is still, to this very day, a quandary in my thinking.

Of the many accusations leveled at the shareholders during the abandonment hearings, it is in all honesty that I place in the record the willingness of the Mills Estates, Incorporated, to purchase diesel locomotives for the line, provided—and I emphasize the word *provided*—I could guarantee a break-even factor in the railway's operation. Any interest in profits was subordinated in the

desire by the shareholders to continue this system as a live entity. The only prerequisite was that, with the working capital on hand, the management was required to operate the railway without a loss. My answer, after due consideration and consultation with the chief dispatcher, the master mechanic, and the roadmaster, was that no such guarantee could be issued. There was just not a sufficient amount of balanced inbound and outbound freight revenue available from the area served by the system. Of course, it was claimed by the opponents to abandonment that under proper management all the opposite could be accomplished. And yet, if one reads between the lines he will realize that the general manager was not above consulting with employees with whom he was in daily contact. There was no situation or factor concerning the railway, requiring attention, that I did not discuss with the appropriate official or officials. That is what, in my opinion, is considered *good management*.

With a definite knowledge that locomotive No. 26 and the "Five-spot" were up for major repairs in the year 1949, it became evident that there was no alternative but to file for abandonment at the appropriate time.

We experienced a serious fire at Reno roundhouse in the month of January, 1948, when a large portion of the roof was consumed. It was to be the forerunner of a final and fatal fire thirty days before abandonment, at which time locomotive 26, shall we say, committed hara-kiri. I was forced to a decision as to the future operation of the Virginia-Truckee Transit buses which transported passengers, baggage, mail, and express between Reno, Carson City, Virginia City, Yerington, Minden, and Gardnerville. As previously stated, this bus equipment and its franchise were purchased by Frank B. Murphy in the year 1932, and operated at a

loss until Pearl Harbor, sustained solely by the borrowing of money from the railway itself to the extent of \$19,000.

With the termination of War II, the transit company's business dropped out of sight overnight, and I was thus confronted with the prospect that we would, in the future, operate the buses at a deficit as was experienced in the thirties. In addition, notwithstanding two second hand Flexible coaches purchased by Mr. Bigelow while he was receiver, the equipment as a whole would soon call for replacement by more modern transportation equipment.

A decision was reached by me to sell the franchise and the equipment of this company. And once more not depending upon my own management faculties, I asked Mr. Vernon C. Durkee (at the time of this writing, president of Reno's largest travel agency) to evaluate a selling price for the franchise and equipment. This he willingly undertook, and gave me the low-bracket figure of \$24,000 and the high-bracket figure of \$27,000. I then asked Mr. Durkee, who was at the time the local agent for the Gray Line Company, to notify any interested parties of my willingness to sell the transit company. Very shortly afterwards, Mr. Durkee informed me that he had a buyer who he did not care to disclose at the time and who was willing to pay the purchase price of \$24,000. I asked him if the proposed buyer was satisfied and was duly informed he was, that the price was right. And so the deal was made, the financing arranged with the Nevada Bank of Commerce, the stock of the bus line placed in escrow, and the purchasers charged a nominal rate of interest. It was not until the deal was concluded that I learned that Mr. Vernon Durkee, together with Mr. James E. Wood, were the new owners of the line.

Mr. Wood was an experienced bus driver for the Greyhound company. Accordingly, he

knew all the ins and outs of bus transportation. Jimmy has made great progress since those days, as he now is the sole owner of a bus transportation system which operates mostly under two phases. He has the transportation of sight-seeing buses to Lake Tahoe, handles the airport passengers, and a further source of revenue is the transportation of our school children to their respective schools. This latter form of transportation is known as curb-to-curb service. (Whereas I was required to walk three miles to school when young, we now pick up our students in front of their homes and safely conduct them to whatever school they are attending and return them home in late afternoon.)

So I sold an asset, and at that time it was an asset (Mr. Durkee's valuation, \$24,000). When we come to our discussion of the public hearings we will learn more about Messrs. Durkee and Wood, who like others, endeavored to get in on the kill.

Various rumors appeared in the press, mostly emanating from California, that the "V & T" railway was about to cease its operations. These rumors had no basis where I was concerned, for the simple reason that I was exerting every effort to continue the railway's operation, and I went so far as to brand them "absolutely false, and a ferment of an overworked imagination." I was to learn later in this year the connection between such rumors and what I shall term the "great betrayal."

During this year I received great encouragement and an urge to continue because of favorable editorials as they appeared in the *Nevada Appeal* and the *Reno Gazette* and the *Journal*. My efforts were receiving public recognition, and by the ever-repeated remarks conveyed to me on the streets of Reno and Carson, it was generally recognized that the management

and the employees of this short-line railway were exerting every effort for its continuance.

As in the case of the Virginia and Truckee buses, I just could not see the sense of the railway LCL trucks operating in competition with the steam trains, particularly when they paralleled each other from Reno to Minden. The unions brought about the sale of this franchise, for at that time, the unions were in the driver's seat as far as the federal government was concerned and the employer subject to much harassment.

The local leader of the Teamsters Union was a former beer-truck driver for the Reno Brewing Company, who in some mysterious manner acquired domination over the hirelings of the local union. He visited my office with the demand that the drivers be unionized and their wage scale be increased approximately fifty percent. Such an increase was unthinkable. The equipment was old and only maintained in a fairly safe operating condition by the garage manager, Mr. Ed Birdsley. Mr. Birdsley performed wonders keeping the transit buses in operation, and also these trucks. And so, with the approval of the president and the secretary of the railway, Mr. Birdsley was permitted to purchase this franchise for a sum equivalent to the depreciated value of the LCL trucks. Thus another liability was removed, and it was with extreme pleasure that I notified the local Federal Labor Relations Board not to bother me further in regards to this union situation.

An interesting event took place in the month of August, when in appreciation for the valor and fighting qualities of the American forces in France in World War II, "Forty et Eight" cars filled with tokens and presents from the various areas of France were shipped to the forty-eight states of the Union. Nevada's car duly arrived at the Reno interchange and I took advantage of this outstanding occasion

to provide a special excursion free of charge for those citizens of Reno who desired to make a trip to Carson City. Some hundred traveled on this special. The "Forty et Eight" car was unloaded at a subsequent date, and is now, at this time of writing, to be found in the yards of the Nevada State Museum and with the contents on exhibit or stored in the warehouses of the museum.

There was one gift that attracted my special attention and that was a little rag doll sent by a French child eight years of age, with the suitable card of gratitude written in French.

Referring to the month of May in this year (1948), the United States experienced a serious national railway strike. The federal government was compelled to take over the operation of all railways. The taking over merely consisted of a director of the federal government placing the management of all railways under his control, with the requirement that they carry on as usual as representatives of the federal government. This stopped the strike, and through negotiation, the country was spared a serious curtailment in rail transportation. But during the interval, please don't think that the army, through this director, was not active in the carrying out of the necessary duties. And so one morning on the arrival of the train from Reno, a very, very important "two-Pip" lieutenant arrived, supported by a sergeant and a corporal, with attaché case, etc. He was of that "important" type, being of short stature, and he proceeded to read his orders and instructions to me without waiting for an invitation to come to my office. It sounds like the old army days.

The first requisition was that he be provided with an office and suitable stationery. I installed him in an unused office with a fine old walnut desk and invited "himself" to be comfortable. I was then informed it was

necessary for him to attach to all buildings and stations a federal notice that he was the representative of the government who was in charge of the railway. I assured him that we would afford him every cooperation and told him where to affix his notices. This occupied the rest of the morning and then he returned to his headquarters. By four o'clock that afternoon he marched into my office and stated that he could not determine any strike possibilities on this line. I smiled and answered, "No, you will not. These are old-time, faithful employees, and they have no intention of disrupting the service we are supplying to the public." Nothing daunted, he marched in the following morning saying he was going to inspect all facilities, which he proceeded to do, and this he continued for the next several days. Tiring of the monotony of Carson City, which had a small population in the year 1948, and sensing no possibility of the strike, the gallant two-pip lieutenant, like the Arabs, folded his tent and, together with his sergeant and corporal, attaché cases, etc., silently stole away. (In the event that the reader does not know the meaning of the word "pip," it is an expression used in British, Canadian, Australian, and New Zealand armies, and is the equivalent of bars issued to captains and lieutenants in the American army. "Two pips" means a senior lieutenant—one gold bar—in the American army.) I did not disclose to the over-important lieutenant that he was having contact with a retired major of the Canadian army with four mature years of experience in World War I.

The year 1948 concluded on a happy note for the reason that Santa Claus for the first time arrived on a special train at Carson City. The children swarmed the station platform. The Santa Claus waved his arrival and welcome from the cupola of the caboose recently purchased from the Copper Belt Railway of Nevada.

There has been retained as a last comment for the year 1948 what I, for the want of a better title, shall designate "The Great Betrayal." There shall be unfolded on these pages the machinations of one by the name of Duncan A. McLeod, Esq., secretary-treasurer of the railway, and western states attorney for the Mills Estates, Incorporated, concerning the sale of the "V G T" properties prior to any contemplated application for abandonment.

Before lifting the curtain on this bizarre, fantastic endeavor to dispose of the properties of the railway to private parties at a settlement price far removed from a true evaluation, it becomes necessary to refer to what has already been commented on as to the physical condition of the steam locomotives, roadbed, ties, rails, bridges, trestles, culverts, ancillary structures, shops, shop machinery, etc. Good management required that the president be informed of the numerous written and oral communications which had transpired between Mr. McLeod and myself concerning the subject of the physical condition of the "V & T"

There were also additional matters I considered worthy of being mentioned in the event Mr. Moore was not fully cognizant of them. Accordingly, I wrote to Mr. Leslie H. Moore on September 22, 1948, and I quote in part,

Mr. Leslie H. Moore, President
Virginia and Truckee Railway Mills
Building San Francisco, California

Dear Mr. Moore,

As you no doubt are aware, I have just received instruction from Mr. Duncan A. McLeod to report to San Francisco. I presume that my presence in San Francisco is

desired for the purpose of discussions pertaining to the sale of this railway's properties, the necessary applications for abandonment, and the method under which we shall continue to operate during the abandonment proceedings.

The time has now come for me to go on record with you, as president of this railway, as to certain matters of which I have the better knowledge at the present time. I desire to do this as a protection to all concerned. I have special reference to the remaining months of our operation during which we will be faced with winter conditions.

What I wish to report to you is given under three classifications. One, our roadbed and motive power. Two, the sale of our properties to two outside parties, and the resultant application on our part for abandonment. Third, the true value of our properties in the event of a liquidation.

Discussing one, our roadbed and motive power; on February 14, 1948, I wrote Mr. McLeod as to two derailments in our Carson City yards due to crystallized, broken rails. I took this opportunity to state that 'our entire mileage of rails was worn out and obsolete and thus subject to breakage at any moment.' On March 6, 1948, I enclosed in a letter to Mr. McLeod the minutes of a special meeting of department heads held on February 18, when the condition of the roadbed and the motive power was discussed. This letter also outlined

a program of extra reconditioning to be placed into effect during the first six months of the current year in order to produce some reasonable safety factor.

Under the same date, a second letter was written to Mr. McLeod which dealt with the increased tare weight of modern rolling stock and what effect this additional weight had upon our inadequate roadbed.

Under the same date, a third letter was written to Mr. McLeod recording an additional derailment due to broken rail and a progress report covering what reconditioning had been accomplished to date.

On April 14, 1948, I enclosed in a letter to Mr. McLeod, the minutes of a special meeting of department heads held on March 17, 1948. These minutes referred to the reconditioning of the track and roadbed and also our master mechanic's report on replacement power.

On April 14, 1948, a second letter was written to Mr. McLeod having further reference to the roadbed, the necessity of replacing at least 10,000 ties in the current year, the replacement of worn out 56-pound rail between switches, the installation of point switches and much leveling and resurfacing.

On May 12, 1948, I wrote Mr. McLeod enclosing roadmaster Yahnig's report, dated May 10, 1948, as to rail replacement requirements.

Special reference was made to worn out, crystallized 1874 56-pound rail. This letter stated that I had placed an order for 150 tons of 62-pound rail with the general manager of the Southern Pacific company for the purpose of replacing the 1874 rail located in the main line between switches.

On May 14, 1948, I wrote Mr. McLeod as to the progress in reconditioning the roadbed stating that the additional maintenance-and-way crew would continue to be employed until June 15, 1948.

On June 23, 1948, I wrote Mr. McLeod asking for definite instructions as to under what conditions the railway would operate in the future. I requested his presence in Carson City in order that he could make a personal examination. I referred to Mr. McLeod's having cancelled our order with the Southern Pacific for the 150 tons of badly-needed 62-pound rail. It was quite evident from this cancellation that Mr. McLeod had other ideas concerning the future of the railway.

On July 7, 1948, I wrote Mr. McLeod reporting two additional derailments. A second letter on July 7 of the same year started the necessity of a definite decision as to future operations by not later than July 31, for the reason of allowing a ninety-day period for any abandonment application. I definitely stated that we should avoid further operation during the winter months unless we

were prepared to spend a considerable sum on the roadbed with particular reference to the replacement of stub switches and worn out 56-pound rails. I again suggested Mr. McLeod's coming to Carson City or for me to report at his office within the next two weeks in order so that I could receive definite instructions.

On July 14, 1948, I acknowledged Mr. McLeod's letter of the 8th, in which he indicated a visit to Carson City within the next two weeks or thereabouts. I welcomed his visit stating that it became more apparent daily that a decision as to the future operations should be reached and not be deferred.

On July 16, 1948, I wrote Mr. McLeod, that Messrs. Allen, Holgate, and Stoutenberg held a conference with me concerning a proposed survey as to the present condition of our roadbed. As a result of the survey they were to report as to the cost per mile to recondition our roadbed to a safety factor operating with 60-ound rail.

On July 22, 1948, I wrote Mr. McLeod enclosing a copy of my instructions to Messrs. Allen, Holgate, and Stoutenberg. None of the above letters that I have referred to were acknowledged by Mr. McLeod.

By the way of explanation let me state that it was Mr. McLeod's practice not to answer correspondence. For some reason unknown to me, he preferred to remain silent, and when

he did speak it was generally over the long distance phone, of which no recording was made.

During Mr. McLeod's visit to Reno on Wednesday, August 18, and Carson City Thursday, August 19, there was no reference made to any of the above letters, nor did we discuss any operating problems for the roadbed or the motive power. The entire time was taken up with my being informed as to the Bennett and Biltz proposal to purchase the properties of this railway.

When Mr. McLeod was taking his departure from my office Thursday noon, I specifically requested a further appointment with him to which he agreed, and gave me his word it would take place on Friday August 20. I purposely asked for this appointment in order that I could discuss the various conditions that we would be faced with by operating in the winter months. There was also the matter of motive power with particular reference to the possibility of No. 26 being retired February, 1949. There were other important matters such as personnel reaction to any abandonment, severance pay for the employees, and those matters which concerned me personally. Mr. McLeod left Reno failing to keep his appointment, and no explanation was offered by him on his return to San Francisco.

On October 6, 1948, Mr. McLeod called me long distance from San Francisco to Carson City. Towards the

conclusion of our conversation I again stated the difficult conditions under which we are operating.

On October 6, 1948, I confirmed in writing the long distance telephone conversation, referred to in the preceding paragraph and again went on record as to motive power, ties in stock, and rail in stock. I again stated we would be in operation until February 15, 1949, involving three months of winter conditions and concluded with the remark that the result of operating our roadbed and equipment under the conditions that exist remains to be seen." No acknowledgement has been received to this letter.

Under the heading of locomotive power, permit me to say, in anticipation of the retirement of locomotive No. 27, either in the months of August or September, 1948, unless we expended the excessive cost of \$10,000 for a major overhaul, I commenced October 17, 1947, investigating the matter of replacement power. From that date and well into the early part of the current year I, through much correspondence, endeavored to develop some lead for satisfactory replacement power. The question of using diesel power was thoroughly examined.

In the numerous letters written to Mr. McLeod concerning the condition of our roadbed, constant reference was also made to necessary motive power. Separate letters dealing entirely with motive power were written, such as

my letters of January 13, February 6, 1948. In these letters and our several conferences at San Francisco and on the long distance phone I made reference to this important subject. I stated what the effect would be on our operations when No. 27 would be retired, and what the effect would be if No. 26 was retired during the month of February, 1949. As already stated, no acknowledgement of any of my letters has been received and I was unable to discuss this power situation with Mr. McLeod during his visit to Nevada August 18-19, 1948.

To summarize this part of the letter dealing with roadbeds and motive power I, as the operating official, have been left to my own devices. Then I had been the one who had to make the decision as to the purchase of the Copper Belt Nevada locomotive No. 5, ties, bridge timbers, maintenance and way crew, etc. Since this railway was restored to corporate status, there have been no annual meetings of the shareholders and not a single meeting on a monthly basis with the board of directors. The only other official of this railway I've had contact with is Mr. McLeod. While it is true Mr. McLeod is the attorney for the Mills Estates, Incorporated, his corporate status in this railway is that of a fellow director and secretary. You as president, and I as vice president are the two senior officials of this corporation.

Realizing during the early part of this year that extensive repairs and renewals would be necessary

for us to continue operating with a reasonable safety factor, I have pressed Mr. McLeod for a definite decision as to whether we would abandon. More than once, I stated that if our principals were not prepared to advance funds for repairs and maintenance, we should institute abandonment proceedings not later than August 1, 1948. By so doing, and being successful in our application for abandonment, we would avoid the many hazards of the winter operations. Due to the various negotiations commencing April, 1948, which have been conducted with outside parties relative to the purchase of our properties, we are faced with winter operations extending well into the month of February, 1949. As a result, we may be faced with a serious derailment involving the loss of life and loss of cargo. I must therefore go on record as not accepting any responsibility for what may take place. I will not accept any future charge that I have been operating this railway under unsafe conditions through having not reported the true state of affairs to the president of the railway.

The various dates as stated in my letter are of most importance for the very good reason that I, as general manager, was acutely concerned, from a safety-factor standpoint, as to our day-to-day operations. Instead of facing up to such problems and effecting, to say the least, some temporary relief, Mr. McLeod, as early as the first part of May, 1948, instituted proceedings looking to the sale and disposal of the system. He had negotiated with private parties without any knowledge on my part, regardless of the impact on shippers and consignees, or the psychological

reaction of the public at large, provided it was known a sale was under consideration before any abandonment application was made.

In particular, I wish to emphasize the date of July 21, 1948, when Messrs. Allen, Holgate, and Stoutenberg were authorized by me to conduct a physical survey. As previously stated, their appointment was of my own volition, and Mr. McLeod was soon notified by a letter on July 22, 1948. As a sort of "Alice in Wonderland," while I had appointed a board of engineers, Mr. McLeod, unknown to me, had as early as May 5, if not prior to this date, entered into negotiations through Coldwell, Banker Company, realtors, 57 Sutter Street, San Francisco, for the sale of the assets in the sum of \$340,000. This, in the face of my own conservative appraisal of \$741,737.98!

How did I become aware of this behind-the-scene action by Mr. McLeod, to which the president was a party? An explanation is in order, for one must understand the relationship between the Western Union Telegraph Company and the railways of the North American continent where it concerns telegram franking privileges. It was the practice, and still may be the practice, of Western Union to annually issue to the varied officials of the railways free transmission of company business telegrams. "Frank" numbers were issued, and Mr. McLeod's number was Frank Number 497-Y. The federal tax on all messages so franked was not assumed by Western Union. To the contrary, Western Union invoiced each railway, each month, with the amount of the federal tax. In support of the reclaim, Western Union mailed back to the respective carrier the original telegrams as filed by the officials using the franking privilege. As a consequence, all original telegrams crossed over my desk once a month, including

those of Mr. McLeod's. He, possessing all the attributes of the Scottish race, instead of resorting to a safe, confidential procedure of having his telegram emanate from and charged to his law office, used his "V & T" frank, 497-Y. As a result, I was made aware monthly of Mr. McLeod's attentions —and without his knowledge.

For the months of May, June, July, and August, 1948, Mr. McLeod adopted this procedure, and I have the original telegrams in front of me at this time of dictation, and they are herewith incorporated into this history with appropriate comments on my part.

The first telegram was dated San Francisco, May 5, 1948, and it reads as follows:

Roger S. Brassel 20 Pine Street
New York 5, New York

When will Mr. Gasser return to his office? I want to discuss with him an offer I have received for the sale of all the outstanding stock of the Virginia and Truckee railway. Wire reply at my expense.

Duncan A. McLeod

Comment: Mr. Brassel was an assistant to Mr. Roy C. Gasser, senior legal counsel for the Mills Estates, Incorporated, of 20 Pine Street, New York City. Evidently, Mr. McLeod had progressed in his negotiations with certain Reno interests and was now ready for the presentation to Mr. Gasser.

The second telegram is dated San Francisco, June 9, 1948, and reads as follows:

Roy C. Gasser 20 Pine Street New
York City

I have offer of \$340,000 gross for all stock of railway. We keep all cash

on hand amounting to approximately \$40,000 and also keep a balance of about \$14,000 due to us because of sale of transit company. We also keep all receivables and pay all bills owing. Receivables and payables usually balance. If deal is concluded we are to pay Coldwell, Banker \$15,000 brokerage fee. If deal is concluded what our own expenses. Must secure order to abandon. Deal also subject to buyers having thirty days to ascertain if title to land is satisfactory. Employee reasonable severance pay estimated at \$25,000. I suggest fee to me for negotiating sale and obtaining orders to abandon at \$30,000. Offer to purchase identical with the one previously forwarded to you except price to be paid is now increased by \$40,000. Offer subject to acceptance June 18. But I believe time can be extended if necessary. Mr. Moore agrees with me that price offered is reasonable and sale should be consummated. He, of course, has not been requested to pass upon severance pay or fees. I believe continued operations will become increasingly hazardous unless we spend a large sum of money for new rails, maintenance, and locomotives. Respective business does not warrant such expenditures. Letter of explanation to be approved by Mr. Moore will be sent to you tomorrow.

Duncan A. McLeod

Comment: Evidently the railway's attorney and secretary-treasurer had corresponded with Mr. Gasser, as this telegram refers to an original offer of

\$300,000. The pot was sweet. The reader of this history should have witnessed the expression on my face as I read the terms of purchase and the double-cross technique used to deceive Mr. Gasser as to the suggested fee of \$30,000. Please continue to read.

The next telegram and my comments will clarify the requested fee. For what reason Coldwell, Banker was entitled to a brokerage fee of \$15,000, I have no answer. This wire conveys and confirms Mr. McLeod's prior knowledge of the physical status of the railway's properties. It could not be otherwise in face of my letters to him on the dates of March 6, April 14, May 12, May 14, June 23, July 7, 16, and 22, 1948.

Is it not a reasonable deduction to assume Mr. McLeod, inundated by me with the above stated letters, written prior to this telegram and subsequent thereto, referring to the dangers involved in an indefinite continuance of operation, decided to sell the capital stock of the railway in advance of any abandonment? I have already contrasted the sale of all assets at \$340,000 as against my appraisal of \$741,737.98.

Now for the next telegram dated San Francisco, June 15, 1948, which reads as follows:

Roy C. Gasser 20 Pine Street
New York

Replying your letter June 14. Such compensation as may be agreed upon for my services in connection with negotiating the sale and proceedings for abandonment intended to be in full payment of all services heretofore rendered by me in the receivership proceedings and subsequent thereto.

[Emphasis supplied]

Duncan A. McLeod

Comment: Herein Mr. Gasser questions the suggested fee of \$30,000 and requests further data as to time and services rendered. Here comes the big lie, "compensation as may be agreed upon for my services . . . intended to be in full payment of all services heretofore rendered by me in the receivership proceedings and subsequent thereto."

Let us look at the record as to any fees paid covering services rendered in the receivership and subsequent thereto. On June 10, 1948, treasurer's warrant No. 9253 was issued in favor of Mr. McLeod in the amount of \$9,000, which was cleared through the Crocker First National Bank on July 14, 1948. Mr. McLeod endorsed this check as payment for legal services rendered for the period January 1, 1945 to December 31, 1947. It was during our long-distance telephone conversation on June 9, 1948, that Mr. McLeod requested that payment be made in the above sum. He stated that before wiring our New York office the current cash position, he desired to reduce it as much as was possible, and by sending him this check, such reduction would be accomplished. The correct approximate cash position as of June 19, 1948, was \$48,000 as furnished by the railway's auditor. Mr. McLeod's wire to Mr. Gasser stated the cash position was \$40,000, which means he took into consideration the check of \$9,000 then in transit to San Francisco. Comment: Unaware of the telegram, I conjectured on Mr. McLeod's long-distance calls and questions as to the railway's cash position, etc. Mr. McLeod just decided to take unto himself an additional \$9,000, reducing the cash on hand to \$40,000, with Mr. Gasser totally unaware of this fee payment.

Here are the previous fee payments made to Mr. McLeod during the lifetime of the receivership:

Treasurer's Warrant #	Date	Amount	Period of fees
1728	1-18-40	\$2,500.00	11-1-38 to 10-31-39
3783	8-15-41	\$1,500.00	10-31-39 to 12-31-40
3836	8-31-41	\$1,500.00	10-31-39 to 12-31-40
4510	5-28-42	\$3,000.00	1-1-41 to 12-31-41
5467	10-6-43	\$3,000.00	1-1-42 to 12-31-42
5920	6-16-44	\$3,000.00	1-1-43 to 12-31-43
6442	4-12-45	\$3,000.00	1-1-44 to 12-31-44

A total of \$26,500 has been paid to Mr. McLeod for his legal services covering the period November 1, 1938 to December 31, 1947. The reader may draw his own conclusion. I hesitate to place my reaction in writing. Senator McCarran, *et al*, have now been joined by Mr. McLeod as party to being "in at the kill."

The next telegram Mr. McLeod sent from Palo Alto, dated June 17, 1948. (Mr. McLeod's residence is at Palo Alto.)

Roy C. Gasser 20 Pine Street New
York City

Offer to purchase the railroad
extended until July 19.

Duncan A. McLeod

Comment: Evidently some delay, as Mr. McLeod extends the time of acceptance to July 19, 1948. Mr. McLeod was now becoming restless re his telegram from San Francisco dated August 2, 1948.

Roy C. Gasser 20 Pine Street New
York

Have you any suggested changes to make in contract for sale of property of the V & T railway I sent to you with my letter of July 23. Will appreciate your reply as soon as possible because if we are to sell .we must conclude at a very early date.If agreement is satisfactory wire approval.

Duncan A. McLeod

Comment:There is no comment; the message speaks for itself.

On the date of August 10, 1948, Mr. McLeod wired William Sanford as follows:

William Sanford Attorney at Law
Biltz Building Reno, Nevada

Am waiting to hear from Gasser who is absent from his New York office. Lead deal will be approved.

Duncan A. McLeod

Comment:We shall be reading more about Mr. William Sanford, a good personal friend of mine, when we examine the second hearing proceedings for abandonment.

By August 13, 1948, Mr. McLeod is on the anxious seat. He wants action. Hence his wire to Mr. Gasser as follows:

Roy C. Gasser Attorney at Law 20
Pine Street New York

Have I authority to close sale of railroad property in accordance with contract sent to you July 23? Buyer is becoming very anxious. Wire reply.

Duncan A. McLeod

At this juncture of the drama, with my ever-increasing resentment at the chicanery being practiced, the decision was reached by me to pull down the curtain and end these telegrams for all times. As a prelude to

appropriate actions whereby any sale of the railway's properties would be precluded prior to any filing for abandonment, and prior to receiving "certificates of convenience and necessity" from the respective commissions, it was my decision to interest another party in the prior purchase of the assets at a higher quotation. Having been ignored by Mr. McLeod, I decided on a temporary measure at his expense.

I made contact with a dealer in scrap metal, Mr. Fred Newburg, with headquarters in San Francisco. He offered a higher figure to Mr. McLeod. The result: consternation reigned supreme as witness Mr. McLeod's telegram to Mr. Gasser, on the date of August 25, 1948:

Roy C. Gasser Attorney at Law 20
Pine Street New York 5

I hope I have been able to break through the iron curtain surrounding the Public Service Commission and the Highway Commission in connection with our proposed sale of the railroad property. I shall know the early part of next week whether I have been successful. I have had interesting and possibly very profitable conferences with the state officials which may result in our obtaining more money for this property in an entirely new deal. Have held Edwards proposal in abeyance pending new developments. Should you be contacted by anybody representing the former offerer, do not disclose the new prospect, but keep pending offer by advising you are considering the offer.

Duncan A. McLeod

Comment:This message contains more than one falsehood. Even the famous quotation of the late Sir Winston Churchill

was borrowed for the occasion. The first three sentences are tissues of a desperate imagination. No mention was made of the increased offer I was responsible for. The Public Service Commission and the Highway Department were used as substitutes.

Now listen to the canny Scot in his best form. He desires to have held in abeyance the Ben Edwards and Associates of Reno proposal. Naturally, Ben Edwards would not be informed of the new offer. Sand is to be thrown in the face of the Reno principals. What double talk, evasion, and departure from the truth! (Just as an aside, Mr. Newburg, who I had contacted, sued for damages for non-fulfillment of their offer. Mr. McLeod settled out of court for \$10,000.)

I cannot fully express my disgust at what was taking place. On one hand, I was desperately fighting for the continuance of the railway, while those superior to me were readying a sale deal whereby private interests would be the beneficiaries.

Here is the action undertaken by me. I contacted Mr. Lucius Beebe in New York City. His cooperation was enlisted, and he contacted Mrs. Elizabeth Mills Reid, one of the senior heirs of the Mills Estates, Incorporated. Mrs. Reid was owner, or part owner, of the *New York Herald-Tribune*. (Lucius Beebe was a flamboyant newspaperman of wide repute, a connoisseur, a bon vivant, a man of letters, and above all, a man about town. The United States of America lost a nostalgic exceptionalist when Lucius Beebe passed on to further pastures green.) Mr. Beebe made the necessary contact, and the New York office issued instructions to the San Francisco office to terminate all sale negotiations. (Copies of all telegrams referred to are filed as Exhibit Number Ten.)

My letter to Mr. Leslie H. Moore of September 22, 1948, concluded with reference

to the true valuation of the properties in the event of a liquidation. I quote page seven of the letter.

3. The True valuation of our property in the event of a liquidation.

During the month of March, 1947 and while in conference with Mr. McLeod at San Francisco, he requested me to compile a valuation of our properties. He stated that this information had been requested by Mr. Gasser during a conference at Los Angeles, California. I, in due course, submitted a valuation of \$741,737.98. It is not claimed that this valuation is 100% perfect. To have produced absolute accuracy would have involved heavy appraisal fees by outside parties. Nevertheless it was and is a fair and reasonable valuation. On presenting same to Mr. McLeod his reply was that I was one-quarter of a million dollars short of the true valuation.

On Thursday, August 19, 1948, while at Carson City, Mr. McLeod canvassed with me the possibility of our reverting to the original plan, that of liquidating the entire properties ourselves. He asked my opinion as to what we, as a Corporation, could liquidate our property for at the present time. Taking into consideration the present market price of steel (\$35.00 a gross ton over \$20.00 a gross ton as stated in my 1947 valuation); a decrease from the high point of land values of 1946; and the expense in liquidating all our holdings; I gave the answer of \$600,000.00 net. I still stand by this

conservative estimate and I am certain such a sum can be realized by us over a liquidation period of approximately three years.

By my proving to Mr. McLeod that our Right of Way between Reno and Carson City would bring \$210,000.00 and that our rail, fastenings and miscellaneous steel scrap would bring us approximately \$225,000.00, it can be seen that the offer of Bennett and Biltz of \$340,000.00, recommended by Mr. McLeod and approved by you to New York, was entirely out of line.

I am ready to concede that any outside parties interested in purchasing our properties must offer a price that will permit of their obtaining a high profit. Otherwise, they would not be interested. As stated by one of the individuals who has negotiated with Mr. McLeod, "If I paid one half million dollars for your properties, I would want to realize three quarters of a million dollars or otherwise I would not be interested." For this reason any offer submitted by any group to Mr. McLeod will be considerably below what we, as a corporation, can realize through the sale of our assets. As to the persistency in disposing of our assets through this less remunerative method, is difficult to understand. Again quoting the same party as referred to above, "You people should liquidate your own properties off-setting the capital gain on prices received through the sale of your land against the loss to be taken on your capital stock of \$5,000,000.00."

As a Director holding a trust for the stockholders of this Corporation, I reserve the right to protest and vote against any proposed sale to outside parties at an amount which I do not feel consistent with the best interests of our stockholders.

Very truly yours,
G. A. Sampson,
Vice President

Nothing further was brought to my attention concerning deals, and we of the railway were left to our own devices of operating the railway during the coming winter months. After repeated efforts on my part for a definite decision as to the continuance of the railway, Mr. McLeod finally consented to call a special meeting of the board of directors for January 3, 1949. Present were Leslie H. Moore, president; Duncan A. McLeod, secretary-treasurer; and directors, G. A. Sampson, Ed Zimmer, and E. S. McCurdy. The meeting held in Mr. McLeod's office decided to petition for abandonment. Severance allowances for the employees was discussed. Reference was made to the loyalty and services rendered by the late Frank E. Murphy, vice president; the late Samuel C. Bigelow, secretary-treasurer and federal co-receiver; master mechanic Arnold Lee Gillie; roadmaster Luther Yahnig; freight traffic manager John Sanger; the maintenance and way crew section crews and shopmen. It was noted in the minutes that the operating deficit for the period January 1, 1928 to October 31, 1948 was in the sum of \$440,605.75. As a result of this board meeting, and having been mailed the necessary petition papers by Mr. McLeod, I appeared on January 10, 1949 in the office of Mr. George G. Allard, chairman of the Public Service Commission

of Nevada and filed the petition. The petition was entered as Finance Docket 1186. A similar petition was mailed the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington, D. C., which was received and acknowledged on January 12, 1948, Finance Docket 16407.

Permit me to state it was not a pleasant task to perform. The decision had been made, and in its making, all that I had worked and strived for over the previous ten years was to terminate in the foreseeable future. I'd grown to love this famous little railway, knew every foot of its right-of-way, the wonderment of keeping in operation steam motive power of 1907 and 1922 vintage, and above all, the loyalty of the officials and employees.

Oh, yes, there were several disgruntled ones who resented my having been appointed federal receiver, and, later, vice president and general manager. That was to be anticipated as it appear. to be certain characteristic of life. Some of us resent leadership—so evident in this present year.

Thus the "V & T" was to join the list of many Nevada short line railways, such as the Las Vegas and Tonopah railroad, the Bullfrog-Goldfield railroad, the Tonopah and Tidewater railway, the Death Valley railroad, the Nevada Southern railroad, the Nevada Copper Belt railway, the Battle Mountain to Austin railway, the Palisade to Eureka railway, that, having made their full contribution in the development of this the "battle-born" state of the Union, had entered their Valhalla for a well-deserved rest.

It is appropriate, therefore, to here record an editorial of the *Record-Courier* of Minden-Gardnerville, dated January 14, 1949, well before the lightning struck!

END OF ERA

Announcement this week that the historic Virginia and Truckee railway has instituted

steps which ultimately will result in the abandonment of the line, undoubtedly an occasion of considerable regret throughout Western Nevada. The announcement was not the occasion of any particular surprise. There are very few persons indeed who have not anticipated the move. The only surprise was which came as the result of the ability of the railway, largely through the single-handed efforts of one man, to continue in operation for as long a period as it has. None can doubt the wisdom of the board of directors of the road in seeking to abandon service and liquidate what assets remain.

In the nature of things there will be hearings conducted by the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Nevada Public Service Commission before final abandonment is ordered and before the last train pulls away from the red station at Minden on its final trip to Reno. These hearings can hardly develop anything which is not already known, that the operation of the railway is not possible from an economic standpoint in the face of long, sustained and continued financial losses.

All will regret to see the railway cease operation. That regret will also be felt equally because the passing of the railway with its familiar yellow coaches and its historic locomotives will remove another link of the days when Nevada was young, when the railway played a great and never-to-be-forgotten part in the development which made the western section of this state populous and prosperous. But those regrets should not be the basis of any efforts on the part of anyone to, in any way, seek to further delay the inevitable.

None, surely, can ask that any individual or group of individuals continue to pour money into the maintenance of a venture which has been proved beyond the question of a reasonable doubt to be uneconomic in

every respect. The fact that nearly one-half million dollars has been lost in maintaining the operation of the Virginia and Truckee in the last twenty years should be sufficient evidence that justifies abandonment of the line.

Physical equipment of the railway certainly is in bad condition. That is something anyone, even with no technical knowledge of railroading, must recognize. It should be equally evident that the once-flourishing freight business which the railway enjoyed has been irrevocably lost to the truck lines that operate over public-owned and maintained highways, while the Virginia and Truckee, like all other railways, not only must maintain the route over which it operates, but must pay taxes on the land as well. The summary of reasons for abandonment, as set forth by the management, is unanswerably logical when it says, "Revenue of the Virginia and Truckee railway over a period of years has not been sufficient to meet operating expenses and taxes. There is insufficient income to maintain the line and equipment in a safe operating condition. The railway cannot successfully compete with modern high-speed highways paralleling its entire line. Its properties and equipment are old and obsolete because the maintenance is increasing. Capital is not available or obtainable to replace present road properties, the equipment and motive power. The future outlook is not encouraging for the purpose of justifying additional investment for reconditioning the roadbed, motive power, and other properties." That the Virginia and Truckee has continued its operations as long as it has, is due almost entirely to the energy, ability, and indomitable spirit of one man, Gordon A. Sampson. It was Sampson who successfully brought the railway out of receivership and who through his sagacity and sound financial ability succeeded in

once again fanning into being and keeping for a few more years the flickering flame of financial life. There are many alive today who vividly recall the day when the last spike was driven into the rail which made Minden the terminus of the railroad, and many who can recall the excursions operating by the railway so that residents could reach Reno, Carson City, or Virginia City, where some celebration, theatrical production, or other event. There undoubtedly will be on hand to watch the start of the "V & T" railway's final run some who stood at the then new station to witness the arrival of the first train in this area more than forty years ago. Many changes undoubtedly will result from the abandonment of the railway. For many years the railway has carried mail into this area under contract. That mail will soon have to arrive by other means. Gasoline and oil shipments will cease to arrive in tank cars, but will have to be moved by truck. Railway express will have to find another means of transportation into this area.

The opposition to abandonment was to develop at Minden and Gardnerville in spite of such a well-balanced editorial. Mark you well, it was not for any love of the railway such opposition raised its head. The reasons were purely selfish and openly stated. The consignees, mostly concerned with over-the-highway shipments, were fearful of an increase in freight truck rates, provided the steel rails were removed. These two communities had shown the greatest indifference to the "V & T" earning revenues, yet the organized opposition would emanate from this area.

One of the principal witnesses for the Opponents was Alfred Lundergreen of Minden, local distributor for one of the California oil companies. On my successful return of tank car delivery of petroleum products, with the lifting of the wartime embargo, Al, who I knew in a personal sense,

compared the difference between handling a tank car shipment and the over-the-road truck and trailer method. When the latter was in force, the driver could arrive at Minden at any hour of the night, be it two a.m., locate the hidden key to tanks, unload, and be on his way, while Mr. Lundergreen enjoyed a deep sleep. Not so a shipment over our lines as it involved personal work on his part, coupling the connections, etc. He preferred the over-the-road operation, yet he was a prominent opponent, and on being asked by me for the reason, offered the explanation that it was necessary to be one of the Minden objectors. My assumption is that Al was paying attention to which side his bread was buttered on. I merely give this as a concrete illustration of there being no solid basis for the opposition emanating from Minden and Gardnerville. The real motive was self interest, and at the expense of the railway.

Two freight solicitors employed by me had canvassed every consignee and shipper in this area without tangible results as to the return of freight revenues to the line. Much ado was made at the first hearing as to outbound shipments of cattle and hay. Let us mention hay in the first place. When sitting at my desk in the Carson City depot, I was called upon to look out the windows and witness truckload after truckload of hay, originating in the Minden valley area, roll northward to Reno and further points of destination. Why not the rails? Think of the convenience and time. A truck backs up to the stacked hay pile at a ranch, loads, and is on its way with no loss of time. Not so transit over the "V & T." In the first instance, a shipper had to give advance notice to our Minden agent as to what boxcar or cattle car equipment he required. The Minden agent phone the chief dispatcher at Carson City, who in turn contacted the proper Southern

Pacific official at Sparks, Nevada. At times the empty equipment was not available for the actual day requested by the shipper. One way or the other, the empties were placed on the interchange siding at Reno, hauled to Minden, arriving there around 10:30 a.m. The shipper, in the case of cattle, had herded such cattle from his ranch to the "V & T" loading pen at the Minden yard. Hay had to be trucked from the ranch to the boxcar siding, unloaded, and loaded into the car. The train crew assumed the role of yard cattle-loaders. Loading was completed prior to train departure at 3:30 p.m.

Such cattle shipments arrived at Reno at six p.m. There they were picked up by the Southern Pacific company switch locomotive, taken to Sparks, and, in order to avoid a rest-and-water layover en route, were highballed west on the first available freight train. The shipment reached destination, be it Sacramento or San Francisco, prior to noon the day following its origination at Minden. One opponent to abandonment swore he preferred this method as against the over-the-road cattle truck and trailer. Why did he not use the railway and his claim the cattle were less bruised with less loss of weight?

Carefully concealed at the hearing was the changed shipping procedure where cattle and sheep were concerned. The change was drastic. The shipper or rancher sold his cattle and sheep f.o.b. his corral. The animals were no longer his and the buyer was at liberty to move this shipment at his own convenience. I personally could have sworn that cattle or sheep loaded at a ranch corral at, say, five a.m., would roll through Carson City with a brief stop, if any, at Reno, and reach a California destination before any evening hour. Why were not these facts brought out at the hearing I will afford the necessary explanation in due course.

In passing I should state that A. D. Welty, freight solicitor for the Southern Pacific company, was constantly in the Minden-Gardnerville area soliciting carload outbound shipments, chiefly hay, cattle, and sheep. He gave sworn testimony which I summarize as follows: "Twelve years experience in the area referred to. Bulk of traffic controlled by the buyers, Nevada, and out of state. Fifty percent of the cattle shipped over-the-road (trucks); eighty percent hay, twenty percent wool in the same manner. There were no mine shipments." The opponents could not take exception to such evidence substantiated by irrefutable statistical exhibits as prepared under my direction. The opponent were driven to a recourse most unworthy and far afield from the issue before the examiners. While I am somewhat ahead of the 1949 sequence, I deem it advisable to expose the validity of the opposition centered in the Minden-Gardnerville area.

And thus, with the filing of petitions for abandonment, and my observations as to the opposition to come out of the Minden and Gardnerville area, all in the face of the Record-Courier editorial of January 14, the year 1949 can well be termed the year of trial, tribulation, and disillusionment.

THE YEAR 1949

The severe winter months created great concern on the part of the operating crews of the railway. I was constantly on the alert, especially where the possibility of derailments were concerned. The wisdom of my residing in Reno proved itself on more than one occasion. While it was a detestable procedure in the eyes of the chief dispatcher for me to "shadow the daily train in both directions," nevertheless, this unorthodox

railroading procedure proved to be most worthy on more than one occasion.

I have already referred to two gypsum derailments, both were awaiting my personal attention when my auto reached the scene of the accident. I well recall the Washoe City derailment. In the face of a violent snowstorm, all hands turned in a fine score. Mrs. Sampson and her sister arrived in due time with food, coffee, and above all, whiskey. It was a cold night, and no one departed prior to midnight.

When I would sight a stalled train in Washoe Valley, recourse was made to the nearest ranch road leading to the right-of-way. Learning the trouble from engineer Recker, I would take off for Carson City and the shops. Soon the master mechanic and his men would reach the stalled train. Repairs would be effected and movement resumed. The opposition would term such personal activities as I have described inefficient management. Opposition was soon to take concrete form. It took root with the decision of the Douglas County Farm Bureau to file a protest. This bureau, together with the chamber of commerce of the area and businessmen, retained Douglas A. Busey, Esq., and Clark J. Guild, Jr., Esq., as legal counsel at a purported fee of five hundred dollars. According to the local press, the protest was based on the fear of higher over-the-road LCL rates provided the rails were removed from competition.

The attitude at Carson City was more friendly, with no official opposition; that is, not until the second session. The Carson City chamber called a special meeting, held at the Civic Auditorium, with John R. Ross, Esq., and myself present. Duane Mack of Minden referred to anticipated increase in over-the-road LCL rates. Other expressions were offered the meeting as to the Southern Pacific company being compelled to take over

the “V & T,” to the absurd situation of the state capital existing without a railway. To use an English expression, the gist of the meeting was “all froth and no beer.” No concrete proposals were offered in the way of increased railway revenues, and the meeting conclude with a vote of thanks being tendered me for the service I had rendered in maintaining the “V & T” in operation over the previous years. I expressed my thanks and concluded with the remark, “The trucks have taken over. It is their day.”

On April 6, 1949, Clark J. Guild, Jr. announced his plan of action in the newspaper, and I quote the paper,

Mr. Guild stated his belief the line has been mismanaged the last few years. The service is very bad and the executives apparently had not cared whether or not the line continued.

Let the reader carefully note these statements, for the whole basis of the protestants would be inefficient mismanagement. Perish the thought that any concrete, realistic plan would be introduced as to financing the rehabilitation of the line with increased revenues to support such expenditures!

On April 14, 1949, Congressman Walter Baring and U.S. Senator George W. Malone both expressed in the local press the opinion they “could see no way to save the railway.” In the same month, the Reno Chamber of Commerce decided to investigate the finances of the railway through its official, E. H. Walker. Ed was a former secretary to the Public Service Commission of Nevada and did possess technical knowledge as to freight tariffs. I at once inquired of this august body as to why they had not shown an interest in “V & T” affairs over the past years. It was the same old story of indifference, and then,

when it was too late, some action. Dear Ed, a personal friend of mine over many years, was to appear as a technical witness at the hearing. His exhibit schedules made no sense other than to confuse the issue.

The same months developed a proposal that Douglas County acquire the railway. One more illustration of not facing up to realities. The newspapers of Reno, Carson City, Minden, and Gardnerville increased their circulations through the medium of scare headlines. The public joined in the chorus with their letter to the editor. “Fate of the V & T at stake,” “Deciding V & T’s fate,” “Ormsby protests rail application,” “A day of significance. Much talk without substance.

Jack Myles, a staff reporter for the *Nevada State Journal*, wrote a series of two thoughtful articles. The first was titled, “Twenty-five year struggle against odds too big will be recounted by officials on May 2, 1949.” The second was headed with, “Highway trucks rang death knell for historic ‘V & T’.” The reader is referred to the newspaper articles to be located in the press-clippings scrapbooks maintained by the writer and now on file with the Virginia and Truckee railway special collection at the University of Nevada Library. Nothing is spared in these articles prior to, during, and subsequent to the hearings. One will read much as to G. A. Sampson, the writer of this history, some good, much bad, and a few indifferent. Such is the price one must pay for his loyalty, devotion to duty, and firmness in the cause he had espoused. One at times has forced upon him a status of isolation— attacked by many, defended by none. Even to this day, I stand accused of having been paid the sun of fifty thousand dollars by the Mills interests for having permitted the physical deterioration of the railway so as to produce an abandonment.

On April 17, 1949, Chairman Allard of the Public Service Commission overruled a protest filed by the three chambers of commerce, Reno, Carson City, and Minden-Gardnerville, and set the first combined hearing of his commission and the Interstate Commerce Commission for May 2, 1949. The same date that the Carson *Appeal* ran an article stating the sum of three million dollars was necessary to repair the line to a state of safe operation.

In anticipation of the first hearing, and now in the possession of the knowledge that there would be unscrupulous opposition to any abandonment, I initiated preparation of a series of exhibits and schedules setting forth the true and correct state of affairs—financial, freight movements, etc. I mention a few in order to illustrate how well I understood the business of operating a railway, at least where the “V & T” was concerned. Exhibit One was a general balance sheet for the month of March, 1949. Income accounts were supplied for the period 1928 through to 1949, inclusive. Operating revenues and income statements of the period 1938 to 1949, inclusive; operating expenses, 1938 to 1949, inclusive; railway tax accruals, 1944 to 1948, inclusive; less than carload freight operations, 1940 to 1948, inclusive; inbound and outbound and interstate LCL and carloadings, 1946 to 1949, inclusive; through-rates and the Virginia and Truckee’s percentage of division of such rates; carloads, inbound and outbound, 1948 to 1949; carload traffic inbound and outbound by stations; freight handled by cars and tonnage. Too great an emphasis cannot be placed on the value of these exhibits. (The exhibits are filed as Exhibit Eleven to this oral history.) When placed in evidence, they, in the main, constituted the petitioner’s case in chief. To the uninformed, a case in chief is that part of an attorney’s presentation on which he bases

his entire cause in the issue before a court of law or before a quasi-judicial body such as the Public Service Commission of Nevada and the Interstate Commerce Commission. There is no difference whether an attorney is for or against the cause of action. Both sides have prepared their cases in chief and are prepared to stand or fall as a result of it.

The exhibits I have referred to formed, for the greater part, the railway’s case in chief. It is important to realize that the first hearing produced confusion, resentment, and even anger on my part. I failed to remember to be calm and to realize, shall I say, “the rules of the game,” regardless of the personal cost to me and my reputation. Needless to say, the attorneys for the opponents, informed through the “answer to the questionnaire” as submitted by myself to the Interstate Commerce Commission, were forced to the decision that such exhibits were free from attack. One could hardly impeach financial figures and statistics abstracted from the annual reports—sworn reports—as filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the local commission. Accordingly, some different avenue of approach for opposition must be explored. Recourse was made to the old political dodge of charging mismanagement.

Who has not witnessed aspirants to political office, be it on the city, county, state, or federal level, give forth with drastic accusations of those in office as to their inefficiency, mismanagement, and failure to conduct proper financing? Who has not listened to such aspirants and their promises if but only elected? Thus it was decided by the legal staff of the opponents to lay the charge of mismanagement and absentee mismanagement. Please note the departure from the railway’s case in chief to their case in chief consisting in the main of a series of

inconsequential accusations which any fair-minded person would put down at best as twaddle and idle gossip.

When one embarks on such a plan of attack, it is usually not difficult to acquire the services of an employee who, to use the Irish expression, is “agin the guv’ment.” The opponents readily found such an individual in the roadmaster of the “V & T” railway, Luther Yahnig. What a rat he turned out to be! To his credit it must be recorded that on discharge from the United States Army in 1945, he took off his coat, flexed his muscles, and went to work with sincere concentration of endeavoring to make the right-of-way as safe as possible. To his further credit, he discovered the Ophir Creek trestle to be in such dilapidated condition that I wonder to this day why a passing train was not dumped into the creek twenty feet below.

During his roadmastership, with the entire railway depreciated to such a state of disrepair that for one to attempt any general improvement was out of the question, one at best could only indulge in patching here and patching there, chiefly based on the locomotive engineer’s report and gasoline inspection car examinations. Restricted to such endeavors, Luther Yahnig found time to be present in the Carson City machine shops. In addition to tinkering with minor items for the house he was constructing in Carson City, he had the opportunity to observe the manufacturing of steel rail bookends. I was the author of such bookends, cut on the bias on a shaft-operated hacksaw machine which required no attendant. Hand die stamping on the ends was the only labor involved. The bookends, which created much interest overnight, were presented to officials of the oil company, shippers, and consignees. These were made from the original 1876 56-pound Sheffield rail taken from the Carson City-

Virginia City right-of-way. The bookends were greatly prized by the recipients and went a long way in maintaining good public relations and friendship for the line. The benefits were tenfold contrasted to the cost. I am the one who should know.

Then too, Mr. Yahnig was witness to the removal of the locomotive bell Number 27 by Mr. Arnold Gillie, the master mechanic on his own time, and his transportation of it by auto to Reno, to the outside of the Century Club. This took place during an evening and at my request, for the purpose of inaugurating a building fund campaign for the construction of Trinity Episcopal Church. My sister-in-law, Miss Ruth Ryan, whose dance studio taught the “light fantastic” to so many of Reno’s now-grown-ups, offered a “railway choo choo” dance number. The engine bell of Number 27 was used for sound effect. It is a moot question if Clark J. Guild, Jr., Esq., who so severely raised questions at the hearing as to the use of this bell, would today, as chancellor of Trinity Church, object to the worthy purpose behind the ringing of an engine bell in 1947 at the Century Club. I am reminded of the old saying, “One should be careful not to be hoisted on his own petard.”

Mr. Yahnig also was witness to the building of a small plywood doghouse; in fact, he built it for my dog, for which I paid the railway’s auditor the sum of seven dollars. Mr. Yahnig was forced by the ICC examiner to admit that he took but one hour’s time to build the doghouse. Seven dollars produced a profit for the railway.

All that has been stated as to Mr. Yahnig’s attendance in the shops is at best trivial, insignificant, commonplace, and unimportant as compared with the prime issues at stake. Yet, the first hearing was to record such twaddle, tittle-tattle, empty talk, foolishness, and nonsense to such an extent that the

Interstate Commerce Commission's reporter exclaimed to me during a recess that in all the years of reporting ICC hearings, she could not recall such—and I quote—"trash" being permitted in the record. Perchance it was to good effect, especially so when the researcher or historian reads the findings of the ICC and those of the PSCN.

Luther Yahnig became the willing tool of the opponents. He was a rat of the highest order. He was one I had befriended financially in his endeavor to install electrical wiring in his house. I discharged him on April 22, 1949, as an enemy within the camp and ten days prior to his appearance in the witness chair. I would resort to the same procedure today. What is the sense of compromise on the federal, state, county, and city levels That is what is so wrong with our present foreign policy. The old Biblical injunctions of walking the second mile and turning the other cheek should apply in our nation's approach to the problems of the world. We are compromising with realities, realities that plainly state and prove we are faced with a philosophy diametrically opposed to the foundation stones on which this republic was erected. As I stated in the early portion of this history, there is no compromise with truth. True, we must learn to live with other thinking foreign to our own way of life, yet on the other hand, are we required to be afraid of standing up to what we believe? What the country needs today is an Andrew Jackson, a George Washington and his "Farewell Address" ready to cheer the deaf ears of Congress, a Teddy Roosevelt, and a General Patton. Luther Yahnig, with the exception of a buffoon, would appear at the second hearing as the opponents' case in chief. What a spectacle!

We are now fast approaching a drama in two acts, and I refer to the first and second hearings on our application for abandonment

before the respective commissions. With the filing of the petitions in January, 1949, it was my recommendation to Mr. McLeod that John R. Ross, Esq., be placed on a retainer for the hearings. Mr. McLeod, true to his pecuniary instincts other than where they concerned himself, objected to the expense, and his reasoning was that the Southern Pacific company's counsel and he could well represent the railway. My thinking was that the railway should have a prominent local member of the bar, one of ever-rising importance, at the counsel table. Just prior to May 2, 1949, I had a hurried long distance call from San Francisco with the Scotchman [McLeod] on the phone. He had "gotten the message." Someone had tipped him off that the opposition was negotiating for Mr. Ross's services. I was to hurry down the street, call on Mr. Ross, and place him under a retainer. This I did and Jack, with that sly twinkle in his eye, accepted the commission. It was a wise thing to do, and little did any of the interested parties realize and appreciate the fact that this prominent attorney, on the basis of merit alone, would, in 1954, be elevated to federal district judge for the district of Nevada. There is no room for argument that the honorable John R. Ross's tenure of office as a federal judge raised jurisprudence in the state of Nevada to new high levels. His concise, direct, to-the-point opinions are classic. On one occasion, he was temporarily assigned to the federal appellate court of San Francisco, and at the conclusion of the trial was required to write the opinion. This he did in such a forthright manner, devoid of doubletalk, of any evasion in mind of me whatever," that the other learned judges read, with much interest, his straight-from-the-shoulder exposition of the law. Perchance he was too strong of stature for his federal colleagues, as no second invitation was received by him. To the

contrary, Washington, D. C. dispatched him to the Hawaiian Islands with the assignment, to organize the federal district court for this new admission to the United States of America. He took with him his tried and true secretary, Freda Fisher. Together they established, in complete detail, the federal procedures, rules, and regulations somewhat at variance with state district courts.

The honorable learned judge, elevated to the federal bench on June 2, 1954, suddenly passed on while presiding over the federal district court in Portland, Oregon, April 19, 1963. His funeral was held in the Civic Auditorium, Carson City. The attendance of friends over-flowed the building and the entire stage was a mass of floral tributes. The services were conducted under the auspices of the officers of his Masonic Blue Lodge, Hope Lodge, No. 22, of Yerington. I have attended many a Masonic funeral, and I am safe in stating no presiding master ever conducted a service of more dignity than did that humble and gracious Mason who hailed from Yerington. As a Mason, I approached the earthly remains of a true and close friend, saluted him, and with the placing of my sprig of acacia on his casket, I departed with the realization that I had bade *au revoir* to a true and trusted friend.

I consider it pertinent to refer to the present governor of the state of Nevada, the honorable Paul Laxalt. Paul studied for the profession of law, and on graduation was admitted to practice by the supreme court for the state of Nevada on March 7, 1957. He became associated with his father-in-law, John R. Ross, Esq., he having married Jackie Ross. Thus much of his present-day standing, reputation, know-how, and clear insight to a problem can be attributed by him to the tutelage he received in the law office I have already referred to.

John R. Ross, Esq., was in attendance at both hearings. He was not requested to participate as counsel in the first hearing as Mr. McLeod had purchased his silence, considering Mr. R. S. Meyers, senior legal counsel of the Southern Pacific company, sufficient for the conducting of our case. It was not until the second hearing that he was requested, on a partial basis, to participate. He soon straightened out opposing counsel, and compelled an opposing witness to discontinue his erratic, ambiguous utterances.

After receiving the two certificates granting the railway an abandonment, Mr. Ross sent up by messenger to my office his fee of \$5,000. I just laughed out loud and forwarded the same by mail to one by the name of Duncan A. McLeod, Esq. The long distance phone soon rang. I was cross-examined as to what arrangements I had made with Mr. Ross, had I stated or requested a fee for his retainer, etc., etc. Mr. McLeod, to use the vernacular, was "hitting the ceiling." My reply was simple. It was not my prerogative to stipulate to Mr. Ross's fee any more than to have ascertained what his, Mr. McLeod's, fee would be. Nothing daunted, the "V & T" attorney discussed the fee charged with Mr. Ross, and he received the reply expressed in Latin, *res Ipsa Loquitur* [the matter speaks for itself]. That settled the matter and Jack Ross was issued a check in the sum of \$5,000.

One more situation before we raise the curtain on the hearings of our petition for abandonment held before the joint commissions. On a certain evening, and without prior indication, my house phone at Reno rang. The caller was Mr. Vernon Durkee, who, as previously stated, purchased, mark you, at his own figure, the Virginia and Truckee Transit company. Whether an extension line was open, I cannot say. In any event, Mr. Durkee was the spokesman for Mr.

James Wood and himself. I listened to the build up of conversation to the effect that the purchasers had paid too much for the transit company and now requested a reduction to a much lower sum, accompanied by a veiled suggestion the railway might experience opposition at the hearings. One could have knocked me over with a feather! Here was a man of good repute, a friend of mine, as he is to this day, attempting to renege on a closed contract, or sales agreement, with the entire capital stock in escrow with the Nevada Bank of Commerce. My answer was short and to the point; the deal stood. Not to be denied, Mr. James B. Wood sought the legal services of John R. Ross, knowing Mr. Ross was under retainer to the railway! There was but one answer, and I watched Jimmy's daily attendance at the first hearing as a spectator from a rear bench.

We now come to May 2, 1949, the day set for the hearing of our petitions. The first hearing took the greater part of three days, May 2, 3, 4. The examiner for the Interstate Commerce Commission was Mr. R. M. Peterson. Messrs. J. G. Allard, chairman, commissioner Alfred Merritt Smith, and secretary Lee S. Scott appeared for the Public Service Commission of Nevada. R. S. Meyers, Esq., assistant general attorney for the Southern Pacific company, Duncan A. McLeod, Esq., attorney for the Virginia and Truckee railway, and associate counsel for the railway, John R. Ross, Esq., appeared for the applicant. Douglas A. Busey, Esq., and Clark J. Guild, Jr., Esq., appeared for the protestants. Mr. Robert A. Allen sat with me, together with Mrs. Eileen English, my secretary, and Miss Patricia Emery, the railway's auditor. Between us there had been compiled in separate folders, data, statistics, correspondence, etc., covering any questions that might be raised at the hearing. In front of me was an index

to these extensive preparations. It was a wise precaution, as I was in the position to answer a variety of questions without requesting time to obtain the information desired. We were ready, but little realized what lay ahead.

To better appreciate the attack, one must understand the characteristics of the opposing counsel. Douglas Busey, admitted to the practice of law by the Nevada supreme court on December 6, 1932, was a seasoned attorney of some sixteen years. His method of approach was to scare or frighten the witness, whereas Clark J. Guild, Jr. admitted to practice some eight months prior to the first hearing, while incisive in his questioning, extended every courtesy to the witness.

A. D. Welty, freight traffic solicitor for the Southern Pacific company, gave his evidence as to the available market in the area served by the railway. His statement that the bulk of outbound shipments was controlled by the buyers went unchallenged.

R. A. Allen took the witness chair and was subjected to a severe and biting cross-examination. The spectacle of two young attorneys questioning the qualifications of this witness and his extensive analytical survey and report, concurred in by Messrs. Holgate and Stoutenberg, was, to say the least, irresponsible individualism. Mr. Allen's testimony was unimpeachable and he was excused.

Mr. J. B. Egan, Bureau of Transportation for the Southern Pacific company, placed in evidence a chart showing the cost of operations per mile of the applicant railway, as compared with eight other short-line railways over a period of eight years. The "V & T" cost was the lowest. The opposition did not wish to hear this kind of evidence. They had in mind a different form of attack—mismanagement.

Then the lightning struck. I was being questioned about bookends, banquet tables,

doghouses, engine bells, having three secretaries, and other imaginative, fantastic questions.

The researcher should, by all means, read the flaring heads and sub-heads as used by the newspapers. My newspaper clipping scrapbooks are on deposit with the "V & T" special collection at the University of Nevada Library. There one may read blow by blow, charge after charge leveled at me and my management. I was being drawn, quartered, excoriated, and pilloried. Stunned at the unfairness of it all, I looked across at the three stony-faced attorneys of the railway, expecting objections to this line of questioning. None were forthcoming. Thus I became angry and irritated at what so obviously was untrue and basically irrelevant. At the first recess that morning, I at once cornered the learned counsels as to why the record was not corrected by their bringing out in evidence the true facts surrounding these accusations. Mr. McLeod, with a certain amount of glee, pointed out to me that our case in chief had not been attacked—the three engineers' report, and the filed exhibits, and the more the opponents discussed bookends, doghouses, and bells, etc., all the better for our side. That did not satisfy me, was my reply. So Mr. Meyers, in the afternoon session, referred to these matters as of no consequence. (I have previously explained in this history these referred to activities that took place in the Carson City railway shops.)

Mr. Luther Yahnig took the stand. I fixed my gaze on him and he could not accept it. Poor Luther presented a sorry figure as he labored in his Germanic manner to create something out of nothing. A stool pigeon at best is but a stool pigeon.

Mr. Busey came up with an alarming recommendation. He requested the commissioners to assess the stockholders

a sufficient sum of money with which to recondition the railway's properties. Douglas Busey, for the moment, forgot his basic law as his request fell on deaf ears. What if he had been on the other side of the fence?

If I have not said it previously, I wish to say now that no railway auto was used by me in traveling between Reno and Carson City. I used my own car from 1939 to 1951, and paid for my own gas and insurance.

Various shippers and consignees of the Minden-Gardnerville area gave evidence. H. L. Hansen stated his Cooperative Creamery would suffer a definite hardship if abandonment was granted. He stated rail competition was needed to keep the truck rates down. He admitted ninety-five percent of his inbound products reached him by truck. Mr. Hansen made an excellent witness for the railway. The evidence of these individuals from the area mentioned could best be summed up by saying that their double-talk, misstatements, and truth had an equal footing.

Mr. E. H. Walker of the Reno Chamber of Commerce appeared for the opponents. Ed, who was past his prime, mumbled and jumbled transportation figures to his heart's content. He had no specific recommendation as to how the "V & T" could continue in operation. I knew Ed over a period of many years and at a time when he was considered an authority on tariff rates and transportation matters in general. Examiner Paul C. Albus, who prepared the Interstate Commerce Commission report recommending the railway be abandoned summed up expert E. H. Walker's evidence as follows; "Since his results produced the same operating deficits, a detailed analysis of the exhibit appears unnecessary. In a situation as here, where the financial results of operation continue to be so disastrous, there is no evidence warranting

a hope for substantial improvement in the future.

At this juncture I think it well to state some of the salaries and wages that were paid the employees of the railway in the year 1949. Freight traffic manager, \$300 per month; Minden agent, \$225; office clerks, \$225; chief dispatcher, \$300; auditor, \$225; office secretary, \$225; general manager operating three companies, \$500, and that only for the last year of the railway's existence—heretofore it was \$425; legal counsel, that is to say, Mr. McLeod, \$250 a month; station janitor, \$175; roadmaster, \$300; section foreman, \$1.05 per hour; section laborers, \$0.87 1/2 per hour; train engineer, \$1.00 per hour for twelve hours with no overtime allowance; train fireman, \$0.75 per hour; train conductor, \$0.83 per hour; train brakeman, \$0.75 per hour, all for twelve hours work and again with no allowance for overtime. The master mechanic received the high wage of \$1.50 per hour; the senior shop help, \$1.25 an hour; the hostler at the Reno roundhouse received the magnificent salary of \$175 per month. And yet the opposition was to state through its witnesses that the railway could be more economically operated.

Going back to that one salary that sticks so much in my mind, William Recker, locomotive engineer, who almost took his life in hand on a day-to-day basis was paid \$1.00 per hour for reporting at six a.m. at the Reno roundhouse and terminating his day's employment at six p.m. at the same roundhouse.

Even in 1949 these salaries and wages were 'way below standard. No wonder Mr. Egan stated that the "V & T's" operating costs were the lowest, and yet there is to appear at the second hearing one who will claim he could effect many economies over the entire operation of the line.

The first hearing terminated with Mr. Busey's statement of intention to request a second hearing, at which time he promised to produce: one, an unbiased railroad mechanical and civil engineer, as to what repairs to the railway were necessary; two, testimony as to the future gypsum deposits at Mound House, estimated at 200,000 tons; three, the report on the upstream storage plan for the Carson River; four, the charge that Sampson had made false statements. Thus, the curtain was lowered on the first act of this comedy, and I use the word advisedly; the evidence of Messrs. Allen and Egan and the filing of the exhibits had not been refuted. The opponents from Minden and Gardnerville presented a sorry picture with their suggestions as to how the railway could break even in its operating costs. Thus, Sampson and his mismanagement became the target of abuse and castigation. This was their case in chief. Fruitless proposals and promised irrelevant undertakings were to become the order of the day at the second hearing. In the interval the railway must carry on and operate to the best of its abilities.

I appointed Patrick Allen roadmaster on May 12, in place of the disloyal former roadmaster, Luther Yahnig, and a more loyal, serious, and industrious official, one could not ask for. How Pat kept the line in operation over the winter, 1949-1950, I still cannot understand. Little did any of us realize in January, 1949, when the petitions were filed, that we would be in operation as late as May 31, 1951. Why serious derailments and personal injuries were not experienced is solely due to the watchful eye of Pat Allen and his crew.

The California-Nevada Railroad Historical Society made the newspaper headlines with a black-bordered invitation which stated:

The Society regrets to announce the passing of the Virginia and Truckee railway, age eighty years. Services will be held Sunday, May 29, 1949, on board the train enroute Reno to Minden.

A storm broke loose; the papers raved! Sampson was attempting to bury the railway before it was dead. I was charged with a cut-and dried policy for retiring the line and aiding the stockholders in this regard. Once more Sampson had a noose around his neck; the opponents were in high glee.

What are the facts? Months prior to the first hearing, talks were held between the society's officers and me as to the running of a "fan excursion," Reno to Minden and return to Reno. Not one word was uttered as to such a proposal being a last trip or burial of the railway. The latter was a figment of imagination, and I suspect who the author was. This incident was so exaggerated that it became necessary for me to insert a large ad in the papers denying the charge that this was a last excursion prior to abandonment.

I was hot on the long distance phone concerning this embarrassment. The society said finally, in the Nevada State Journal on May 22, 1949, and I quote:

It was emphatically pointed out yesterday that their plans call only for an all-out two-day event in the best historical style and has nothing to do with ending the career of the famous short line railway as was mistakenly reported in some California papers.

On the date of May 26, 1949, I forwarded the following letter to the *Nevada Appeal*:

Dear Editor:

From various recent news resources and from other sources coming to our attention, it is apparent that some confusion exists in the communities served by this railway as to our present and future operations as a common carrier. Everyone is aware that this railway has applications for abandonment filed with the ICC and the Nevada PSC. One hearing has already been held with the possibility of future hearings. This railway, along with all parties concerned in our petition, have no knowledge at the present time as to the outcome of the proceedings. Not until a decision is handed down by the respective commissions will the future of this railway and its operations be determined. In the meantime, we, as a common carrier, are continuing and will continue our daily business as we have over the past eighty years. Our organization remains intact, and we are actively soliciting every ton of freight available, both from present and prospective shippers and consignees.

An excursion, like many in the past, and let us hope more to come, is being held at the California-Nevada Railroad Historical Society over our line on Sunday, May 29.

This railway is a means of bringing to Nevada 400 prominent citizens of our sister states. It is thus promoting good interstate relationships with resultant benefit for the communities served by us.

This railway and its management accepts no responsibility for the

publicity put out by the Society. This is their train, their excursion, and their advertising.

Regardless of what confusion may have been caused in the minds of the few, we all will extend to these neighbors of ours a most hearty welcome. Let's send them back home with a good opinion of this state, its institutions and its sound citizens.

We enclose two advertisements which we ask you to insert in your next issue. They should clarify any existing confusion as to our continued operations.

C. A. Sampson,
Vice president
V & T Railway

The excursion was made by approximately 450 fans. They had the time of their lives! The ICC granted permission to operate retired locomotive No. 27. Four flatcars, two boxcars, a tunnel car, a construction car, a flanger, a mailcar, a caboose, and baggage and coach car was the consist. Lunch was served in the shops on two-inch plank tables, the banquet tables Mr. Yahnig complained about in his evidence. Happily, due to the guards on duty at the ends of each piece of equipment, no injuries were experienced.

July 1, 1949, the attorneys for the opponents filed a petition for a further hearing with the Public Service Commission of Nevada. Our side protested and denial of our protest was entered. The second hearing was set for September 26, 1949.

The first week of August saw Mr. Nick Carter, a groceryman of Carson City, at my office with a request. Mr. Carter, almost with tears in his eyes, spoke on behalf of Carson City's unborn children and the need of a

recreational park. There was no such park at the time. His words were eloquent and sincere. One would gather from this impression that future generations growing up in Carson City would never have the facilities of a park unless I used my influence to obtain land belonging to the properties of the railway. I promised cooperation, wrote Mr. Leslie H. Moore, president, and suggested they form a committee. All of us had in mind the valuable parcel of land adjacent to Highway 50 and on the outskirts of Carson City. It contained a fine stand of shade trees. Such a committee was formed, and one of its members was Mr. Willis E. Dial, a realtor renting space in the "V & T" station, who was about to cause the Carson City Chamber of Commerce to issue its check for \$200 as an additional fee to opponents' counsel. Here we have, on the one hand, a supplicant for a free grant of tract land and, on the other hand, an endeavor to fight the proposed donor. What a paradox!

Now comes on August 19, a Cecil Dunn. More about Mr. Dunn when I record the second hearing. Suffice for now to state his report to the opponents in part called for more efficient management, rehabilitation costs, and recommendations for operating changes which would reduce costs. I am reminded of the saying, "Fools enter where angels fear to tread."

On August 26, 1949, the chamber of commerce of Carson City joined in opposition to our petitions. The only relief in the manner of support came to me from an unexpected quarter, on August 31, 1949. The American Legion, Capitol Post No. 24 of Carson City spelled out for all the world to see, words of tribute for a few of the good things that I, as manager, had done for the community. Included in their list were picnic benches under the trees, the only ones in Carson

City, horseshoe pitching layout, barbecue pit for the Indians, erection of a large display billboard sign advertising Carson City, the use of the shops for the building of floats for the Admission Day parade, free parking on the auditorium lot, financial assistance to churches and the recently-opened Carson City hospital, and the use of the station grounds for the Capitol Post No. 4 carnival. Ye gods, did I do all that? Was this part of the mismanagement Messrs. Guild and Busey and Cecil Dunn would correct?

The second hearing took place on September 26, 1949. The appropriate officials of the Interstate Commerce Commission, having read the transcript of the first hearing, deemed it of such little further importance that they requested the chairman of the Public Service Commission of Nevada to conduct the sessions for both commissions. Here we have a regulatory body whose jurisdiction was interstate traffic, assigning the hearing to a body whose sole jurisdiction was that of intrastate traffic. The "V & T" had practically no intrastate traffic other than a small percentage of LCL over-the-road freight. The same legal counsel for both sides were present. Mr. Allard was supported by commissioner Smith and secretary Scott. Mr. Allen was with me, my secretary, and the railway' auditor. It would be repetitious for me to record the evidences o the group from Minden and Gardnerville, nor will I take time to make mention of Mr. Allen once more being the subject of a grilling

I only mention my appearance on the stand for the reason John R. Ross, Esq., was caused to exclaim, and I quote from the *Nevada Appeal* of September 27, 1949:

In the initial stages of the hearing, it appeared to be a criminal case of the United States and the people of Carson

City, Nevada vs. Gordon Sampson and the "V & T." I thought perhaps in this case we had abandoned that and were listening to matters as to whether the "V & T" can or cannot be made to pay.

That did it. A senior citizen of Carson City had spoken. The legal advisor of the governor of the state of Nevada, and one who was to be elevated to the federal bench, had put Mr. Busey in his place. Nothing further along these lines was heard from opposing counsel.

One of the highlights before the introduction of the star actor of the opponents was the testimony of Frank Guy, chief maintenance officer of the Southern Pacific company, retired in March 31, 1948. He presented an eight-page document on how much he estimated it would cost to rehabilitate the Virginia and Truckee railway. His figure came to \$1,613,098.95, which was roughly half of the estimate given by Mr. Robert Allen. Despite vigorous objections from attorney Busey, the following statement by Mr. Guy was admitted into the record, "I think the "V & T" is in worse condition than any railroad that has come under my observation. I think that it is unsafe to operate in its present condition. I would say that the roadbed is not safe at present for either personnel or for the public."

Go back to where I gave the quotation of Mr. John R. Ross which terminated with the following sentence, "I thought perhaps in this case we had abandoned that and were listening to matters as to whether the 'V & T' can or cannot be made to pay." Now I add the following. He further said that if attorney Busey was correct in his assumption that abandonment should not be heralded that

whenever a railroad conceives the idea that it must apply for

abandonment, then all of the railroad officials must bury themselves where they cannot communicate with the world and admit among themselves that an abandonment is in contemplation, all of which is ridiculous.

The hearing listened patiently to the opponents from the Minden-Gardnerville area. What they stated was repetitious of their former evidence. The general theme was a preference for the trucks and, by allowing the railway to continue, the truck rate would be held up without regard as to how the railway could continue to operate. Perish the thought. They were solely concerned in their own selfish interests.

Mr. Ed Walker once more appeared with a series of figures, all of which meant nothing. His main contribution was the recommendation that the railway operate on a bi-weekly basis, to all of which the opponents at the end of the line at Minden and Gardnerville readily agreed. Naturally, dear old Ed gave no thought as to the cancellation of the United States Post Office railway car, the revenue from which provided the life-blood of the line at this crucial period. Just fancy the capital of the state receiving its mail three times a week! Here was a good example of a man well experienced in tariffs, transportation matters, etc., a former secretary of the Public Service Commission of Nevada, showing a lack of knowledge compared to mine.

The second hearing closed with the introduction of a complete farce. Webster's dictionary defines the word "farce" as "an exaggerated comedy based on broadly humorous situations, something absurd or ridiculous." The single actor in this comedy was Cecil Dunn, chairman of the department

of economics at the Occidental College, Los Angeles. In addition to this position, the *Nevada State Journal* of September 27, 1949, stated:

A successful Los Angeles economist yesterday offered to take a year off from his business to assume management of the Virginia and Truckee railroad and place it on a paying basis . . . The economist, Cecil Dunn, of the Los Angeles firm of Dunn and Coe, made the offer during a lively second hearing with the proposed abandonment of the historic "V & T" short line railway.

How was it that Mr. Dunn, possessed of those characteristics germane to Los Angeles, appeared on the scene? It appears an office clerk of the Oliver Lumber Company who had taken a short course in economics from Mr. Dunn (I am unaware if Mr. Dunn held a college degree) suggested to Mr. Oliver that Mr. Dunn be brought to Carson City with the endeavor of proving the line could be operated at a profit under proper and efficient management. Mr. Oliver, whose lumberyard was on our land at Carson City at a low, low rental, forwarded his clerk's recommendation to the opposition. Incidentally, Charlie Oliver, who I had befriended in many ways, sat in his office dressed in his best Sunday-go-meeting suit dying to appear at the second hearing and denounce me for having sold some year 1872 obsolete engine lathes from the Carson City shops, and out of use for the previous fifteen years. He was not called. What an apt illustration of repaying a kindness with a kick in the teeth.

In the early part of this history I recorded the years spent at Los Angeles. Mention was not made as to the public in general as my

remarks were restricted to the motion picture industry. It is nothing new to state the city of the angels has more crackpots to the square mile than any other city in America. It takes the form of religious zealots, get-rich-quick schemers, rabid politicians, drummed-up movements, and all that sort of thing I recall the leader of the "I AM" cult. He sat on a high-backed chair at the Shrine auditorium and informed an audience of thousands that Christ was about to appear beside his chair, but we would be unable to see Him. A young lady in soft Grecian robes played soothing music on the violin as Christ made His entry, but we did not see Him. This big "I AM" would, for a certain fee, encase you in an invisible purple tube with the guarantee you would never die but would be carried directly into heaven. The leader of this cult was carefully embalmed by a local undertaker and now reposes under six feet of sod in some cemetery of greater Los Angeles.

Mr. Dunn took the stand equipped with, in my words, a "watch my smoke, boys" attitude, a sliderule, and a general air that he already had appointed himself manager of the railway as a replacement to me. Over the past twenty years, Nevada at large and Reno in particular, has listened to promoters from out of state who were about to do great things for the local burghers. The one thing these apostles of the fast-talk lack is money. In 1957 we Nevadans termed this "venture money." That is to say, "I have an idea and you put up the cash." Good old Los Angeles.

With a glib tongue in his cheek, this authority on economics unburdened himself of this plan to solve all the railway's difficulties. First, purchase, or lease, the railway from the present owners and bring it under local management. Two, strip all equipment and facilities not absolutely essential for efficient operation. Third, equip the line with one or two

diesel engines to replace present steam locos. Four, stimulate by an active and thorough solicitation both freight and passenger traffic. The one thing lacking was money, and Mr. Dunn did not at any time make mention as to where this necessary piece of finance would be obtained. With the exception of point one, the other three had my attention long before abandonment was ever considered. As to equipment, we had eaten the last flesh off our bones.

At this juncture, Mr. Dunn, the economist, produced a series of charts to an almost empty courtroom. Very few citizens of Carson City were present. In addition to charts, he produced statistics to bear out his contention. His precision in testifying was carried down even to the sliderule already mentioned in order to put over a point at one time.

I was closely watching the faces of Messrs. Busey and Guild all this time. They, in my opinion, had a hot potato on their hands. Aided and abetted with his sliderule, the visitor from the south maintained that the earnings of the railroad were closely related to the income level of the state of Nevada. The *Reno Evening Gazette* of September 27, 1949, quotes him as follows:

During a period of state prosperity it would not be unreasonable to state that earnings of the "V & T" would be favorable.

Here you have a theorist in his finest form. Just how the rapid growth of Las Vegas and the prosperity of that area would result in increased revenues to the "V & T" is beyond my powers of comprehension. Waxing eloquent, he added in a casual manner that, "I wouldn't mind taking a year off to make the 'V & T' show a profit." Under questions asked him as to what would transpire with the railway if he failed to

show a profit after one year's experimentation, he naively replied he would turn it back to the shareholders. Thus Mr. Dunn was to play with his blocks for a year and when tired, seek some new venture.

The *Journal* of January 31, 1950, made mention of a new, unusual proposal by this economic wizard. He suggested in Los Angeles that a \$60,000,000 truck bypass be tunneled through the Tehachapi Mountains in order to lighten traffic on the busy ridge route.

Mr. Dunn faced a stiff, withering cross-examination from Mr. Meyers and Mr. Ross. He was told his questions were unintelligible as directed at Robert A. Allen. Mr. Dunn had been granted an appearance, and thus had the permission to examine Mr. Allen. He was in his element. To sum up my reaction to the man an office clerk had recommended, may I quote from Tachos, King of Egypt, "The mountain was in labor but it brought forth a mouse."

In confirmation of that part of my "V & T" history where it concerned "the great betrayal," the *Carson Appeal* of September 27, 1949, stated:

The attorneys for the protestants put William C. Sanford, a Reno lawyer, on the stand and he testified that he entered negotiations with the ultimate goal of abandoning the utility. Sanford said that he dealt with Ben Edwards, a Reno realtor. Edwards, according to Sanford, in turn represented an unnamed group including a Chicago junkman. That group was interested in purchasing the rolling stock, ties, and equipment of the "V & T." Sanford later entered into negotiations with Duncan McLeod, the "V & T"-retained counsel, who represented railway officials including members of the Ogden Mills Estate in New York.

First offer of [this is all in quotes from the newspaper] \$300,000 for the entire system was turned down but a later offer of \$340,000 was acceptable and agreed between Sanford and McLeod with the contract culminated by a handshake. Later, however, that action was nullified.

Yes, I was the one responsible for nullifying the deal, and this evidence confirms the telegrams included in my narrative, especially the "iron curtain" telegram.

During the testimony of attorney Sanford, Duncan A. McLeod sat silent, clammed up, and with a blank expression on his face. Thus the hearing closed with chairman Allard's requirement that briefs by both sides be filed with the commission within sixty days.

It is fitting to quote from Kipling's "Recessional": "The tumult and the shouting dies. The captains and the kings depart."

I consider it appropriate to place in the history at this point the report submitted by Paul C. Albus, examiner. (By way of explanation, all the hearings held before the respective commissions were taken down in shorthand, transcribed, and submitted to the appropriate officials of the respective commissions. Accordingly, a Mr. Paul C. Albus, a member of the ICC, sitting in his office in Washington, D. C., and having in front of him the transcript of both hearings, all the reports, exhibits, etc., proceeded to summarize and draw up the pertinent points concerning the application of the "V & T" railway for abandonment. It would be his recommendation to the commission as to whether an abandonment certificate of convenience and necessity should be issued.

It is my intention to quote considerable from the examiner's report, but will omit a considerable amount of the statistical and traffic figures which are not germane to

what I wish to bring out and emphasize. It is my desire to show where this examiner substantiates, without equivocation, the merits and propriety of the Virginia and Truckee railway's applying for abandonment. Accordingly, I will make comments and then will quote various sentences.

Mr. Albus commences with our application for abandonment and refers to those who protested. He states that the line was first constructed in the year 1872 and in the year 1905 was extended as a branch line from Carson City to Minden, a distance of some fifteen miles. He stated:

Approximately twenty-one miles of the line between Reno and Carson City are laid with sixty-pound rail forty, to forty-five years old, and the remaining ten and a half miles, together with the entire fifteen and a half miles between Carson City and Minden are fifty six-pound, seventy to seventy-four years old.

He then goes on to discuss salvage values and recoverable amounts in the event of abandonment. He next points out the interchange of traffic between the "V & T" railway and that of the Southern Pacific and the Western Pacific at Reno. He mentions the various stations maintained by the railway over its entire mileage. He gives the population of the various localities. And for the historian I will quote:

The applicant estimates the population of the territory tributary to the line, excluding Reno, at 12,000 persons.

Again quoting the examiner:

A hard-surfaced highway closely parallels the line for its entire length. Common carrier bus and truck operations, including one of the largest carriers of property in the West, are authorized to operate over this highway. In addition, numerous private and contract motor carriers, some of the latter handling only livestock, serve the community along the line.

He then comments about certain of the ranchers in the Minden-Gardnerville area making use of over-the-road motor carriers.

The next point discussed is the passenger traffic handled by the railway over the last several years. I quote:

The decrease in the 1948 passenger traffic was attributed by the applicant to the discontinuance, in the interests of safety, of special excursion trains operated over the line, particularly on Admission Day, and the increase in bus transportation over the highway paralleling the line.

The next paragraph deals with freight traffic handlers, and I quote a portion of such remarks as follows:

In excess of fifty percent of the carload traffic inbound consisted of petroleum products.

I offer this comment to refresh one's memory. I alone was responsible in forcing the return to the rails of inbound tank petroleum products on the lifting of the wartime embargo.

The examiner proceeds, and I quote as follows:

Practically all the traffic is interline, and moves in interstate traffic. Based on the length of haul on the line, the divisions of through rates allocated to the applicant on interline traffic are fair. Applicant's efforts to have such divisions increased were not successful.

Comment: You will recall that I discussed this subject matter at the time of the delegation's visit to the office of the president of the Southern Pacific, when an endeavor was made to obtain for the railway a larger percentage of these divisions as against the short mileage haul of thirty or forty-six miles.

The next item of importance in this report is a discussion of the extensive gypsum deposits, supposedly located at Mound House, and it will be recalled an exhibit was entered as to the number of carload shipments over the years 1946, '47, and '48, outbound destinations to the San Francisco Bay area and other coastal points. His report goes on to say:

Only three carloads were handled in the first eight months of 1949. The reason for the decline being that a deposit of gypsum near Bakersfield was comparable in quality to that located at Mound House, that the shorter distances involved afforded delivery to destinations at less transportation cost.

I would like to clarify the examiner's remarks, especially on account of the allegations by opposing counsel and a witness from Virginia City by the name of Mr. T. Reid. The reason the deposit at Mound House was able to be transported to the Sacramento

Valley at a cost the ranchers could absorb was *solely* due to a wartime federal subsidy. Prior to the movement of gypsum from Mound House, the same ranchers had been content with a lower percentage of gypsum out of the Bakersfield areas. (Let me say here that gypsum is used sort of as a mulch to fertilize and condition the soil.) That is the sole reason why the ranchers entertained the purchase and shipment of gypsum from Mound House, Nevada, and over our lines. When the federal subsidy was terminated, back they went to the Bakersfield gypsum. In the face of strenuous efforts made on my part to have a continuance of this movement, all resulted in naught. I wish also to record the fact that there was no remaining 200,000 tons of gypsum at Mound House. I used the services of two experienced men in the chemical field where gypsum is concerned, went out with them to the site, and was informed that the cream of the crop had been skimmed off and shipped. Just one more illustration of the exaggerated statements made by unqualified persons.

The next part of the report deals with income accounts. And here is his concluding remark:

The average annual deficit for the years 1928 to 1948, both inclusive, was \$21,414 or a total of \$449,680. No dividends have been paid on applicant stock for more than twenty years.

He then discussed continuing deficits, mentioning that the operations were continued through voluntary advances by its principal stockholders and from the sale of capital assets, the proceeds of which were used to pay, and I want to emphasize,

operating expense. He goes on to say, and I quote:

The holders of the notes subordinated their approved claims against the applicant in favor of the full and complete payment to all other creditors, and the voluntary receivership proceeding, instituted by applicant in April, 1938, was dismissed. The assets sold included scrap equipment and rails, salvage materials recovered from the abandonment of the line from Carson City to Virginia City and the sale of the Virginia-Truckee Transit Company, a motor vehicle subsidiary of the applicant utilized in the handling of less than carload traffic between 1937 and the date of the first hearing. The sum total of the loans and sales made to and by the applicant amounted to \$221,881, all of which was used as working capital.

As a comment, may I emphasize the examiner's statement that the shareholders had permitted the sum of \$221,881 not to be returned to them as a sum payment on their stockholdings or otherwise, but that it remained with the officials of the railway to be used solely for working capital, which means permitting the railway to continue in operation over a further period of years.

He next discussed the balance sheet and then proceeded to discuss the cost of rehabilitating the line. Let me quote a portion:

Applicant's witnesses described the property as being in a dilapidated state of maintenance. Stub switches installed at the time of construction are still in use and

should be eliminated because they are antiquated and constitute an operational hazard. Each of the nine major and twenty-nine minor bridges on the line is in need of repair to some extent in order to take care of the deferred maintenance that has been accumulated for many years when only temporary repairs were made. Ties, rails, and ballast also are in a deteriorated condition. A firm of engineers employed by the applicant made a detailed survey of the line over a four-month period beginning December, 1948, and determined that a complete rebuilding of the railroad would be required in order to provide a proper safety factor in accordance with modern railway practices. The only variance as to the cost was in respect to the type of rails to be used. For a new re-rail, the estimates ranged from a low of \$2,835,038 for sixty-pound to a high of \$3,491,542 for ninety-pound. For re-lay rail, the figures were \$2,672,898 and \$3,146,343, respectively. Minor adjustments in the estimates were made at the original hearing to reflect the cost of rails both new and re-lay in effect at that time. But the total cost of rehabilitation on the basis of the engineers' report was not changed materially. An expenditure of the amount recommended in the report would produce a first-class railroad capable of handling a faster speed, a greater density of traffic than is now moving over the line.

The examiner now proceeds to discuss the second hearing of the application for retirement and I quote:

At the second hearing a retired civil engineer with more than forty years experience in railroad maintenance work with the Southern Pacific company, testified that he made a two-day inspection tour of the line and concluded that an expenditure of \$1,613,099 would be necessary to rehabilitate the railroad in order to handle safely the present day traffic. If diesel power were substituted for the steam power now used, items totaling \$99,881 could be eliminated. The witness, Mr. Guy, stated that the applicant's line is worse than any railroad that has come under his observation and that it is unsafe to operate in its present condition.

As to other property items connected with the right of way, the examiner stated, and I quote:

Many of the defects with respect to ties, bridges, rails, fences, and buildings have existed for a long time, and while there is a difference of opinion between witnesses for the applicant and for the contestants as to the amount of rehabilitation necessary for continued operation, the record is conclusive that such rehabilitation would be extensive because of the general run-down condition of the applicant's line and equipment.

The applicant owns three locomotives, one of which was purchased second-hand for \$5,000 and is in fair condition.

The other two were purchased in 1907 and 1912 and are in need of general overhauling at estimated costs

of \$9,448 and \$11,090 respectively. A witness for the applicant stated that if such repairs were made, the engines would be usable for about a further four years. The boiler on one of the locomotives has been condemned and that engine is now out of service. The tires of the other are very thin and together with the boiler tubes should be renewed immediately.

The examiner then goes on to refer to evidence given by various ranchers out of the Minden-Gardnerville area as to the movement of cattle and hay, etc., from that area.

One witness in particular, the examiner said, and I quote:

He said that the truck route from Minden through Reno to destination in California around San Francisco is hazardous and results in excessive shrinkage and damage to the livestock in transit. The witness admits, however, there are constant movements of cattle and sheep both in and out of the area by motor carriers.

As a comment, what this witness was stating is that while there is more damage and shrinkage to cattle moving over the highways due to the rubbing and bouncing movements of the trucks, they prefer to send their cattle so damaged to destination rather than by the slower movement by cattle car over the railways. The examiner refers to my friend Mr. Hansen of the Cooperative Creamery at Minden, who again expressed the opinion that loss of rail service would result in increased freight rates and would work a definite hardship on the continued

operation of the plant. Hansen used the same old battle cry, keep the rails spiked down so that we will enjoy lower LCL rates.

The examiner goes on to discuss the protests made that the applicant failed to develop rail traffic in the territory tributary to the line. Let me quote from his remarks:

The applicant employed a traffic solicitor in an effort to increase business on the line. The precarious financial position of the applicant did not permit the longer employment in such a capacity. The report of the solicitor was discouraging with respect to a substantial improvement traffic-wise in the Carson Valley district.

In this connection it should be noted that both the Southern Pacific and Western Pacific railroads employed full-time traffic representatives to canvass the shippers and receivers of rail traffic in the area served by the applicant's line. Then I quote:

In no sense of the word will the present record support a finding that the applicant has suffered from a want of traffic solicitation, and even if such were the case, the commission heretofore has held consistently that shippers who have to be importuned to use the railway have no urgent need for it.

Mr. Albus then discusses my good friend Ed Walker of the Reno Chamber of Commerce, and he comes up with the same answer that I determined, and I quote:

But since the results produced the same operating deficits as heretofore

shown by the applicant a detailed analysis of the exhibit appears unnecessary. Percentage of change in the separate accounts is immaterial in a situation, as here, where the financial results of operation continue to be so disastrous and there is no evidence warranting a hope for substantial improvement in the future.

The examiner was quick to realize the importance of Mr. Walker's recommendation that the railway be reduced to a bi- or tri-weekly train. He promptly points out:

In either event, be it bi- or tri-weekly, the applicant points out that its mail contract producing the revenue averaging in excess of \$18,000 a year would be lost if daily service over the line is not maintained.

Less frequent service also would adversely affect the volume of other commodities such as livestock, petroleum products, and particularly hot asphalt, which must be delivered before it cools.

Comment: Here you have, as I said before, a man—Mr. Walker—who was experienced in the problems of freight transportation coming up with an asinine recommendation. If he knew anything about hot asphalt, he should know that it must be dropped from the tank cars within a certain period of hours before it becomes so congealed that acetylene torches and other heating equipment must be resorted to in order to get the flow.

Now comes the examiner's comments about Sampson and his bookend, *et al* activities:

Criticism of applicant's management was made because railroad employees

worked on certain projects that had no connection whatsoever with the operation of the line and because the general manager of applicant, who lives in Reno, used a company-owned automobile in traveling from his home to the company's office at Carson City and return each day. The records show that some employees' time was spent in making bookends out of the ties removed from the abandoned track between Carson City and Virginia City and in doing certain other small commercial jobs, the costs of which were nominal and paid for by the parties for whom the work was done. The use of the company car for transportation of the general manager between his home and office was not unreasonable.

As a comment, I have already stated there was *no* company owned car, and this transportation cost was entirely assumed by myself. This point was not cleared up at either of the hearings and the only reason that can be assigned is that the attorneys for the applicant overlooked it.

The next paragraph deals with the economic specialist from Los Angeles. The examiner embodies in his report more or less what had already been recorded by me. However, the conclusion of this paragraph states:

The witness readily admitted that he had had no experience in operating a railroad. The applicant estimates that two light diesel units of the type required for operation on a line would cost approximately \$140,000 and the savings in operating expenses would thereafter amount to only \$1,595 a year.

Comment: There you have an economist at this very best. If one was to figure the interest on the investment of \$140,000 even a grade school boy well-versed in arithmetic could figure the result would be much larger than the savings of \$1,595 a year!

Mention is next made about the negotiations in 1948 which I labeled "the great betrayal," and I will quote the entire paragraph:

In 1948, negotiations were carried on between officials of the applicant and a Reno attorney representing undisclosed principals for the purchase of the line. An offer was made, conditioned upon the abandonment of the railway being authorized by the regulatory bodies having jurisdiction in the premises, but an agreement was never consummated. The prospective purchaser was in the salvage business and was not interested in acquiring the line for continued operation.

If the researcher or historian has read my narrative correctly, he can read between the lines of this short paragraph and draw his own conclusions.

Now comes a most important paragraph which I must quote in toto:

It is evident from the record that operation of the line during the past twenty years has resulted in continuing substantial deficits. Consequently, funds necessary to maintain the line have not been available so that now its physical condition is deplorable. It is generally conceded that such maintenance expenditures must be made in order to provide continued operation of the line, the only disagreement between

witnesses for the applicant, and the protestants is the amount of such expenditure.

Perhaps the estimates of the applicant are somewhat overstated, but in view of the present and prospective rail traffic available in the tributary territory, the expenditure of an amount reasonably necessary for rehabilitation of the line would not be warranted. The applicant's present financial plight developed, despite the fact that for eight years, 1939 to 1946, the latest period for which statistics were available at the time of the original hearing, the railway operating expenses per mile of line operated by the applicant were less than those of any other railroad of approximately the same length in western territory.

As a comment, may I again emphasize the fact that Messrs. Murphy, Bigelow, and Sampson had operated the railway at lesser cost than any other short line railway. According to Mr. Busey, this was inefficient mismanagement.

The examiner went on, and I quote:

Abandonment of the line without a doubt will result in some inconvenience for consignees of carload traffic at Minden. It is significant, however, that although more than half of the carload business handled to destinations on the line consisted of petroleum products, not a single shipper of those commodities appeared at either hearing in opposition to the application.

Comment: What's the examiner talking about? He is telling the commissioners that the petroleum companies of California who had been forced to return their shipments to the V & T rails would be most happy if they could resume over-the-road tank and trailer shipments. That is the reason why no appearance was made by them at the two hearings, and that is the reason why Mr. Busey remained silent on this important percentage, fifty-five percent revenue to the railway.

The examiner states, and I quote:

On brief, counsel for protestants requests that the application be dismissed for abandonment, or in the alternative, that the commission make an independent investigation of the applicant's property to determine the feasibility of a continued operation and require such a continued operation for a period of not less than six months for the purpose of allowing sufficient time to consider purchase or lease of the railroad as a going concern. The application was filed over a year ago and two separate hearings, requiring practically five full days, have been held. Ample opportunity has been afforded protestants to furnish all available testimony and to make the necessary arrangements for acquisition of the line if such action is deemed appropriate. Further delay of the proceedings at this time would seem to be futile.

The record conclusively demonstrates that the present and prospective rail traffic which the applicant reasonably may expect to obtain is insufficient to support continued operation of the line and

that such operation would impose an undue and unnecessary burden on the applicant and on interstate traffic.

So here we have Mr. Busey in his finest form, bloodied, undaunted to the end, determined that the railway should continue in operation regardless of its run-down condition, and asking for a further period of delay in order that further studies could be made. And yet Mr. Busey, in his auto, traveling to the hearings from Reno each of the five days, had only to make a superficial and cursory glance at the right of way which paralleled the highway to know what a deplorable condition the roadbed was in. I doubt very much whether Mr. Busey would have cared to handle the throttle of the locomotive over such a precarious right of way.

And so the concluding paragraph of this rather illuminating report states:

It is recommended that Division IV find that the present and future public convenience and necessity permit abandonment as to interstate and foreign commerce by the Virginia and Truckee railway of its entire line of railroad in Washoe, Ormsby, and Douglas counties, Nevada. An appropriate certificate should be issued.

Examiner Paul C. Albus's report and recommendation is filed as Exhibit Number Twelve.

Anything, in my opinion, that I could offer as an enlargement on this interesting document would be superfluous. A person with any intelligence will be forced to but one conclusion, namely that this unbiased

examiner back in Washington substantiates everything that has been set forth in the railway's application for abandonment. *In particular, he does not in any way condemn or criticize the management of the line over the past ten years prior to abandonment.*

A similar opinion recommending a certificate of abandonment was issued by the Public Service Commission of Nevada on the date of February 1, 1950, and known as Case No. 1186. A great deal of this opinion is repetitious of what ICC examiner Albus gave, and therefore it is not appropriate to refer to it in detail.

For the information of any interested party, the various documents having to do with the hearing and the opinions entered by the respective commissions will be placed with this history as Exhibit Number Thirteen. It is my recommendation that these references be examined in detail. They will provide a great deal of pertinent additional information that will unfold to a larger extent the whole problem concerning this railway and its endeavor to continue in operation. One should contrast these exhibits with the unfairness of the allegations leveled at it at the time of the abandonment hearings. This railway, which over a period of eighty years contributed so much to the pioneer development of this state should have been, after having fulfilled its mission, permitted to pass into the halls of memories, accredited with the fine service rendered the public, without having to have been submitted to the adverse activities of those more interested in their own pocketbook than they were in the welfare of this, America's most famous short line railway. It was entitled to a more decent burial than it received.

In retrospect, I would like to discuss for a minute or so the interval between

abandonment on May 31, 1950, and the current year, 1967. Has the area that was supplied by the railway lacked in prosperity? The answer is no. Did the lifting of the rails create any economic hardship to the shippers and consignees? The answer is no. All the dire consequences of the railway's abandonment as claimed by the Minden and Gardnerville area have been disproved. As a matter of fact, the average citizen of Reno, Carson City, Minden, and Gardnerville has forgotten that there ever was a railway operated between these cities. I am somewhat astonished, at times, when those of eighteen years or so, when questioned as to what they knew about the V & T railway, replied that all they know about its history is what their parents told them.

Looking at the expansion of Reno, can any sane person picture a railway at this time operating down Holcomb Avenue, crossing all the numerous city streets that have been created over the old roadbed down as far as the Centennial Coliseum, and project just how safe operation could be employed? Even to this day I receive many a question as to why the line had to be abandoned, and what a pity it is that it was not preserved as a tourist attraction. The point is well taken, notwithstanding the state itself at no time had sufficient surplus funds and the state would have had to assume an annual operating loss of approximately fifty thousand dollars. Private capital would not be available.

It would appear that the railway should have been preserved as a tourist attraction. This has been done in other states and to the benefit of all concerned. But there is the other side of the picture. My answer to these inquiries is always the same, there would be no use of operating the "V & T" railway unless it was operated with its own equipment. To do so would require a large expenditure of money on the one and only remaining

locomotive, No. 27. As to the equipment, the sole remaining coach, No. 18, would have to be torn down completely and rebuilt with steel concealed behind the old tongue-and-groove outer sides with the traditional canary yellow and green trim. That would take a large sum of money.

Yes, there have been several attempts made to bring the line back into operation, but it would only be through an annual state subsidy, apart from the initial capital expenditure. We also must remember our winter months when the tourist traffic materially drops, and we must also remember that a large percentage of our tourists arrive in Reno to gamble and not to drive automobiles to Carson City for a ride on an old-fashioned type railway as far as Virginia City. Personally, there is no one that regrets more than myself the fact that the railway has not been preserved in some shape or form.

And so the hearings are over, and we of the railway had to carry on, carry on without any definite knowledge as to when an order to abandon by the commissions would be received. The prospect of carrying on over another winter was never contemplated — the winter of 1949-1950. This we did, and I proudly state the fact that there were no desertions from the personnel. The operations terminated May 31, 1950.

In the month of September, 1949, my problems concerning the operation of the railway were further increased by an abrupt announcement in the newspapers of Reno, under date of September 27, that U. S. Postmaster Pete Peterson was calling for bids to be opened on October 13, for a new truck and mail route, Reno to Yerington, and Steamboat, Carson City, Stewart, Minden, Gardnerville, Holbrook, Wellington, Smith, and Mason. I gave thought to who was behind this movement and in due time learned that

Mr. James E. Wood, now part owner of the V & T Transit bus line, had journeyed to Washington, D. C., for two purposes. One was to secure the mail contract as outlined by Postmaster Peterson, and the other one was to have it put into effect without delay and without any consideration as to whether the railway would be granted an abandonment.

Something had to be done about this situation, and I acted promptly. I got in touch with "Little Eva," Miss Eva Adams, executive assistant to Senator McCarran. She, in turn, placed the matter before our senior Senator, with my stressing to her the importance that the mail for the area services by the railway be continued and left on the rails 'til the very last day prior to termination. I pointed out that the mail revenue was our lifeblood, and to deprive the railway of same could result in the railway closing down through lack of funds before any decision had been issued by the respective commissions.

My overtures had the desired effect, because on November 4, 1949, in the *Carson Appeal*, an article was run to the effect that the United States Post Office would take no action on the bids and that "Uncle Sam admits he was fooled."

The next month, October, was one of great concern to myself and the operating officials of the railway. On a Saturday afternoon a brushfire broke out on the Lakeview Hill west of the "V & T" right of way, and a considerable area of brush was consumed. Mr. E. A. Hanson, Carson district ranger of the United States Forest Service, immediately accused the railway of having caused this fire through the defective use of a spark arrestor on the smoke stack of locomotive No. 26. Accordingly, agent Hanson reported to the district attorney for Ormsby County, Richard L. Waters, Jr., and, as a result of their conference, a criminal complaint was issued against the railway,

it being charged with having started the Lakeview fire on Saturday, September 24. The specific charge was negligently setting a fire and operating a dangerous engine not equipped with a modern spark arrestor. The hearing was set for October 10, before the justice of peace for Ormsby County.

I realized at once that there was more than what appeared on the surface where this criminal complaint was concerned. If the railway were found guilty, it would have had, as an aftermath, civil suits filed against it by the adjacent ranchers in an approximate amount (as I was told afterwards) of between \$20,000 and \$25,000. As a matter of fact, the wife of one rancher gleefully phoned my home in Reno, which was answered by Mrs. Sampson, when the information was conveyed that we have the railway, using my words, "in a tough spot."

So, as was my custom, I journeyed down to John R. Ross's office and informed him of what had, and was, taking place. I gave him all the information that I considered was good for his ears, and I kept in mind the certain piece of sage advice that he once offered to me during one of our private seances in his office behind closed doors. On that occasion, he said, "Gordon, you know a client at times can furnish his attorney with too much information where his case is concerned." What Jack Ross meant was that it might be better for an attorney not to know the whole true facts of a situation, as by knowing he might be diverted from a clear line of thought and might thus become prejudiced, or lose the main point of a defense.

And so, on the morning of the hearing, I appeared in attorney Ross's office, and before crossing the street to the courthouse, afforded him certain information which I will not at this time disclose. Mr. Ross closed his eyes and then looked at me as much as to say, "why at so

late a date and hour?" I smiled and reminded him of the admonition that he had offered me several years ago. And with that, he grit his teeth and away we went to the hearing. Before the hearing had proceeded a matter of some five or ten minutes, he had a stipulation nailed down, which district attorney Waters subscribed to, that "there was but one issue before the court and that is whether the so-called arrestor on locomotive No. 26 was a modern spark arrestor or not as defined by the Nevada statutes." The issue would be determined as to such spark arrestor, as inspected by agent Hanson at the Carson City station on the Monday forenoon following the day of the fire (Monday, September 26). The issue was narrowed down to that one factor, and thus we preceded with our defense as to whether we had a modern spark arrestor on locomotive 26 on the day in question. Incidentally, in passing, an old statute of some prior eighty years was being used when we discuss "modern spark arrestors."

Mr. Hanson was quite positive in his deduction that we did not have the proper appliance and that we caused the fire, a fire of which he was not a personal witness. I leaned over to Mr. Ross with an idea that came out of my subconscious mind and said, "Have Mr. Hanson draw the stack on the blackboard of engine 26 and place thereon the complained-of non-modern spark arrestor." Mr. Hanson did this very thing and drew the stack as a perpendicular stack with the spark arrestor fastened to the top of it showing a gap of approximately two inches. It was his claim that this open space permitted sparks to emanate from the stack, and which caused the fire.

Well, it so happened that the stack on No. 26 had the famous bell-shaped collar around the top, so familiar and indicative of Baldwin locomotives. Mr. Hanson was beautifully

trapped in his delineation of this stack and the spark arrestor. This caused confusion in the ranks, as you can well understand.

To govern against any possibility of a conviction, it being a criminal charge, I sought the services of the master mechanic and station superintendent of the Southern Pacific railway at Sparks, Mr. J. W. DeSpane. He was authorized by San Francisco to assist me in any way possible. Mr. DeSpane gave technical evidence to the effect that oil-burning engines do not give off lighted sparks and that any sparks so given off become dissipated in the air before lodgment on the ground. The verdict rendered by the justice of peace was "not guilty."

I returned to my office only to be shaken out of my complacency by a messenger from Mr. Ross's office who handed me a statement for the attorney's fee in the sum of \$1,000. I smiled and promptly issued a check warrant for this sum, taking it in person down the street to the appropriate law office. Jack was waiting for me with a smiling grin on his face, and without giving him an opportunity to make any remark, I said, "I am paying you the price for having conveyed to you certain information in your law office prior to going over to the hearing, and as far as I'm concerned, the thousand-dollar fee is cheap at any price."

While I have already made passing reference to the honorable John R. Ross and his unexpected death on Monday, April 22, 1963, I would like to place in this history an editorial that appeared in the *Journal* under the date so stated:

The death yesterday morning in Portland of Nevada Federal Judge John R. Ross came as a shock to thousands of Nevadans, especially to the wide circle of friends and acquaintances enjoyed by this jurist,

which included not only members of the bar, but untold dozens of laymen in all walks of life. Judge Ross was a man of many attributes, both within the world of the law and the bench and outside of it. He was a true Nevadan in every sense of the word. Born in Boston, he had lived since an infant in the state of Nevada and he knew no other home. He was a student of the history of Nevada and its lore, and his story-telling ability combined with his great knowledge of the state made him one of the finest raconteurs of "Life in Nevada." Though he would brook no disturbance in the courtroom, and was always a stern presiding judge, outside he was a warm and human individual who commanded attention, not because of his high post but because he was a genuinely interested man. His human qualities outside the courtroom stemmed to some extent from his life in the smaller communities such as Yerington, where his father served as Lyon County sheriff in the 1930's, and where Judge Ross gained his pre-college education and later practiced law before moving to Carson City in 1939. Within his profession he was noted as a clear thinker and brilliant in the law. He had the honor of being termed a "lawyer's lawyer." Nine years ago when he was sworn into office as United States district judge in the federal courtroom in Carson City, the ceremony drew a large crowd including cattlemen, cowboys, sheepmen, as well as others who had come a great distance to be on hand for the event. Thus, those who attended the ceremony, more than

the ceremony itself, demonstrated the great regard in which his friends held him. In the death of Jack Ross the state has lost one of its finest jurists and one of its outstanding citizens.

During the month of October, Wallace B. Scott, a former employee of the Virginia and Truckee Transit bus company passed away at Genoa. I make mention of his name for the reason that Wally was truly a dedicated, loyal employee and particularly dedicated to me. Not strong, and subjected to the disease of tuberculosis, he at all times maintained a smile on his face and endeavored to support me in every way. With the sale of the transit bus company to Mr. James E. Wood and Mr. Vernon Durkee, it was not too long before the services of Wallace B. Scott were dispensed with. He subsequently obtained employment with the Nevada Motor Vehicle Department until such time that his health would not permit further daily duties.

It was a small thing on my part to visit him in his parent home at Genoa a week prior to his death. At that time I asked Wally if there was anything special I could do for him. His reply was, "Boss, I would be so happy if I was given a bowl of fresh strawberries." Strawberries were out of season at the time of his request, and I started inquiries to find some such berries from Chicago or the coast in order to meet with this request. However, it happened that a close friend of the Sampson family had a strawberry patch on the outskirts of Reno, and there were a few remaining ripe strawberries sufficient to make a small bowl. These I took to Wally at Genoa, and if ever a sick man's face became illuminated with happiness and gratitude, it was his face. I mention this not for any reasons of appreciation or patting myself on the back, but solely for the reason that so often an opportunity is permitted us

to do some small act of kindness to another but is ignored and passed by. We little know that perhaps a second opportunity will be denied us.

In November an inspired article appeared in the Reno Gazette, under date of the twenty-eighth, in which the Public Service Commission was again urged to reject the Virginia and Truckee pleas for abandonment. All this in spite of the fact that this honorable body, the PSCN, had very little control over the railway due to the fact that practically all its revenue was derived from interstate traffic.

I was sitting in my office the morning of December 16, when one of the shopmen rushed in to say in a broken voice that Arnold Lee Gillie, a fine master mechanic of fifty-three years of age, had succumbed on the floor of the shops a few minutes before. Arnold had experienced a coronary thrombosis, and he expired in Dr. Thom's office within less than one half hour's time. His passing affected me for more than one reason; I was faced with operating this railway without a master mechanic, a most important official when it comes to the maintenance of the motive power, and for personal reasons. Unlike two other officials of the railway who could not conceive of my having been appointed vice president and general manager, he accepted my appointment as being one of seeing to it that under every possible circumstance the railway should continue in operation. It was solely through the many conferences we had in my office, I thus becoming intimate with the actual details of all problems where motive power was concerned, that we were able to carry on under the most distressing circumstances. It was Arnold and I who decided on the purchase of the Five-Spot from the Nevada Copper Belt railway, well knowing that this unit was not designed for operation over the "V & T" line, and that it

would require an alteration in the curve at the Lakeview tunnel and the considerable shoring up of culverts and trestles, some of them placed in the line at the time of its first construction, in order to accept the additional weight of the Five Spot.

At my home in Reno at the present time there is more than one memento of Arnold's regard for me, and they, in due time, will find a repository in the Virginia and Truckee exhibit room at the Nevada State Museum at Carson City.

Realizing that the remaining two members of the shops were not fully experienced in maintaining on a daily basis the remaining motive power, seeing that No. 27 had been retired, I held a long conversation with Mr. E. C. Peterson, who I have before referred to and who retired as master mechanic from the railway some years before I became associated with the line. While Mr. Peterson was advanced in years, he readily agreed to maintain a proper supervision over the motive power and he so continued to the "last day" run thereby earning my eternal gratitude for not only coming to the rescue of the railway itself, but also for the reassurance it provided me that we would be able to continue until the commissions had rendered their opinions.

THE YEAR 1950

Thus we passed through another winter, and it was only by diligent day to day inspection of the roadbed that we were able to avoid accidents. On February 1, 1950, the opinion of the Public Service Commission of Nevada was issued and which gave the railway the right to discontinue operation as far as intrastate commerce was concerned. This opinion I again urge interested parties to review. (See Exhibit Fourteen.)

The Interstate Commerce Commission followed suit in the early part of March, and this commission's opinion has already been referred to, and the pertinent paragraphs thereof embodied in the history (see Exhibit Twelve).

One would think that we could now afford the railway a decent burial without further delay or action by the opponents. Not so where Cecil Dunn was concerned, because he came forth in the local newspapers on March 3, urging that an injunction be sought against the decisions of the two commissions. Such a recommendation only goes to show how little this expert in economics understood the law where it applied to regulatory bodies. In the case of the Interstate Commerce Commission, it would be appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States through some U. S. district court. In the case of the Public Service Commission of Nevada, it would be through an appeal to the district court as situated in Carson City.

The groups at Minden and Gardnerville who had been so vigorous in their opposition declined to take further action. And my information was that they were disinclined to afford Messrs. Busey and Guild additional fees. In other words, "the cow refused to give further milk." And so we now prepared to keep the railway in operation until May 31, 1950, approximately the earliest date that the respective commissions would permit a termination of our transportation facilities.

In this connection, I was impelled to address a letter to the editor of the *Reno Evening Gazette* under date of April 11, 1950, which was in answer to one of this paper's editorials. This is what I said:

Dear Sir:

Your editorial of Friday April 7,
entitled, "No Occasion to Celebrate"

has been read with much interest. Permit me to state that the observations made as to the termination of our operations as a common carrier are most timely. They are in keeping with what the management has in mind, when and if the Interstate Commerce Commission favorably grants our application for abandonment.

While the last spike completing the construction of the line to Reno was driven home at Carson City on August 24, 1872, by the late H. M. Yerington with attendant fitting celebration, it has been decided to permit the tired and venerable old lady to pass into the pages of history according to her present daily schedule.

May I take this opportunity of stating how we, the employees of America's most famous short line railway, regret what is soon to take place. Every one of us and countless others will experience no pleasure when the last musical bells and whistles of our famous locomotives echo and re-echo over the desert sagebrush for the last time. To us it will mean the severance and the parting of a close friend.

At the appropriate time the management will give suitable recognition in the press to that small but loyal band of employees who have made possible the continuance of the Virginia and Truckee until this late date. It will be only right to also recognize our shippers, consignees, and many others indirectly connected with our operations who have stood so loyally with us over the past years.

Very truly yours,
G. A. Sampson, Vice-President

If there is a conflict of dates of this letter and that of the order to abandon by the ICC, I may be pardoned, as no doubt the official notification from Washington reached my desk after April 11, 1950.

As if I did not have sufficient problems concerning the final run of the daily train scheduled for May 31, 1950, an additional one was added with my being notified at my home in Reno that locomotive No. 26 had, shall we say, committed hara-kiri at the Reno roundhouse a quarter of an hour previously. I went at once to the roundhouse which was now a mass of flames, and there was no way of saving any part of the structure, much less moving the locomotive out into the open. We had no power other than No. 26 itself. On the surface it could appear that this fire was set purposely to insure the fact that the railway could not continue in operation. Such an accusation, if it had been made, would not be true. When I was discussing the Lakeview brush fire and the matter of spark arrestors, I stated that such arrestors prohibited sparks from still being alive when they touched the ground. I did not state what a lighted spark could do while in the air before it became exhausted. That is just what happened at the roundhouse, and it was the second time within six years we had experienced a fire in the roof of the roundhouse.

When an oil-field locomotive is shut down for the night, there is at the last moment a last gasp, which has the tendency to cause a spark or two to go through the sieve of the arrestor and catch afire if there was something for it to alight on.

Mr. E. C. Peterson and I examined the wreckage the following day, and we determined that the oil in the engine bearings was still intact, which proved that the fire did not commence in the pit below the locomotive. Further proof was established by the fact that

the Five-Spot was able to drag No. 26 to the Carson City yards with its drivers revolving in its oil journals.

Nevertheless, it was a sad disaster, and now we were faced with the possibility of bringing No. 27 out of retirement for the rest of the period we would be in operation. We were keeping the Five-Spot off the line as much as possible because of her heavy weight and the derailments she caused. Then too, the freight traffic had been reduced to such a low tonnage that it was not possible to operate this heavy power.

Two weeks before abandonment, I considered it advisable to request Mr. Lucius Beebe and his photographic associate, Mr. Charles Clegg, to ship out their private Pullman in order to avoid any accident at the last moment. Of course, it had been Mr. Beebe's intention to have his Pullman on the rear of the last train in order that he might receive the plaudits of the cheering public. Whether he would have assumed the attire of an early western gambler, silk top hat, at al, and have had Mr. Clegg dress up in a true replica of Sherlock Holmes, I cannot say.

Contemplating all the confusion and the celebrations instant to the last run, it was my firm decision that Mr. Beebe, at al, gracefully withdraw from Carson City, cross over the Sierras, and find a new home on the coast. Thus reconciled, this transition was made on May 16, and unfortunately, I was unable to attach their Pullman to the rear of Train No. 1 which departed at 4:20 p.m. that day. I say this for the reason that the consist was comprise of but two empty boxcars, and to have placed this heavy piece of equipment at the rear could, in all likelihood, cause the boxcars to become derailed. It therefore became necessary to couple the Pullman directly to the engine tender with the boxcars and Coach No. 18 in the rear. Thus the outgoing

presented somewhat of a sorry appearance, but it was the best that could be done under the circumstances.

Several days afterwards, I considered it appropriate to tender all employees a dinner at Carson City in order that, perhaps for the last time, we would all be together. We could recount the days spent with the railway and our personal associations. It was a happy event, notwithstanding the knowledge that we were soon to part from each other, and, in some instances, have no further acquaintance. I thought it was the least that could be done, and I often look at the pictures that were taken on that evening of the employees who had been most loyal, not only to the railway, but to myself.

So we come to the day of the last run, and as already stated, it was my wise decision to make no attempt in the way of adding additional equipment such as flatcars, etc., to trains No. 1 and 2. The consist consisted of the old Nevada Northern mail car, the modern Pullman steel mail car, Coach 18, and the Copper Belt railway caboose. The run to Carson City was made without incident, and very few of the citizens of this community were on hand to greet it. Continuing the run to Minden and the usual layover, more than two hundred people gathered at the Minden station to see the train on its way to Reno and to bid it farewell for the last time. Even some of the opponents took a prominent part in the farewell ceremony, and as a military man, I was happy to watch while a firing party fired three volleys over No. 27 and a bugler sounded taps. On arrival of the train at Carson City, there were about 500 citizens on the platform. There was a genuine feeling of regret and still pleasant recollections of the little railway. The whole station platform was full of activity and there was no question as to collecting fares as all were free to enjoy the last ride to Minden.

The time for departure had arrived, and accordingly, I left my private office where I had been sitting alone, proceeded onto the station platform, and rang the station bell, which at one time had been the means of announcing the departure of so many daily passenger trains, and went aboard. The conductor, Lester Felesina gave the highball, and we were on the way to Reno. All the equipment was well-loaded by this time, the last time, and my heart was in my mouth as to whether we would reach our destination without fatal accident. Lloyds of London insured this last trip for a premium of \$950. U. S. insurance would not insure the "V & T" due to the condition of its roadbed and equipment.

On arrival at Steamboat, which was a scheduled daily stop, those of that community had organized a final welcome to the railway, with Bryce Rhodes, Esq., acting as master of ceremonies. Dr. Effie Mona Mack was also present and Tony Pecetti enlivened the proceedings with his accordion. Dr. Edna Carver, owner of the Steamboat Springs resort, participated in the ceremony, and it was she who organized the children's choir from the Brown-Washoe school to sing their last farewell.

I was asked to make a short speech, no easy task under the circumstances, for I could not hold back some of the impressions, adverse impressions, gained from the two hearings. Whatever I said must have been timely because a roar of approval emanated from the large crowd. And by this time the equipment was over-loaded. Boys were on top of the roofs. They were hanging from the open platforms and everything was crowded to capacity. I went down to the locomotive and said to the engineer, "Take it easy, Bill, the rest of the way, and if you have to, reduce to five miles an hour."

Lined up on the highway opposite Steamboat were more than one hundred autos which proceeded to escort and accompany the train into Reno. There was a constant din of auto horns over this ten-mile journey which did not cease until the train pulled in at the Southern Pacific station.

The end had come as far as operating the railway as a public utility, and so on June 1, the following day, No. 27 pulled the empty equipment back to Carson City where it was stored awaiting further developments.

Let me state at this juncture that no contract or written agreement had been drawn up between Messrs. McLeod, Moore, and myself as to what my future employment with the railway would be. There had only been an inference that I was the logical person to dispose of the assets, properties of the railway, when abandoned. Whether I would have accepted such a commission was, of course, dependent on the length of time and what the remuneration would have been. And so it was a matter of continuing on a day-to-day basis, closing up the affairs of the railway with particular reference to our inter-railway accounts of freight revenues, freight claims, and all such matters. Then, too, was the termination of the employees, not all at one time, but as circumstances dictated.

Mr. McLeod was largely responsible for the allocation of the \$25,000 to be paid to the employees, based, with the exception of myself, on their service. Of course, it must be understood that the \$25,000 had to come out of the meager cash balance on hand, as Mr. McLeod was not furnishing me with any additional moneys from other sources. Out of the \$25,000 I was allocated \$5,000, and if one is to take into consideration the responsibilities of management, the operation of three distinct companies, and all the abuse that I had been faced with, the sum was certainly not out of

proportion. I place this personal matter in the record to refute again the allegation that I received \$50,000 to permit the railway to run down and thus be abandoned. The railway was rundown well prior to my first appointment in January, 1939.

And so by the month of September, most of the personnel had been retired, and the greater part of the accounting reconciliation between other railways and the "V & T," and other accounting matters had been concluded.

September 29, 1950, saw me sitting in my office all alone in charge of a railway that in the true sense had ceased to exist. I heard footsteps in the passageway outside, and a gentleman entered my office and introduced himself as Mr. J. C. McFarland of the McFarland Company of Richmond, California, dealers in steel and a subsidiary of Purdy, Incorporated, of Chicago.

Mr. McFarland, after introduction, asked me to hand over the keys to the Carson City shops. Surprise is no proper expression of what I felt. I asked him on what authority he made the request, and added that I had received no instructions, or authority either, from the president of the railway, Leslie H. Moore, or from Duncan A. McLeod, attorney, as to turning the keys over to anyone. I further asked the gentleman what he was in Carson City for, and just what he intended to do. He then informed me that his firm had received a contract to, and was the possessor of, all the railway properties other than the real estate, and that he had put two men to work at Minden pulling up the spikes preparatory to lifting the rails. Mr. McFarland, who appeared to be, and was, a gentleman, seemed somewhat surprised that I had not been previously informed by Mr. McLeod, and he appreciated my embarrassment.

I immediately spun around in my chair, got Mr. McLeod on the phone, told him what

was transpiring, and asked for an explanation. I cannot record or remember the exact words, but they were to this effect: Oh, yes, that is right that we have disposed of everything but the land, and so permit these men to go ahead and have access to the shops and the motive power, and they will lift the rails and dispose of all such properties. I handed over the keys to the gentleman in question.

Here we have Mr. Duncan A. McLeod, Esq., at his best, a past master of California Lodge No. 1, F. and A.M., and a past Eminent Commander of Golden Gate Commandery No. 1. At one time in Mr. McLeod's Masonic life, he was escorted to a certain place in the lodge room and there received an admonishment which he was instructed to never forget, to always walk and act as such before God and man. This was his revenge for my having read his telegrams at the time he was disposing, or attempting to dispose, of the railway for the paltry sum of \$340,000 and a commission to himself of \$30,000.

Quick action was now called for on my part. I brought Pat Allen, my roadmaster, into conference with the result that the famous Carson City station bell, the outside gas lamp, all the walnut-framed pictures in the various offices, the chairs in my office the old-fashioned wet-copy letter press from my office, and other such priceless antiques and mementos of the railway were rushed across the street and found safe refuge in the Nevada State Museum, where they today constitute most of what is on exhibit in the "V & T" room, a robin that is constantly visited by railway buffs, particularly those from out of state.

In addition to fervid requests for a recreational park, I was now asked to consider donating a locomotive to Nevada in order that there should be some tangible evidence that the line once existed. Accordingly, and in keeping with my own thinking, and without

any recourse to San Francisco, I personally donated locomotive 27 to the governor of the state of Nevada and his successors, and promptly told the junkies what I had done. Otherwise this locomotive would have been torched for scrap as was No. 26 and that lovely Five-Spot obtained from the Nevada Copper Belt railway.

Governor Vail Pittman accepted this donation and there the matter stood. In time, the junkies requested it removed from the shops; and it is to be understood that they were not the owners of the Nevada Northern baggage and mail car, Coach 18, and the Copper Belt railway caboose. Overtures made by the Nevada Admission Day Committee resulted in the donation of all this equipment, other than locomotive No. 27, from the junkies—or they were paid some reasonable sum, I know not which statement is correct.

The time passes on when nobody wanted the locomotive, and nobody wanted the equipment, so what are you going to do with it? Fortunately, the proprietor of an outdoor motion picture park agreed to have it placed on his land at the northern end of Carson City. There it went, and there it stood, with damage to the equipment and its parts until the time came when someone set fire to coach 18, practically destroying it and doing some damage to the Nevada Northern baggage and mail car. The Pullman mail car had been torched by the junkies, and the caboose had been turned over to the Carson City Chamber of Commerce. At this time of writing, it is located on the federal post office grounds at the capital. The owner of the motion picture lot, in due season, demanded the removal of all equipment, so in the year 1967, locomotive 27 can be located at the old airport grounds at Carson City, together with coach 18, or what remains of it, and the Nevada Northern baggage and mail car.

The state, through its governor, has never shown the slightest interest in the donation, notwithstanding that I corresponded with several of the successors to Governor Pittman. There the matter stands.

The fall of 1951 saw a small, rather indifferent gathering of citizens in the stand of trees, which was to become known as the Mills Park. I refer to the free gift-deed of approximately fifty-two acres of choice land immediately south of Highway 50, which was donated to the citizens of Carson City, largely through the efforts of Mr. Nick Carter, already referred to. On the platform was the governor of the state, the honorable Charles H. Russel, the honorable Clark J. Guild, Sr., the mayor of Carson City, several other prominent citizens, and myself. Mr. McLeod did not deem it necessary to come up for the occasion, and Mr. Moore was in the East. I read an address that I only wish I could repeat verbatim in this history; however, it must be among the papers on file at the University of Nevada Library. I cannot recall what was said, but it must have been along the lines of the wonderful historic contribution of the railway in the development of the state of Nevada. I do know that I paid tribute to the Mills family and all they had done, even if over only a short period of five years they had received large and substantial dividends. I handed over the deed to the mayor of Carson City and received the assurance that not only would the fifty-two acres be known as Mills Park, but that a suitable monument, a brass plaque, would be set in the center of the main line, Carson City to Virginia City, expressing the appreciation of the citizens of Carson City for this donation for the use of the children. One can go to the Mills Park today and he will fail to find any tangible recognition of this gift, largely brought about through my own endeavors.

In drawing up the deed, and based on much prior business experience, I inserted in this document a clause to the effect that if at any time the entire fifty-two acres failed to be operated as public park for the benefit of the citizens of Carson City, the title and ownership of the property would revert to the Carson Tahoe hospital. Notwithstanding this stipulation, and by means of an astute local attorney, and with indifference on Mr. McLeod's part, all the acreage outside of the stand of trees was leased to a private individual who today operates a golf course with resultant benefits to him. I do not question the necessity of Carson City having a golf course, and perhaps it was well to avoid the strict terms of the deed, seeing that the city did nothing in the way of improving the stand of trees and the equipping of picnic benches, tables, etc. The main point, there is no recognition of the fine gift which has untold value today as prices go.

The next matter of importance that reached my attention was the matter of our valuable records, accounting-wise and otherwise, that were located in the Carson City station building. Through a circumstance which is not part of this oral history, Bancroft reference library at the University of California has an extensive exhibit room known as the "V & T" exhibit. There, on its canary-colored shelves, all cataloged, indexed, and cross-referenced, will be found a great deal of data and material which should never have left the state of Nevada. Many of these records pertain to the activities at Mound House, Virginia City, etc. , and one will have no difficulty in reading some of my own correspondence taken from my office files. The revelation of this situation for which the University of California paid \$5,000 (I personally saw the check in question) caused me to become alarmed as to whether an attempt would be

made to remove some of the priceless and valuable data located, as I already stated, in the Carson City offices.

Accordingly, and without warning, I called the Nevada Transfer Company to come to Carson City with two loads of large packing cases, and without regard to any correlation, everything of value was packed, crated, and shipped to Reno. Nothing was left in the station building. It was my desire, naturally, that the University of Nevada should receive these records. Yet I learned from other sources that an attempt was being made by Mr. McLeod, with some participation by Mr. Moore, that either the University of California or the Stanford University was to become the owners of these records.

Accordingly, I paid a visit to President Malcolm Love of the University of Nevada and sought his cooperation in the forming of a committee for the preservation of these records for the University of Nevada, even though there was no reference library at the time. Dr. Love asked who should serve on this committee, and I suggested that Dr. Bill Miller, Dr. Effie Mack, Mrs. R. Ziemer Hawkins, and several others form such a committee for the purpose of making the proper overtures to Mrs. Ogden Mills-Reid at New York.

The committee was formed, and I, as spokesman, in cooperation with Dr. Love, once more sought the services of our senior Senator from Nevada. He was requested to stress to Mrs. Mills-Reid the importance and propriety of such records remaining in the state of Nevada. Such overtures had the desired effect, and while I haven't the telegram before me, it is my understanding that such a telegram was sent to Dr. Love to the effect that "our man in San Francisco has been instructed to deliver the historic records to the University of Nevada." This quote may not be verbatim, but it is practically correct,

particularly the words our man. Mr. McLeod, on the phone once more, instructed me to deliver the records to the University of Nevada where they were lodged in a building for safe-keeping until such time as a new library building was constructed. When such a building was available, an archivist by the name of Mr. Fred Gale was employed, the sixty-two—more or less—packing cases were brought to the library, unpacked, and their contents today comprise the special "V & T" collection.

When one considers the comprehensive material available in this collection and the artifacts of the railway on exhibition at the Nevada State Museum, I think it can be conceived that Nevada has available to the researcher and the historian a vast amount of material concerning the last short line railway of this state. The Nevada Northern short line railway, still in existence is not in a true sense a short line railway, as it is privately owned and used solely for the transportation of copper ore to the McGill smelter.

And so concludes the fourth phase of the Virginia and Truckee history. It has taken some time to recall and research much of the detailed information that has been recorded here. As I remarked in the early part, no one has ever written a proper history of this short line railway, a railway known from coast to coast. Perchance someone in the future may take it unto himself, after reading this short history, to enlarge upon it, using the material available at the two locations I have mentioned with the final production of a worthwhile book or history.

IN RETROSPECT: THE V&T RAILWAY

In the early part of this oral history, I made reference to the transition from stagecoaches to rails. Naturally, when the steam railroads

were built, the coaches promptly disappeared and this pioneer form of transportation ceased to exist for all time. And for many decades, the railway had sole control of transportation, that is to say, until highways constructed of asphalt or cement made their invasion of this monopoly.

As an example, prior to the first concrete slab that was constructed between Reno and Carson City, all there was in the way of roads was one—rough, bumpy, not fit to travel over at any rate of speed, particularly if a person were injured or suffering from a severe illness. The records of the “V & T” railway at the Nevada State Museum will afford interesting reading where it became necessary to transport sick and injured people by way of a special train from such distant points as Minden to Carson City to Reno.

Accordingly, notwithstanding all that was said in opposition to our abandonment in the year 1950, the fact remains that the passenger transportation system over the entire nation was on its way out.

In the year 1950, while the hearings were in course, there were 1,218 passenger trains being operated daily over the United States railway system. In the year 1967, there remained but 590 passenger daily trains. These figures I obtained from reliable Washington, D. C., sources. Without contradiction, most of these remaining passenger trains are not a convenient and efficient mode of transportation, unless one wishes to indulge in a thorough, pioneer spirit.

Take the Southern Pacific railway as an example of a western railroad system. In its early days it had operated a train known as the Overland Limited, which used to puff and puff its way over the mountain grades with the small type of locomotives, similar to those of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, and its consist was of small wooden pioneer

coaches. This train, over the subsequent years, was to emerge as what the railroaders would term one of the nation’s crack, up-to-date trains. It was complete in every respect—comfortable coaches, luxurious Pullmans, lounge cars, valet service, maid service, guide information service—one could even have a shower bath if he so desired. Nothing was left out where the comfort of the traveling public was concerned.

With the advent of the diesel locomotives, the “City of San Francisco” with elaborate and due ceremony was inaugurated, and it became the high-speed, deluxe train of this system, causing the famous Overland Limited to take second place. The equipment of the “San Francisco” left nothing to be desired, because it was made of the most up-to-date type of all-metal coaches and everything that was comparable with the decade of its inauguration, which was in the 1940’s.

The Southern Pacific operated a third daily train, known as the “Gold Coast Limited,” a fine train with reasonable service and comforts extended to its passengers, which operated on a slower schedule between San Francisco and Chicago. It should be understood that the three trains mentioned were through trans-continental trains between San Francisco and Chicago, operated jointly by three railroad systems. To make this means of transportation more efficient where the passengers were concerned, these trains carried through Pullmans from San Francisco to eastern centers as Washington, Boston, and New York, the interchange being made at Chicago. I could go on with similar illustrations where the famous Santa Fe and Topeka railway is concerned.

Practically every railway of the United States is exerting its utmost to abandon its passenger service. Why? For the same reasons that the over-the-road coaches gave way to

the steam railways. The traveling public now is moving by plane and by automobile. Our national highways, state highways, and even county highways have been so improved that one may now enjoy traveling in his own car and reaching a far distant point in a matter of a few hours. Today if one were to board the one and only remaining passenger train between Chicago and San Francisco as operated by the Southern Pacific railway, he would occupy eight hours in transit from Reno to San Francisco. Against this, a modern automobile with a high-speed motor can traverse the 225 miles in approximately three and one-half hours, and at any time of the day or night the person involved desires.

And so the once-famous Pullman company is fast becoming a thing of yesterday. And the service on this one remaining train that I have referred to has, frankly, deteriorated. The same reference can be applied to the remaining few trains that the Southern Pacific operates such as the once-luxurious "Sunset Limited."

The once high-speed daylight train between Los Angeles and San Francisco, deluxe in every respect, has been reduced to dirty interior housekeeping, unwashed exterior windows, and if one desires food or refreshment, he must go to the "automat" car and insert fifteen cents or so for a piece of pie. Mrs. Sampson and I made the trip on this once-deluxe train in August, 1966, between San Francisco and Santa Barbara, and once was enough. The next time it will be by plane. The same can be said about the "super deluxe" "Lark," an overnight train operated between San Francisco and Los Angeles. I traveled on this train when it operated a lounge car and dining car coupled with oscillating trucks; that is to say, the ends of the cars did not exist. One could sit in the lounge and partake of their cocktails and observe the travelers

dining at the tables of the dining car. I could go on and give additional illustrations, but I think this is sufficient to indicate that this form of transportation is of yesterday and will never be restored.

The railways have gone farther in discouraging passenger travel. I would like to insert here the remark made to me by a former president of the Southern Pacific railway. He said, "One of these days passengers traveling on our trains will eat out of lunch boxes." Here you are getting back to the system operated in the British Isles where lunch baskets are put aboard at various stations, diners only being operated on through trains between London, Liverpool, Edinburgh.

They have eliminated all less-than-carload lot shipments. Prior to this elimination, the Southern Pacific operated daily what are known as *way cars* over its entire system. That is to say, freight less-than-carload was placed in a way car and distributed enroute as the freight train traveled over the rails. In the case of the Southern Pacific, it operates what is known as the Pacific Intermountain transportation truck system.

As for sidings, all railways have reduced and torn up as many sidings as is compatible with their revised transportation system. When I use the word revised I mean that the railways are confining their activities solely to the shipment of carload lots.

As for short line railways, they're a thing of the past. Here in the year 1967, seventeen years from the date of abandonment of the "V & T" railway, the present generation knows nothing of it or its history other than what is told them by their parents. At one time the short line railways had a separate association known as the Shortline Railways of America, with headquarters in Washington, D. C. That association was discontinued many years ago as a result of lack of membership.

And so, the statements of the opposition at the abandonment hearings of the "V & T" railway have proved to be false. The grass did not grow in the streets of Minden and Gardnerville. In place of such a negative attitude, I read with interest just last week that the little town, one could almost call it a hamlet, of Gardnerville has expanded to such an extent that it is going to support a large and extensive shopping center.

What was the population of Reno in the year 1950? It was 30,000. What is the current population in 1967, the year of this dictation? It is 125,000. And the prediction, made by the department of economic research in the College of Business Administration for the year 1975, is 152,000. From the same source of information I think it is interesting to note the following population statistics: In the year 1950, Washoe County had a population of 50,205, with a state population of 160,083. In the current year, 1967, the county's population is 134,000 with a state total of 486,200. 1970's predicted population of the county is 147,000, for the state 657,000. This is an alarming growth, and there is every indication that it will continue to increase over the succeeding years.

For the information of the historian and researcher, after consultation with the chief librarian of the University of Nevada, it has been decided that the somewhat voluminous material referred to in this oral history shall be deposited in appropriate containers and be made a part of this history. Such data and material will be indexed by exhibit numbers. Accordingly, where an exhibit number is stated in this history, any party desirous of obtaining additional information should refer to the exhibit in question as will be found in the containers.

In the early part of the Virginia and Truckee railway history, I gave the catalog numbers of publications edited by the late

Lucius Beebe and Gilbert Kneiss. I would like to record other publications I referred to. Whether or not they are on deposit with the University Library, I am not in position to state. Reference was made to the following publications: *Comstock Mining and Miners* by Eliot Lord, published by the Howell-North press, Berkeley, California; *The History of the Comstock Lode, 1850-1920* by Grant H. Smith, published by the Nevada State Bureau of Mines, Jay A. Carpenter, director; *Early Engineering Works Contributory to the Comstock* by John Delbo Galloway, published by the Nevada State Bureau of Mines, J. A. Carpenter, director; *History of Nevada, 1881*, Thompson and West publishers, Oakland, California.

I do not think it presents any difficulty for the reader of this narrative to evaluate my feelings, especially on the day when I turned the key to my office in the Carson City passenger depot for the last time.

And so I conclude that part of this oral history which has to do with America's last, most famous short line railway, the Virginia and Truckee railway. And shall we so conclude with the old Latin phrase, *requiescat en pace*.

A NEW CAREER IN RENO'S BUSINESS AND POLITICAL ARENAS

What was my future to be? Was I to sit down and accept a retirement (which in one way I had justly earned) after the tumultuous affairs of the last remaining years of the railway? The answer came to me: No. I still had some years for useful activity, perchance for some worthwhile contribution to the public at large.

So the decision was made to open a practice in public accounting; income tax work, organization, and consultive services were offered. I was grateful to two prominent public accountants, Messrs. W. L. Merithew and Edward L. Thomas, for my being afforded desk space in their offices. In addition to this type of work, I came under the supervision of the federal referee in bankruptcy, John C. Mowbray, Esq. Referee Mowbray assigned me numerous bankruptcy cases and found my work much to his satisfaction, so much so that on his appointment to the district court of Nevada at Las Vegas, our acquaintance developed into a personal one, and today I have no stronger supporter than the judge referred to. Several months ago our present

governor, the honorable Paul Laxalt, elevated Judge Mowbray to the Nevada Supreme Court. I at once phoned him long-distance, and while there were several calls ahead of me, at the moment his secretary mentioned my name, the judge was on the phone and I was assured by him chambers at Carson City would always be open to a visit from myself.

The honorable John R. Ross, federal judge of the district of Nevada, recalling my administration of the V & T railway, appointed me a federal examiner in more than one case entered in his court, which relieved him of much detailed work, I doing the same to his satisfaction.

While I maintained an office as a public accountant over the period 1952-1959, there were two instances when I accepted with reservations permanent employment.

SECURITY NATIONAL BANK OF NEVADA

Robert Ziemer Hawkins, who held a very considerable stock interest in the Security National Bank of Reno, later to be known

as the Security National Bank of Nevada, approached me for the purpose of organizing and instituting a trust department for this bank. Heretofore, the Security Bank had no trust department, and the few agency and trust accounts it possessed were handled by the chief clerk of the commercial department.

And so it came about that I associated myself with the Security National Bank in the month of December, 1952, as its first trust officer, and I continued in this capacity until my resignation in the month of July, 1954.

It may be of interest to trace the history of this bank because of the relationship to it of the late Major Max C. Fleischmann, whose foundation has generously contributed to the enlargement and the forward progress of the University of Nevada. Let us refer to the situation in the year 1932, a year when the height of the national depression was being experienced. The outgoing President of the United States was the late Herbert C. Hoover, who, fully realizing the desperate economic condition of the country at large, made every endeavor to work in collaboration with the incoming President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Those were the days of the long term, lame duck government period. President Roosevelt would have nothing to do with the offer. He, as history has recorded, desired to occupy the center of the stage as his inauguration with his famous statement, "There is nothing to fear but fear itself." In the interval, the country, to use the vernacular, was going to the dogs.

On Roosevelt's taking the oath of office, some alert law clerk in the attorney general's department ran across one non-repealed war-time law having to do with World War II when the presidency was granted unlimited, shall we say, dictatorial powers. While this one remaining statute was hardly applicable to the economic condition under discussion,

no one was to question the use of the statute by President Roosevelt. One of his first acts was to close all the national banks of America. It had to be done due to the heavy drain of withdrawals by the depositors who lined up patiently, block after block, to withdraw their holdings. After due examination, many of the closed banks never reopened. Others were reorganized and finally reached a solvent position.

One such bank was the Reno National Bank, situated at the southwest corner of Second and Virginia Streets. Mr. Walter J. Tobin was its receiver. Mr. Tobin was successful in reorganizing this defunct bank, and out of it emerged the Security National Bank of Reno, with Mr. Tobin as its first president.

Before going further in the history of this bank, I'd like to make reference to another Reno bank, which under presidential edict had to close, but as far as its financial condition was concerned, there was no necessity for such closing. I refer to the Farmers and Merchants National Bank. The controlling interest of this bank was held by the late Walter J. Harris, who was its vice president and general manager, and its president was Richard Kirman, later to become the governor of our state for the period of 1935-1938.

Here we have two representatives of early pioneer families, who not only knew the banking business, but knew the general characteristics of the citizens at large. They operated a conservative, efficient banking business in such a way that it was in an excellent liquid position at all times. They were most careful with their loans, and yet if one had the proper qualifications, there was no difficulty in obtaining a loan. Mr. Kirman, in addition to his banking activities, was the president of J.R. Bradley and Company, wholesale and retail dealers in hardware

goods, located, in the early days of Reno, at Third Street and North Virginia. Its activities today are confined to a wholesale business at a new location.

The Harris family had its roots in Dayton, Nevada, and the late Walter J. Harris, along with Governor Kirman, were held in the highest respect by those who knew them and their contribution to the economic development of northern Nevada. Two of Mr. Harris's sons are worthy of mention. Gordon B. Harris, who was associated with his father for many years in the Farmers and Merchants Bank, today operates one of Reno's largest insurance agencies. His brother, Dr. Everett Harris, retired from the faculty of the University of Nevada this last June (1967), and at the time of his retirement, held the post of professor of mechanical engineering.

Returning to the Security National Bank, a charter was received on January 18, 1939. Purchase was made of a property on West First Street where the Fulton home was located (and which I have referred to earlier in my narrative). This fine home was demolished and a bank building erected in the year 1950.

Major Fleischmann became interested in this bank as a result of overtures made by Mr. Tobin to him, and in due time he became chairman of the board of directors. It is almost superfluous for me to say that the late Major Max C. Fleischmann was interested in the economic and social-cultural development of this state. The benefactions resulting from the foundation he created speak for themselves.

A strong board of directors was elected, but in the initial years, no trust department was required. I have it on good authority that Major Fleischmann wished to make this bank a truly citizen's bank. By this I mean that the citizens of Reno and elsewhere would have the opportunity of investing in its capital stock structure.

Reverting to the location of Second and Virginia Streets, above the reorganized bank were the law offices of Robert Ziemer Hawkins. On suggestions from Mr. Tobin, Mr. Hawkins commenced to invest his funds in Security National Bank stock, to such an extent that he was accorded recognition by being elected to the board of directors.

It is a matter of record that the Fleischmann holdings represented approximately seventy-five million dollars, and the securities covering this investment were held on deposit in New York banks. The Major, exerting every effort in the building up of Reno, reached the decision that a certain percentage of his investments should be sent to the West and placed on deposit with the Security National Bank. Prior to their transfer, Major Fleischmann passed on, but his wishes were carried out, and thus the reason of my appointment as first trust officer of this bank for the purpose of organizing a proper and efficient trust department, as required by the U. S. Treasury Department.

Before proceeding further, I think it is of interest to comment on the wise provisions Major Fleischmann created in his will and testamentary trust agreement. If one is interested in law and the drawing up of an involved legal document, he should refer to this last will and testament as drawn up by the late Lester D. Summerfield. Mr. Summerfield was Mr. Fleischmann's legal advisor and continued in this capacity and as a trustee of his foundation until his death in 1966. This document sets up what is known today as the Max C. Fleischmann Foundation to be distributed, and I quote from the words of the will, "for the benefit of mankind." This foundation came into effect at the time of his death, and the trustees there so named are still the trustees at this time of recording. The Major made ample provision for Mrs.

Fleischmann, altogether apart from her other holdings and investments. He went so far as to set aside and specifically name various blocs of stocks and bonds which were to be held in trust for her during her lifetime and which were to provide an annual income of not less than \$95,000. The will further stated that if at any time in the future these specific securities failed to yield an income of \$95,000, the corpus was to be invaded to make up the difference. There was a further provision regarding the securities for her well-being, that on the death of Mrs. Fleischmann, her holdings were to be transferred to the Fleischmann Foundation. The entire foundation had to be closed out and its funds distributed within a period of twenty years after her death.

And so we are witnessing today a distribution of wealth acquired in the days gone by, largely through the sale of Fleischmann's yeast, a food commodity to be found in the refrigerators of grocery stores, wrapped in its silver wrapping with the famous yellow label atop.

Major Fleischmann's remains were interred in the Masonic section of the Mountain View cemetery with a simple, unpretentious headstone marking the spot. After many years since his passing, someone at last has kindly and thoughtfully placed a few flowers on his grave on Memorial Day.

At the commencement of my employment, securities in the approximate sum of thirty-five million dollars were transferred to the Security National Bank at Reno and were safely lodged in its well-protected vaults. It now became necessary for me to organize the trust department, which was located on the second floor of the building and distinctly separated from the commercial activities of the bank, all in accordance with U. S. Treasury regulations. The best of equipment was purchased, and I proceeded to set up a system

using the National Cash Register accounting machine, together with Addressograph equipment. I had as my secretary Mrs. Lee Bakes, most efficient, who today is secretary to William Raggio, district attorney for the county of Washoe.

I requested a transfer from the commercial floor of a Mr. Robert Holt, who later on was appointed to a permanent post in the trust department of the First National Bank, and who at the time of his sudden death in 1967 was trust officer for this bank at Elko, Nevada. No one could have wished for more efficient and loyal support than these parties afforded the bank and myself.

I think it's interesting to note the composition of the board of directors at the time of my appointment, as they were, and are today, prominent citizens of this community. They were Mr. Walter J. Tobin, president and director; Mr. Lester D. Summerfield, chairman of the board of directors; Robert Ziemer Hawkins, Mitch L. Armanko of the Armanko Office Supply Company; Julius Bergen, confidential advisor and secretary to Major Fleischmann over a period of twenty-seven years; Robert Flick, John W. Isbell, George Springmeyer, Harry J. Frost of the Reno Printing Company, Prince A. Hawkins, and Hugh P. Herd of the former firm of Herd and Short.

The spring of 1954 witnessed a climax in the affairs of the bank. Mr. L. D. Summerfield and most of the directors resigned as the result of a dispute with Mr. Robert Ziemer Hawkins, who owned some 42% of the bank's stock. Their stock was purchased by Mr. Hawkins. He thus achieved a long time ambition of owning a bank, and as of March 8, 1954, was the possessor of approximately 94% of its stock. The resigned directors withdrew their commercial and savings accounts, and the trustees of the Fleischmann

Foundation transferred its securities to the trust department of the First National Bank of Nevada. This action closed the trust department, as the few remaining accounts were of no significance. The purpose of my having joined the bank now fulfilled, my resignation naturally followed in the month of June, 1954.

A biography of the late Max C. Fleischmann, as edited by the Foundation, will be found and is identified as Exhibit Number Fifteen

COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE, CITY OF RENO

With my resignation from the bank, I continued to be busy with accounting assignments and as a receiver for the federal court. During the month of May, 1955, I was approached by the city manager for the city of Reno, Mr. Thomas Hillberg, as to whether I would accept the appointment of city comptroller. Heretofore, the city accounting system had been conducted in a more or less rudimentary form, to which no criticism is directed. What was taking place was the rapid expansion of the city of Reno and the necessity of its accounting affairs being placed under the jurisdiction of an experienced accountant and as a separate entity.

Mr. Hillberg, knowing of my background, and after consultation with Mayor Francis R. Smith, asked me to undertake such organization in collaboration with the city's outstanding auditors, Kafoury and Armstrong, CPA. I was now to experience for the first time an association with politicians, and much could be said by me as to this new field of endeavor.

It is on record that during the regime of Francis R. Smith as mayor, 1947-1955, the affairs of the city were in good hands. Mayor Smith (the sole proprietor of the Ready-Mix

Concrete Company) was ably assisted by six councilmen of high quality and integrity and well-known to the community. I refer to Mr. William Ligon, Mr. Edwin Semenza, director and producer of the Little Theater presentations over many, many past years; Mr. Charlie Cowan, who understood the downtown interests of the community better than most people; Mr. Tom Harvey, a rugged Irishman, homespun, but honest to his backbone; Mr. Roy Bankofier, who had extensive experience in the field of cattle ranching and who, incidentally, today is mayor of the city of Reno; and Marshall Guisti, who today operates an extensive automobile tire recapping service. I know for a fact that the finance committee of this council, guided by Messrs. Ligon and Guisti, saw to it that the financial affairs of the city were kept under control and on a liquid basis.

Prior to this council, the city was privileged to have had sound administrations from such mayors as August Frohlich and John A. Cooper. All this type of high quality structure was about to disappear when Mayor Smith declined to run again for election. And I refer to the year 1955.

In the 1955 election, Leonard H. Harris was elected mayor, and to use an old adage, a new broom always sweeps clean. Mayor Harris proceeded with such sweeping, and anticipating that his broom might be aimed in my direction, I chose to resign as the first comptroller of the city of Reno in the month of August in the same year of my appointment, 1955. I took a well-earned vacation consisting of a three month's trip to the East in which Mrs. Sampson accompanied me.

It is interesting to note that Leonard H. Harris, several years ago, stated to me in the Mapes Hotel that if he knew then, in the year 1955, what he knew at the time of our conversation, I would never have been

permitted to resign my position as the first comptroller for the city of Reno. As a matter of fact, it's but sixty days since he repeated this statement in my office at the Centennial Coliseum. Len Harris has learned much the hard way, and as a result has become a highly respected member of our state legislature. He is anticipating that in the very near future, the board of county commissioners for Washoe County will appoint him state senator as a replacement for Senator James Bailey, who resigned to become director of the state motor vehicle department.

WASHOE COUNTY FAIR AND RECREATION BOARD

On my retirement as the first city comptroller of the city of Reno, and after a vacation as already referred to, I spent the greater part of my time in my accounting office until July, 1956. Then I received a hasty summons from Mr. Robert A. Allen, now chairman of the Public Service Commission of Nevada, to come to his office and discuss with him a temporary appointment for some considerable period of time. On doing so, I was requested to accept a special assignment in the department of assessment standards. This unit is a part of the Nevada Tax Commission, and, for clarification, it should be understood that at that time, if not now, the chairman of the Public Service Commission was a member *ex officio* of the Nevada Tax Commission. I was assigned the task of writing a fair and equitable assessment where motor vehicles, trucks, and buses were concerned. This assignment was carried out, together with other special requisitions made by Mr. Allen, and the then-secretary of the Nevada Tax Commission, Mr. Robbins Cahill. Suffice it to say that I completed, my assignments during the month of October,

1957, and thus my daily trips to Carson City were terminated.

I accordingly spent full time in my office, still receiving work from the federal referee in bankruptcy, work which was of an intimate nature in some instances and requiring diligence on the part of a receiver.

And so I carried on until the year 1959, when my attention was directed to a display advertisement in a Reno newspaper to the effect that the recently constituted Fair and Recreation Board for the county of Washoe was in the market for a tax administrator, whose duties were largely defined as a collector of the recently imposed room license tax on all tourist rentals.

Before going on with a somewhat involved explanation as to the legal authority and constitution of such recreation boards, may I refer to the year 1954, at which time I was chairman of the civic affairs committee of the Reno Chamber of Commerce. I was asked to assume this chairmanship by the then-president of the Chamber, Charles W. Mapes of the Mapes Hotel. Mr. Mapes, along with many other well-intentioned citizens, felt that the time had now arrived when Reno should have an adequate and suitable civic auditorium, a complex capable of servicing not only conventions but also as a place of cultural enjoyment in the way of concerts, ballet, etc., and as a replacement to the worn-out, inadequate building known as the State Building in Powning Park.

Accepting this assignment, I set up four committees with prominent citizens as chairmen of each committee. For the site selection committee, Mr. Eugene Wait of the First National Bank, an authority on real estate matters in the community, was chosen. The late Lawrence Semenza, CPA, of Semenza and Kottinger, was asked to head the ways and means committee. Mr. Joe McDonald of the

Reno Newspapers, Inc., was asked to head the publicity and education committee. Mr. Paul Garwood of the Bell Telephone system was chairman of the plans and designs committee.

Prior to the year 1954, and as a matter of history, I wish to state that a civic center concept had reached the layout stage with its location immediately south of the Truckee River and fronting on both sides of Virginia Street. There was depicted the United States post office, the county court house, the county library, a memorial civic auditorium in memory of the war dead, the sheriff's building, etc. Nothing ever came of this extensive layout, largely due to the indifference of the community and lack of funds.

Mr. Eck Holgate, the county engineer, had all these colored layouts hanging on the walls of his office, and he and I, on more than one occasion, studied the general concept and wished for its fruition.

Returning to the year 1954 and the work of the civic affairs committee, many months were spent by all those concerned in an endeavor to reach some suitable and concrete decision. Mr. Tom Hillberg, the city manager, together with Mayor Smith, were more than interested—to such an extent that they went out and were able to place under option sufficient acreage on Mill Street on which to construct a suitable civic auditorium. The greater part of the area was placed under option for the sum of approximately \$925,000. However, when it came to the city fathers consenting to the issuance of a bond issue, they declined with the fear that they were invading, to too large an extent, the remaining unabsorbed debt ceiling of some \$5,000,000. With that decision, the entire project was dropped and the committee discharged with thanks.

Notwithstanding this failure, the following year saw the appointment of Mr.

George Stetson as chairman of the civic affairs committee of the Reno Chamber of Commerce. Here we have a fine, outstanding citizen, aggressive in every respect, and with a determined desire to accomplish something for the betterment of the community. (Later on in my history, his name will be introduced as a co-chairman with me for the solicitation of funds for the erection of Trinity Episcopal Church.)

Mr. Stetson felt that the momentum created by my committee in the preceding year should be followed up and some determined effort made to bring about the establishment of a civic auditorium. He looked to the possibilities of such a facility being erected on county property at the fair grounds, Wells Avenue, which, under proper arrangement, the land could be obtained free of cost. He also made connections with the National Guard of Nevada which became interested in erecting certain facilities at the fair grounds to be used not only for military purposes, but also as a civic auditorium. Then George organized a strong committee and, aided and abetted by fine publicity in the newspapers, brought this whole concept to that point where the electorate was asked to pass on an appropriate issuance of bonds. I had not been asked to participate in this endeavor and was glad this was the case, for it did not appear to me to be an adequate solution to what the community really needed. Here again, my business training and experience said that an endeavor was being made to enter into a three-cornered hat arrangement between the Washoe County commissioners, the state National Guard, and the city of Reno. Just how such an arrangement could have been worked out agreeably to all concerned was, in my opinion, impossible.

There was a further stipulation to the effect that the National Guard held itself

free to use the facility three nights a week for drilling. Just how one was to amalgamate *this* stipulation with convention dates and other civic functions was more than difficult for me to comprehend. Therefore, with a great deal of reluctance (and I say this in all sincerity), I felt it necessary to oppose the whole proposition just prior to the voters exercising their franchise. Accordingly, I wrote a letter to the *Reno Evening Gazette* under date of June 1, 1956. This intelligent letter was largely read by the community, with the result that the bond election was defeated. Naturally, my good friend George Stetson blamed me for this defeat. I still believe that I was correct in the action I took. Providing no overriding authority would be created by the state legislature for the creation of fair and recreation boards, the only way in which Reno could have properly enjoyed and serviced a civic auditorium would have been through its sole ownership and its sole management.

If the proposition that Mayor Smith and Manager Hillberg and myself put up to the city council of 1954 had been acted upon, a civic auditorium would have been built on the Mill Street site, and, accordingly, would have been in use over all these years in the development of our local economy. Particularly so as an endeavor to balance and equalize such economy over the twelve months of semi-winter and winter conditions. I'll go farther and say that if the gambling interests of Reno had not played "blind man's buff" and had, with their own funds, built such a facility, they would have had their investment returned more than tenfold through the increased profits accruing to them from the convention delegates and tourism at large. That is just what's going to happen in the year 1968 when we open for the first time the Pioneer Theater Auditorium, located in the center of downtown Reno. The construction cost of

which does not contain one penny from the gambling interests, comes from the tourist's paying a tax on his hotel or motel rental. It is the gambling interests that are going to receive the big benefit from the opening of this civic auditorium-convention hall facility.

I stated I applied for the position of tax administrator as advertised by the Washoe County Fair and Recreation Board in the year 1959. I gave serious thought to whether such an application should be filed because I realized I was advancing in years. But what was a person with an extrovert nature, such as mine, to do on retirement? I still did not consider myself ready to be put out to pasture—reading books and taking quiet sleeping seances as my daily activity. And so the application was filed. It consisted of four brief paragraphs in which I said very little, but what was said was pertinent. When I was called down to the court house building for my interview, there sat other applicants with their traditional briefcases, bound resumes, and all the other modern appliances for applying for a position. I had none other than this simple application. I talked with the members of the board, most of whom were personal acquaintances of mine. It was solely on the basis of my association with the Nevada Tax Commission, my having been the first trust officer of the Security National Bank of Nevada, my being selected as the first comptroller for the city of Reno, and—please note—the record I had established as the last vice president and general manager of the Virginia and Truckee railway, that I received the appointment.

In accepting the appointment, I did so with the thought that with an appropriate bond issue, the construction and actual operation of any facility would all take place within a period of three years. Provided all this became a reality, it would have been

appropriate for me to retire from business life. Little did I, at that time, comprehend what form the board would take in its endeavor to fulfill its assignment of establishing suitable and adequate recreational, convention, and auditorium facilities. It was not until the year 1965 that the Centennial Coliseum was open for business. And it will not be until January, 1968, that the downtown Pioneer Theater Auditorium will be available for conventions and other cultural entertainment.

And so, for one reason or other, I have carried on over the past eight years, firm in the statement that with the completion of the Pioneer Theater Auditorium and its financing a thing of the past, my retirement to private life will definitely take place February 15, 1968.

I think, for the record, that I should place some of the working knowledge I have as to the operation of fair and recreation boards, for the particular reason that there are certain economics involved. The idea of fair and recreation boards originated in the state of California, and, to put it in frank language, it was a deliberate attempt to avoid and not invade the taxation ceiling imposed on all political subdivisions by state statute as to the amount of such political subdivisions' borrowing powers. By the creation, through state legislation, of recreation boards, with permission to sell their own bonds, such invasion was avoided. Thus, such boards were permitted by law to borrow money and repay the borrowings through the impositions of some form of business license tax. That is what took place, but it is interesting to note that in the case of the Nevada state legislature, they clearly defined that, without special legislation, any bonds sold by any fair and recreation board established in the state of Nevada would be determined as *ad valorem* general obligation bonds and thus

a mortgage against every square foot of land in the respective political subdivision or subdivisions concerned. It was in the year 1955 that the Nevada legislature enacted a new law entitled *Nevada Statutes pertaining to the County Governments County Fair and Recreation Boards, Bonds for Recreational Facilities*, N.R.S. 244.640-244.780.

The researcher can find ready access to this statute, and so I will not endeavor to cover same in detail, other than to record what the general powers and authority of such a constituted board are. Such fair and recreation boards are empowered "to establish, construct, purchase, or otherwise acquire, reconstruct, improve, extend, and better fair grounds, exposition buildings, convention halls, auditoriums, field houses, amusement halls, public parks, playgrounds, swimming pools, golf courses, recreation centers, other recreation facilities and buildings therefore, and improvements incidental thereto, to equip and furnish the same, to acquire a suitable site of grounds for any recreational facilities, to issue bonds therefore, and at one time or from time to time, to advertise, publicize, and promote the recreational facilities of the county." The composition of any fair and recreation board is based on United States census and, in the case of Washoe County at the present time, there are five members constituting the board.

Two members have been sent to this board from the Reno city council, two members have been sent by the Washoe County Board of Commissioners, and one from the city council of Sparks. These five members, on organization, choose their chairman and elect a secretary- treasurer.

The statute referred to provides a bonding ceiling of three percent of the assessed evaluation of the county in question, and any bonds sold by any board must be general obligation bonds. If a board has the desire

to sell what are known as revenue bonds, which do not have the protection of general obligation bonds, they must be approved by the voters unless special acts of the legislature are obtained to sell such bonds without recourse to the electorate.

With this authority, and the desire on the part of the cities of Reno and Sparks and Washoe County proper, that a fair board should be organized for the purposes already outlined, and that bonds should be sold for the construction of a convention hall and civic auditorium, it became necessary for the three political subdivisions involved to enact, through their respective councils and boards, ordinances imposing whatever tax was mutually agreed upon. In the case of Washoe County, after an appropriate survey by a well-known fiscal agent, it was determined that anyone renting an overnight facility in a hotel, motel, or auto court, should be charged a five percent tax against such daily rental. It was estimated that such a five percent tax would return proceeds to the Washoe County Fair and Recreation Board in an amount that would permit the sale of bonds and their redemption, both as to principle and interest, together with sufficient room license tax with which to operate such facilities.

The original estimate was that approximately \$350,000 would be collected in the first year. Instead of that, \$458,000 was collected. For the fiscal year 1960-61, \$481,300 was collected; for '61-62, \$520,300; for '62-63, \$566,200; for '63-64, \$624,400; for '64-65, \$701,000; for '65-66, \$758,000. And at the close of [the fiscal year on] June 30, 1967, when the month of June taxes have been received in the current month of July, I am certain that the total collected will be at least \$800,000.

I give these figures as an indication of the growth and expansion of Washoe County. In

the year 1960, in the entire county there were 225 licensed operators operating 6,157 daily rental units. Seven years afterwards, in other words, June 30, 1967, the number of licensed operators had increased to 352, with rental units 10,703. It should be understood that when I use these figures, they do not include what are known as the exemption rentals. There are, more or less, 650 permanent apartment houses and other facilities of a permanent nature where people pay their rent on a monthly basis and in advance. They are exempted from the imposition of this tax.

The importance of the statistics and room license rentals, as recorded in the accounting office of the board which is under my supervision, assumed greater importance as the years passed by. It is becoming quite a habit for outside-the-state parties, interested in making investment in the Reno area to send their representatives to my office for concrete evidence of an ever-increasing expansion in the economy of this community.

There is one interesting factor that, to date, has not been eliminated. The first concept of a convention hall and auditorium was that it would have the tendency to balance the economy of the community in a better spread over the twelve months, rather than five good months and seven lean months. It was thought that the construction of suitable facilities and the construction of the modern high-speed transcontinental highway between San Francisco and Reno would bring about a much larger influx of tourists who would remain overnight and perhaps for several days. To the contrary it has been determined that San Franciscans can leave at an early hour in the morning, reach Reno by noontime, have a nice lunch, spend the afternoon losing their money, and return to their native city, enjoying dinner enroute. The operators of hotels and motels are deprived of their remaining overnight.

I don't know what the situation will be twenty-five years or so from now, but if a student of economics is interested, permit me to quote, by months, current room license taxes as received from the three political subdivisions (I shall give the figures in round numbers). Month of July, \$94,500; August, \$107,000; September, \$84,000; October \$68,000; November, \$47,000; December, \$34,000; January, \$36,000; February, \$38,000; March, \$48,000; April, \$56,000; May, \$65,000; June, \$81,000. All this is public information, otherwise it would not be recorded in this history. You can readily see, commencing with the month of October each year, we drop to the lowest receipts in the month of December, and then slowly start to climb once more. It is not until the month of May that the room license taxes are received in a large amount similar to those of the succeeding months of June, July, and August.

As I previously stated, such room license taxes are actually imposed by each individual political subdivision, and the imposition is made through an ordinance. There is no difference where room license tax is concerned from that of a dog license tax, a business or professional business license tax, or the operation of a hotel or motel, etc. These are all business license taxes.

If these taxes were inaugurated by the individual political subdivision, how comes it that an official of the Washoe County Fair and Recreation Board has the duty of collection and administration of such taxes? The answer is quite simple; the political subdivisions concerned did not wish to assume the additional burden of collecting such taxes and their remittance to the board. The Nevada statute provided ten percent of the total taxes collected for the administration and collection of such taxes by any board.

With all these formalities enacted and under control, the board now was in the

position of offering bonds for sale in the financial markets for the construction of a facility. So, in the year 1960, an issue of four and one-half million dollars was offered to the investing public through appropriate financial houses in the East.

After these bonds were sold and the board was in possession of four and one-half million dollars, what was to be done with these funds? Once more, the old Mill Street site was brought up for consideration, and local architects were engaged to draw up the necessary plans and specifications for the construction of a theater-auditorium, convention hall, and exhibit space facilities. The firm of Lockard, Cazzaza and Parsons were so engaged, and in time, the final plans were submitted to the board for its approval. Under the natural course of events, construction would have commenced on the Mill Street site. Up to this time, the board and its legal counsel were of the opinion that, under the Nevada statutes, the board had the right of condemnation if and where the private property owner refused to bargain and sell his property to the board.

There now arose a difference of opinion, and to put it in a few simple words, it became apparent that the board of county commissioners retained to itself the powers of condemnation. Accordingly, application was made to the board of county commissioners that they proceed to condemn certain parcels of the Mill Street site, only for the Fair and Recreation Board to receive their refusal. This situation called for clarification, and accordingly, the then-senator Peter Echeverria had a bill introduced and passed by both houses [of the state legislature] granting the Washoe County Fair and Recreation Board the power of condemnation. This was placed on the governor's desk for his signature, and here we enter into that realm of politics.

The governor, Grant Sawyer, called for a conference with the members of the three political subdivisions and worked out a gentlemen's agreement whereby all parties agreed that the site selection be submitted to the Stanford Research bureau and with the recommendation that the Mill Street site be eliminated from their survey. In due time the survey was made and a copy of their voluminous report is now on file in the special collections division of the library of the University of Nevada. Their first recommendation, and they gave several others as alternatives, was the general area on which the present Reno city hall is now erected. Every separate and individual parcel of land covered by the recommendation was appraised by nationally registered appraisers at a cost of \$28,000. The Stanford Research report was obtained at a cost of \$25,000. The total expenditure at the old Mill Street site in the way of architectural fees was in the approximate amount of \$60,000.

The board was now ready to negotiate with the individual owners of this Southside area, and where a refusal to negotiate was encountered, the board desired that condemnation proceedings be entered into. And so a second request was made to the board of county commissioners and once more a refusal was obtained in return.

The board was now faced with but one alternative and that was to purchase land in some locality which did not involve condemnation proceedings. This the board proceeded to do, and so in the following year, it purchased approximately thirty-four acres from the Smith family of Harold's Club at a price of \$1,200,000. It was on this site the Centennial Coliseum was erected and which has been in public operation since the month of March, 1965. It is, in the true sense of the word, a sports arena and not in any sense

a theater-auditorium. It is a facility which the board has leased to circuses, ice hockey matches, boxing and wrestling events, rodeos, and other forms of entertainment. Because of the lack of a proper theater-auditorium, its concourses have been used as a last resort by the Reno Community Concert Association and other such local groups. It has proved its flexibility in so many ways that it is today recognized as a place where a home show, an automobile exhibition, or a dinner for as many as one thousand persons can be serviced. It has ample parking space, and in all is a credit to the board which erected it and to the present management which operates it.

In the establishment of such a facility three and a half miles from the center of town—Second and Virginia streets—the desire and necessity of a theater-auditorium had not been solved. When the board, shall we say, with some reluctance, created its first facility at such a distance from downtown, it reserved a certain amount of funds for the eventual creation and construction of a downtown facility to be comprised of an adequate theater-auditorium with additional facilities for conventions—not for conventions of a nation-wide scale, but for that smaller-type of convention having to do with the western states.

If I have not made myself clear, we have in this second facility a thoroughly adequate theater of 1,400 seating capacity which an orchestra pit for thirty musicians, a stage that can accommodate a symphony orchestra of ninety-five members, a scenery loft that could fully service theatrical traveling companies such as "Hello, Dolly!" and with adequate dressing rooms, star dressing rooms, lounges, snack bars, etc. This will become a center of much activity and should bring to Reno a great addition in tourism—both regular tourists and delegates.

The financing of this second facility was brought about by the Nevada state legislature granting the board the power to sell a two and one-half million-dollar revenue bond issue. Here is a departure from the general obligation bond. This permission was granted without recourse being made to the electorate.

The question can be properly asked, why recourse to a Nevada act where the sale of revenue bonds are concerned rather than submitting such a bond issue to the taxpayers for their approval or otherwise? Let me say here that where our state legislature is concerned, they are not receptive, under ordinary conditions, to the passing of special legislation granting any political subdivision the right to sell revenue bonds without recourse to the voters. This is a proper democratic process, so why the exception in the case of the local board and its request to the state legislature and the by-passing of the voters. The answer is simple and of record. Prior to the decision to construct a downtown facility, and due to the necessity of completing the Centennial Coliseum, with particular reference as to its inside equipment, a bond issue was approved under its chairman, William H. Gravelle, in the amount of one million dollars. Mr. Gravelle and his board felt this sum was necessary in order to complete the facility in all respects, including its parking and landscaping.

This proposal was submitted to the voters and was promptly defeated by a substantial margin, much to the surprise of chairman Gravelle.

With this experience behind them, the decision was reached to construct a theater-auditorium on a free site of land in the heart of downtown Reno, the state having deeded this land to the Washoe board of county commissioners. The commissioners in turn leased it to the Washoe County Fair

and Recreation Board for the sum of one dollar over a period of ninety-nine years. All this accomplished, the board decided to request the state legislature to afford them the right to sell revenue bonds without recourse to the electorate. No opposition was encountered where this proposed legislation was concerned, and there was no adverse reaction after the legislation was passed.

It is of public record that the First National Bank of Nevada, through its president and chairman of the board of directors, encouraged investment by eastern interests in this bond issue, by the bank itself making a very large and substantial purchase of the revenue bonds in question.

At this time of writing, the revenue derived from the room license taxes is of such a sufficient amount that the two bond issues will be redeemed in full with interest being paid semi-annually over the next twenty-year period. In addition, there are sufficient remaining taxes to pay for the administration and collection of such taxes, also to meet any operating loss where both facilities are concerned.

Taking all this into consideration, and based on the current room license taxes in the amount of \$800,000, there is approximately \$100,000 surplus which the board, under its power, may use to further improve the Centennial Coliseum facility and its grounds. The same applies to the Pioneer Theater Auditorium and to the creation of additional recreation facilities as already enumerated by me.

While my tenure of office has far exceeded three years, it has been an interesting period in my business life and one that I have greatly enjoyed. I have had the responsibility for an accurate and fair collection of the room license taxes and have had the additional responsibility of investing such taxes, together

with the bond proceeds, in U. S. government securities.

When one fully understands that with the commencement of construction of any facility, the general contractor, who in most instances has thirty to forty subcontractors working under the general contract, looks to a board to meet his monthly progress report statements covering the cost of construction to date. This all calls for careful financing and the investment of monies based on the general contractor's projection as to what his monthly financial requests will be. When a board is confronted with paying a high rate of interest on any bonds sold, it behooves its tax administrator (or whoever is responsible for such matters) to see that every cent possible is invested at the highest rate of return until such time as such monies are required for the payment of construction and for the semi-annual payment of interest on outstanding bonds and the annual payment where principle is involved.

Practically all of the financing of the Pioneer Theater Auditorium will have been accomplished prior to my retirement. If there is any outstanding unpaid obligation, it will be that of the ten percent retention held back against the general contractor until such time as the construction of the facility has found to be properly constructed and has been turned over to the ownership of the board.

In view of some of the statements made during the two hearings for the abandonment of the Virginia and Truckee railway, and in order to substantiate the fact that my reputation as a business executive and administrator has not been impugned, I would like to conclude this part of my narrative by quoting three letters which came to me unsolicited over the last two years.

The first letter is from William J. Raggio, district attorney and is signed, "Sincerely, Bill."

Dear Gordon:

I wish to thank you for your thoughtfulness in forwarding me a copy of the financial report of the Washoe County Fair and Recreation Board for the year ending June 30, 1965. I was most pleased to read the editorial. No one, better than I, knows the efforts which have been expended by you throughout the life of the board. You have been a most dedicated public servant serving in a most difficult position. You have my assurance of support at all times. With every good wish, I am (etc.)

Then under date of October 20, 1965, Mr. Nicholas G. Smith, vice president of the Burroughs, Smith & Company, outstanding and well-recognized municipal and financial consultants and fiscal investment agents in the western states, a firm which has marketed most of the bond issues for the state of Nevada in all its political subdivisions, wrote me this letter:

Dear Gordon:

By this time you have probably received copies of the bond resolution. Since I have only one copy, and since I do not have in mind submitting copies to other prospective purchasers, I would appreciate it if you would send me two of your extra copies of the resolution. It will be interesting to see what happens from this point forward, and no matter what does, it is a pleasure to work with a professional like yourself who insists on knowing and understanding all facets pertaining to the financing.

My best wishes to you, sir. Regards.

And the last, and third letter comes from the chairman of the board of the First National Bank of Nevada on the date of February 13, 1967, and reads:

Dear Gordon:

I sincerely appreciate your letters of January 27 and February 9 giving complete information covering your administration of the several funds of the Washoe County Fair and Recreation Board. You are to be commended for the excellent manner in which this presentation has been made.

Sincerely,
Harold

"Harold" stands for Harold S. Gorman.

In conclusion, I do not feel any public official such as I have been for the past eight and a half years could receive a higher and more appreciative recognition than is contained in an editorial written by the editor of the *Nevada State Journal*, Paul Leonard, and written under the date of September 22, 1965. The editorial is headed "Fair Board Procedure, Six Years Ago and Now."

Just issued is the auditor's report on the activities of the Washoe County Fair and Recreation Board for the fiscal year ending June 30. The report is some forty-three pages long, neatly bound, and includes every conceivable facet of the financial activities of this "big business" enterprise in Washoe County. Prepared by a certified public accountant from figures submitted by the board and its tax administrator, the detailed report offers such exhibits as a combined balance sheet, statement of revenues,

room license tax fund, income fund, bond fund, bond refunding trust fund, and numerous other matters having to do with the intricate world of finance of this public agency. Such a report, of course, is now routine with the Fair and Recreation Board, but the computer-like precision of the 1964-65 report is remindful of the "old days" of the board six years ago because it is all so different.

Five men have been intimately involved with the board since it was first instituted back in 1959. They include J. C. McKenzie, the only continuous member since its inception, who battled down to the wire as one of the famous "three Macs" during the long fight over the purchase of the "triangle site." The others are board advisors Emile Gezelin, legal advisor; Joseph Salomon CPA, who prepared the report mentioned above; Gordon Sampson, tax administrator, and Nicholas Smith, Salt Lake investment counselor and the board's fiscal agent.

If they are wont to recall the beginnings of this agency of the county and the two cities, they must shake their heads in wonderment over the confusion that attended its birth.

After the voters had decreed the agency that was to build the long-sought convention hall, it was Sampson as tax administrator and chief executive officer who was charged with getting it underway. He opened shop in the kitchen of a converted home on Liberty Street, occupied by a real estate firm of which one of the partners was Benjamin Winn, county commissioner and first board chairman. Sampson began

collecting the five percent room license tax from hotels and motels, first payment of which was due October 1, 1960. The trouble was, he wasn't the only one who was being sent the room taxes being collected. Payments were sent to the city clerks of Reno and Sparks, the county clerk, Winn's post office, and to the box of his business firm.

At the outset Sampson just collected checks and deposited them in the bank. When he got a breather, Sampson read the law setting up the Fair and Recreation Board, and he concluded the tax was being collected illegally in the first place. The taxes, he determined, and was backed by Gezelin, should have gone to the city treasurers of Reno and Sparks and Washoe County. In the meantime, the second quarter collections came due, so he had to collect them illegally, too. Finally, new ordinances had to be passed by the three political subdivisions in order to get all the funds sent to the tax administrator as the official tax receiver before bonds to build a convention hall could be sold.

Despite this scatter-gun collection system at the outset the Fair and Recreation Board had lost only \$235 in default-payments of the room tax. This, although at the outset, any operator, closing up shop, could have vanished and there would have been no recourse. Both Sampson's vigilance and the basic honesty of the people kept the losses next to nothing. Now, of course, the board cannot lose room tax revenue, for it has the power of lien against the real property. Somebody has to pay.

It was estimated before the room license tax went into effect that it would bring in about \$350,000 each fiscal year. Instead, in the first year's collections, they totaled \$458,000 and have been going up ever since at the rate of approximately \$50,000 a year. Collections for the 1964-65 year were \$701,000.

Matters have improved greatly since the kitchen collection days of 1959 and 1960. \$701,000 is a whale of a lot of money. But operating the huge Coliseum, which stands idle most of the time, and looking toward the downtown hall expenses, the present board is still hard-put to figure up how to meet the expenses and pay off the bonds.

It is to be distinctly understood by whoever reads this narrative, where it concerns the Washoe County Fair and Recreation Board, that all statements made, and figures and amounts entered into this record, are public information and of public record. The board is required to file the minutes of all its meetings which have taken place since the early part of 1959 when the board was inaugurated. They are on file in the county clerk's office and naturally contain the authorization for all expenditures, together with all motions and all resolutions passed and adopted by the various boards.

I wish to add additional comments to what already has been given. On January 15, 1960, Lockard, Cazzaza, and Parsons were appointed architects for the construction of the complex on the Mill Street site. When this site was eliminated by the board of county commissioners refusing condemnation, this firm was requested to prepare plans and specifications for a complex at the Southside

site recommended by the Stanford Research Institute. When this site was also refused by the board of county commissioners, the new site selected was the triangle site at Kietzke Lane and South Virginia Street. The same architects were requested to prepare plans and specifications for what today is known as the Centennial Coliseum. This they did, and on November 18, 1963, the Stolte Construction Company was awarded a contract for the construction of the Centennial Coliseum in the sum of \$2,787,000.

If I have not already stated, the land at the triangle site consisting of approximately thirty-four acres was purchased by the board for the sum of \$1,201,520, or at a cost of approximately \$35,000 an acre. Taking the land cost at this figure, the Stolte contract (to which should be added an additional million dollars for change orders allowing the complex to contain 60,000 square feet in the arena and other additions, and the equipment necessary to open the building to the public), we reach a total cost of approximately six million dollars for the Centennial Coliseum as it is seen today.

It was fitting that a cornerstone should be incorporated into it and so the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons for the state of Nevada were requested to lay the cornerstone. This ceremony took place on Friday, June 4, 1965, at which time the Most Worshipful Grand Master, H. Gregory McCulloch, together with the Grand Lodge officers, laid the cornerstone in true and ancient form.

Prior to the opening of the Centennial Coliseum which took place in the month of March, 1965, with an opening event consisting of the northern Nevada state high school basketball tournament, negotiations had been entered into in the month of June, 1964, with the architectural firm of Bozalis, Dickenson, and Roloff for the purpose of

drawing up plans and specifications for the construction of a geodesic dome theater-auditorium and exhibit hall on the downtown site already referred to.

Funds for the construction of this second facility were the result of the two and a half million-dollar sale of revenue bonds with a life of twenty-five years. This complex is nearing completion and should be open to the public in approximately the month of December, 1967, and when so opened, it will be fully equipped and ready for the purposes it was designed for and will represent an investment of slightly over three million dollars.

It may be of interest to enter a short record as to the various sources of funds received by the board since the inception of the room license taxes July 1, 1959, up to and including June 30, 1967. Approximately five million dollars has been collected in room license taxes. The 1960 bond issue was for \$4,450,000. The 1966 revenue bond issue was for two and a half million dollars. Interest earned on invested funds was in the amount of approximately \$360,000, and receipts from the facility rentals was in the sum of approximately \$176,000. In all, and in round figures, \$12,400,000 has been processed and handled through the board's office under the supervision of its chief executive officer.

The room license taxes in the amount given are at the five percent ratio. If one were to multiply the figure of five million dollars by twenty, bringing it up to a one hundred percent ratio, the answer would be approximately ninety-eight million dollars. It is the general consensus of opinion, based on nationwide experience, that for each dollar paid by a tourist for room rental, he will spend an additional three dollars for food, gasoline, oil, the purchase of novelties, clothing, and above all, his gambling expenses. If this factor of three dollars to one dollar is

applied, we arrive at a figure of approximately \$295,000,000, which has been contributed by the tourists over the period July 1, 1959, to June 30, 1967. This has and will continue to be a major impact on the economy of Reno and Washoe County at large.

Last week there was filed with the library of the University of Nevada a copy of the Stanford Research Institute report already referred to. This document is complete with details as to population in the then-bounds of the city of Reno. One of the exhibits shows that motels and hotels were all located within a radius of two and a half miles of Second and Virginia Streets. It will be of interest to a researcher to compare these charts with what the situation will be twenty-five to fifty years from now.

I now close this part of my history where it concerns my association with the Fair and Recreation Board. As I stated, it has been a pleasant experience.

In this chapter, I have given a brief outline as to my association and activities while employed by a local bank, a municipal political subdivision, and a county political subdivision. What has been my experience and my evaluation of those in an administrative capacity where these three entities are concerned? Has there been any improvement in the caliber of the person in public office as compared with the past five or ten decades? Has there been any improvement in the business ethics over the same period?

As to those who aspire to public office, I can see little improvement. Yes, there have been a few break-throughs, from time to time, to a plane where the public weal was first and foremost. Yet, on the whole things have not changed since I was a young man. Then we had the frock coat orator who "promised the moon" and everything else to the electorate. We had the pious reformer who would take

delight, masked with a solemn face full of indignation, in denouncing things as they were as against things as they would be, all predicated on his being elected. We had the manipulator who thought of his own interests, first and last, and we had the devoted public servant dedicated to his oath of office, exerting his every effort toward the advancement of his city, county, state, or country.

Public office morality appears to revolve in cycles, good, bad, and indifferent. At one time we find men of good repute, integrity, and high purpose being elected to office only to be followed by a team of uneducated, dogmatic, selfish citizens bent on furthering their own personal interests. As to the indifferent ones, their main purpose seems to be the enjoyment of the limelight, the status quo, and their pay check. Seldom has there appeared on the horizon a personality who could be labeled as a promising statesman, a person able, far-seeing, and principled in the conduct of public affairs. Such a man is not created in a day. Only a life-long adherence to a wide understanding of what is best for the political entity can produce a statesman. All men are born equal in one sense, not so in another sense.

Discussing the ethics of present day business, I detect a lower standard over the preceding decades. The oft-repeated axiom, "A man's word is as good as his bond" has become passe. Today's emphasis is more on a "dog eat dog" basis. Perchance the reason for this decline to lower values is due to nationwide combines, mergers, manipulations, government controls, restrictions, special interests, and the "public be damned."

Notwithstanding all I have said, the one important fact remains, the United States is a wonderful country to live in and have one's being. The law of averages still prevails and in the final analysis social progress is the order

of the day. America is on the march and its citizens, especially the high percentage of its silent ones, make their influence felt at the opportune time. At the present, the world faces a universal revolution in all phases of life. Today is not the day of yesterday or the present. Today is the day of tomorrow. Conventions, codes, creeds laws, practices, usages, constitutions are being subject to an unbiased re-evaluation. The old order changeth. Youth is on the march, stumbling, striving, full of confusion and uncertainty, yet having caught a vision is intent on achieving, as the popular song says, "the impossible dream." Good will come out of all this. All present archaic processes and procedures of life in all its categories are due to be changed. One could only wish, as these lines are written, the privilege of witnessing just what will evolve during the next five to ten decades.

This portion of my oral history is being dictated in the month of July, 1967, and as previously stated, my retirement is definitely scheduled for February 15, 1968. May I take advantage the editing of the history, June, 1968, to record my retirement took place February 15, 1968. In recognition of the friendly and cordial relationships existing between the motel and hotel operators and myself, the Nevada State Motel Association, at its annual dinner party held January 15, 1968, presented me with a beautiful silver plaque mounted on native oak with the following inscription:

Gordon A. Sampson
In sincere appreciation for
his many years of loyal service
to the motel industry in
Washoe County, Nevada

Under date of June 3, 1968, the governor of the state of Nevada wrote me as follows:

Dear Gordon:

It pleases me to inform you that I would like to confer on you the title "Distinguished Nevadan." This honor has been bestowed upon very few persons since we have been in office.

Certainly the designation and certificate are small recognition of the many faithful years you have given your state.

I hope it will be possible for you to be in my office Wednesday, June 12, at 3:00 p.m. to receive your honor.

With the highest of personal regards, I am,

Cordially yours,

Paul Laxalt

Governor of Nevada

RENO'S TRINITY EPISCOPAL CHURCH

The next section in my oral history has to do with Trinity Episcopal Church Reno, Nevada. It is not my intention to discuss this church and its affiliation with the Episcopal Protestant Church of America from a denominational point of view, but solely to record its historical significance in the development of the northern part of Nevada. Trinity Church was first created as a mission in the early part of the year 1873, and later in the same year, on May 23, was constituted a self-governing parish.

I wish to develop the tie-in between Trinity Church and St. Paul's Episcopal Church at Virginia City, and to what extent Trinity has had an influence and has made a contribution to the development of the University of Nevada—with particular reference to music and the arts.

As an introduction to the subject, may I quote from the *Reno Evening Gazette* of December 19, 1958.

One of the many facets of cosmopolitan life Virginia City

presented in its heyday was music, good, bad, and indifferent. It occupied the attention of the newly-arrived mucker and of the well-established nabob. The various communities comprising the Comstock had their choral societies, individual musicians of high repute, and above all, their well-balanced church choirs. Thus, the rafters of St. Mary's in the Mountains, St. Paul's Episcopal Church, and other nearby places of worship, echoed and re-echoed to the strains of fine organ music with anthems and ancient liturgy of the church being offered by their vocalists. The musical seed thus sown was in time to descend from Mt. Davidson and find lodgment at Lake's Crossing, the Reno of yesterday. From its inception, Reno has been noted for its appreciation of good music and its church choirs, of which the Trinity Episcopal Church choir was and is no exception, first organized into a well-rounded group by Professor James

Carroll, organist and choir director of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Virginia City. Mrs. Laura Layton of Reno assumed the organ console and direction of the Trinity choir.

Many a musician of future standing in this community owed their well-laid foundation to Mrs. Layton—to mention but one, May Dunlop Douglas, who at the time of her retirement was music supervisor of the grade schools of Reno.

Thus the beginning of the development of the arts in the small city of Reno, and credit must be given to the other churches that eventually established roots in Reno for their similar contributions. Later on in the history, there will be developed an extensive outline of how Reno, notwithstanding the unfair criticism leveled at it by the greater part of the country, persistently, from its early days, has forged ahead and achieved progress in the development of music and the arts.

On November 10, 1958, the rector of Trinity Episcopal Church, the Reverend John T. Ledger, invited the Nevada Repertoire Club to sponsor a special service of thanksgiving, praise, and commemoration of four outstanding deceased musicians.

Outlining the entire order of service it is worthy of note that Mrs. Theodore H. Post was the president of the Repertoire Club, ably assisted by Mrs. Mark A. Shipley, vice-president, Mrs. Alva B. Sonder, second vice-president, Mrs. E. C. Bangs, treasurer, Mrs. Evangeline R. Grant, corresponding secretary and Mrs. Beulah Saulter, recording secretary. These are well-known persons of Reno and all dedicated to the cause of music.

Through arrangements effected by Dr. William C. Miller of the University of Nevada and myself, Dr. Keith Macy, chairman of the

Department of Music, University of Nevada, was present, together with the university community symphonic choir, with the well-known organist, Mrs. Mary A. Atcheson (sister to our present United States District Federal Judge, Judge Bruce Thompson, and Gordon Thompson, associate justice of the Nevada Supreme Court).

The Trinity Episcopal Church choir was under the direction of Dr. Felton Hickman, formerly of the Department of Music, University of Nevada, and now retired. Mr. Joseph Battaglia was associate director and is a well-known soloist of the community; Mrs. Lester A. Manzo, now a resident of California, was the organist. Also present on this occasion was Mrs. Hazel Durham McComas, a well-recognized organist of Reno, and Mrs. Sidney J. Tillim, coloratura soprano, whose late husband was superintendent of the State Hospital. Dr. Miller and I acted as masters of ceremonies.

It was a soul-inspiring evening with a service designed in such a manner that the Hallelujah Chorus from *The Messiah*, conducted by Dr. Keith Macy, with combined chorus, was a fitting climax. Margaret Ryan Sampson attached to the order of services the following biographical sketches of the four deceased musicians being honored:

May Dunlop Douglas:

Space does not permit a true and full evaluation of those we commemorate in this service. To do so would take many a page. Suffice then to say that they, together with other musicians, gave to this community for over half a century a full measure of devotion to the development of music and arts. All honor to them. The Comstock Lode, its mines and railway, and the busy activity of St.

Paul's Episcopal Church of Virginia City, are synonymous with more than one facet of the character of May Dunlop Douglas, as exemplified from her early childhood to the year of her passing, 1957. Born in Gold Hill, 1877, she, at an early age, commenced the study of the organ with Professor Carroll and the development of her rich contralto voice with Mrs. Laura Layton, the soloist of the Trinity Episcopal Church choir of Reno. When but seventeen, and having assumed the responsibility of raising two younger sisters, this worthy pioneer passed second highest when she took the State Board examinations. Mrs. Douglas taught music in primary grades in the schools of Virginia City, since she was also organist of St. Paul's Episcopal Church of Virginia City. Receiving her degree in music from the University of California, she returned to Reno as a teacher in the primary grades, at which time she instituted the method of sight reading music. At the time of her retirement, Mrs. Douglas was supervisor of music in grade schools. Reno school district. She was active in the civic and cultural life of Reno, and for a period of nearly fifteen years, was director of the Trinity Episcopal Church choir. Mrs. Hazel Durham McComas, a niece of May Douglas will offer, in commemoration, the Chorale and Priere a Notre Dame by Boellman.

Jessie Christine Corris:

Jessie Christine Corris was endowed with those characteristics which go into the making of a fine musician and teacher and which

shall find expression in all that is rare and beautiful. From Professor Corris, her husband, she received the deep knowledge and insight into what in music constitutes an appreciation of, and the sensitivity to good composition, theory, and interpretation. These qualities Mrs. Corris imparted to her many students who reflected them in their own musical expression. Music was not her sole forte, for Jessie Corris loved life, loved a jest, loved her home, her garden of rare roses, and above all, the close association she enjoyed with

her husband. She was a charter member of the Nevada Repertoire Club, vice-president of the Reno Community Concert Association, a member of the Garden Gate Club, and for some eighteen years was a member of the Trinity Episcopal Church choir. Mrs. Sidney J. Tillim, a very close friend of Mrs. Corris, will offer, in commemoration, "Haskivenu" as taken from the Hebrew liturgy, a daily prayer of supplication in which we beseech the Lord to preserve us in health and strength and to bring peace to all mankind. It was but last August that so many of us said "au revoir" to a lady and a fine friend.

Ernest W. Corris:

A master of improvisation, artistic in interpretation, a devotee to the musical tradition, an omnivorous reader of compositions; these characteristics highlighted the life of Professor Ernest W. Corris. Generally acclaimed by his friends as being a talented, intelligent, and conscientious musician, it is not

difficult to understand why Ernest Corris received the honorary accolade of "Dean of Musicians" of Reno. Born in Reno, he, at an early age, evinced an interest in the piano. Extensive study and application in Germany and England imprinted upon him the European point of view in music, and thus he became a thorough student of the classic, romantic, and modern periods. Returning to America, he studies with Leopold Godowski in San Francisco, who was an outstanding exponent of the Leschetiski method. During the years spent in San Francisco he became a student of organ with Sabin. In due time, the specifications of the mighty organs of Grace Episcopal Cathedral and the Legion of Honor of that great city by the sea became an open book to him as also many of the fine organs of the European continent. The greatness of this artist is demonstrated by his decision to return to Reno as a teacher of piano, to accept the position of organist of a small two-manual reed organ, which due to its limitations necessitated the transposing of most anthem music while being sung. Professor Corris was organist at Trinity Episcopal Church 1930-1945. For the remaining ten years of his life he was in semi-retirement enjoying his music and his books. Active in civic affairs, always available to anyone seeking knowledge or assistance in music, he was a charter member of the Reno Community Concert Association and a member of the Nevada Repertoire Club. A gentleman, kind, gentle, not given to words, a warm heart, but with

a sensitive nature. He remains fresh in the memories of his fellow musicians and friends. The Trinity Church choir, in commemoration of its former organist, will sing "Lacrymosa" from Mozart's "Requiem," Professor Corris' most favorite work.

Theodore H. Post: Theodore H. Post was born of a Michigan pioneer covered wagon family in Norton, Kansas. Completing his secondary education, he enrolled in the Department of Music, Washburn College, Topeka, Kansas under an outstanding authority, Dr. Horace Whitehouse. Upon graduation, he entered the New England Conservatory, Boston, Massachusetts, majoring in voice. Again, upon graduation, he did post-graduate work for two years at Harvard University. His appointment as head of the Department of Voice at Grinnell College, Iowa, followed. In passing, and in view of the jet age, it is of interest to note that Professor Post was an aviator in the U. S. Navy with the rank of ensign, World War I. On invitation by the president of the University of Nevada, Professor Post accepted the appointment as head of the Department of Music in the year 1927. For the succeeding twenty-eight years he, with little in the way of personnel and equipment, exerted a pioneer effort towards the betterment of music on the campus and the community at large. He will be forever remembered and held in high esteem for his inauguration by the University Community Choir and Orchestra of Handel's *Messiah* which

was conducted by him for the last time December, 1954, some months prior to his death. This group, under his direction presented other choral and orchestral productions such as Mendelssohn's *Elijah* and Brahms' *Requiem*.

In recognition of his fine contribution to the advancement of our University in the field of music, he was made a member of Phi Kappa Phi honorary society. Civic-minded, he was a Rotarian, charter member and past president of the Reno Community Concert Association, charter member of Nevada Repertoire Club, and director of the Trinity Episcopal Church choir, 1943-1945. Many a musician today is indebted to Ted Post for his cooperative and sympathetic support. A composer of some note, during this service we shall hear his "Gather My Thoughts, Dear Lord," rendered as a tenor solo by Mr. Joseph Battaglia. Like his close friend Ernest W. Corris, he too was a gentleman, kind, gentle, not given to words, a warm heart, with a sensitive nature. Professor Theodore H. Post was a man and a Mason and, as such worthily lambskin at all times. May his soul rest in peace, always, and as the Hallelujah Chorus from Handel's *Messiah* is sung by the University Community Symphonic Choir and the Trinity Episcopal Choir, under the direction of Dr. Keith Macy, head of the Department of Music of the University of Nevada, and with Mrs. Mary A. Atcheson as organist.

It would be superfluous on my part to add any additional comments to the biographical

sketches. We learned to live with and love them. And it is beyond calculation the extent of the impact they made on their pupils and those interested generally in music and arts.

It was at this service that the rector of Trinity Church gave a short address entitled, "The Church, Music, and the Arts." The basis of this address was edited by Margaret Ryan Sampson, and I shall refer to this article later on.

It should be of interest to the researcher, and particularly to the historian, to have on record a short history as to how the Trinity Episcopal Church came into being, not on account of its denominational affiliation, but in connection with some pertinent and important historical facts about Virginia City and Reno. I was requested by the editors of the *Reno Evening Gazette* to write an article setting forth the history of Trinity Episcopal Church, and I considered it an honor to comply with this request. If the researcher will refer to the *Reno Evening Gazette* of May 24, 1958, he will find, on pages two and three, the history of this church and biographical sketches of its rectors up to and including the year 1958. May I read a portion from this lengthy article, the first part of which has to do with the founding of this church.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL CHURCH

By Gordon Sampson

It was just a bit of a village in those days of 1870, far outshadowed in size and importance by the neighboring cities of the Comstock; and to be exact, Reno was then merely the railroad station of the mining interests.

The transcontinental system had been completed the previous year. The coming of the railroad in 1869, the one necessity for the development of western lands, occurred the

same year as another event of equal importance, the consecration in St. George's Church, New York City, of the Reverend Ozi W. Whitaker as the First Episcopal Bishop of Nevada. Bishop Whitaker who since 1863 had been rector of St. John's Church, Gold Hill and who later became rector of St. Paul's Church, Virginia City, began work in the village of Reno the year following his consecration.

Bishop Whitaker, possessed of spiritual greatness and a strong personality, made a deep impress upon the early settlers of this the "Battle Born State of the Union." In addition to the establishment of Trinity Church, Bishop Whitaker was a pioneer in the field of education.

On October 10, 1876, Whitaker Hall, a school for girls was opened having been erected on that area of ground today known as Whitaker Park. With the construction of a girls' dormitory by the University of Nevada, one of the original reasons for the school was now better fulfilled.

The "Bishop's Girls," some still with us, citizens of high repute in this ever growing city of the west, closed the doors of their school for the last time in the year 1894. As a result of this early educational effort Trinity Church has over the succeeding years been closely allied with the campus of our university.

SCHOOL HOUSE WORSHIP

It was on Sierra Street, possessed of wooden sidewalks, fences with gates, and the ever spreading chestnut trees that Trinity Episcopal Church

held its first services in the "little red school house" about where the Home Furniture Company's building stands today. Even wild and wooly western towns have their saints and they are generally women. There were saints in those early days who made the beginnings of church work possible and their names should not be forgotten. The three women who took the first steps toward founding the church in Reno were Mrs. J. C. Lewis, Mrs. C. H. Eastman, and Mrs. Elizabeth C. Roff. Apparently there were no night sessions of the school in those days for the congregation trudged to the evening services carrying coal oil lamps. Mrs. Roff's daughter at a later date left this record, "at first also the fuel for heating was carried. There was no janitor service, no electric lights, no automobiles to make church attendance easy, and some of our members had to drive behind a slow horse for probably two hours."

THEN THE COURTHOUSE

Where the Washoe County courthouse now stands there was a Hall of Justice in those bygone days. Apparently, the courthouse was superior to the "little red schoolhouse" for church services as the congregation transferred its activities to this new location when it became organized as a parish in February, 1873. The first vestry was composed of J. C. Lewis, senior warden; A. J. Hatch, junior warden; B. F. Leete, clerk; D. A. Bender, treasurer and J. S. Shoemaker, Joseph DeBell and C. H. Eastman. Then came stirring days for Trinity Church, when its first rector was called. We

quote a trenchant statement taken from the first parish register under date of May 5, 1873. "The Reverend William Lucas of Tiffin, Ohio, was called to take charge of the parish and on this day entered upon his duties." He was very energetic, this first rector of Trinity, as it took him just two months to secure a church lot, the future home of the church for many years to come. Vestryman C. H. Eastman sold to the church his property on the southwest corner of Second and Sierra Streets for \$400. On May 24, 1875 ground was broken for the new church. The opening service in the partially completed church took place December 12, 1875 with a large congregation in attendance. Many gifts were received from friends in the eastern states and today are the cherished possessions of Trinity church at Island and Rainbow Streets.

THE SECOND RECTOR

The years of constant labor had so impaired the health of the Reverend William Lucas that he was granted an indefinite leave of absence. The Reverend William R. Jenvey, D. D. (G.A.R.) who had for some years been associated with Bishop Whitaker in the parishes of the Comstock was appointed rector pro tern, on May 5, 1879. The ensuing years must have been busy and happy ones for the second rector and his congregation.

We wish we might reprint the newspaper articles of the times setting forth in detail the charming wedding of the young rector with Saida Bragg the youngest daughter of the pioneer Capt. C. A. Bragg.

There is a second quotation in this article I would like to place in the record, not because the rector is related to me through marriage, but again, solely to tie in the activities of this church with our University, and to place in a permanent record some of the hardships and vicissitudes encountered by those of that period. This part of the article is headed,

A NOTABLE RECTORATE

An English Episcopalian family converted to the Mormon faith, immigration to these United States, the long trek across the Western plains to Salt Lake City as members of one of the famous "Push Cart" migrations, with a slight boy of twelve years trudging along beside his parents, was the introduction of one who later was to become the fifth rector of Trinity church.

Taught by Bishop Tuttle in the St. Mark's School for Boys, where he fast became the master of the Greek and Latin languages, reconverted to the Episcopal church by Bishop Tuttle, the first missionary bishop of Utah, known to all as "Saddlebag Tuttle," young Unsworth was dispatched to New York City for his theological training. Having been raised to the diaconate while in the east Samuel Unsworth upon graduation was ordained to the priesthood in St. Mark's Cathedral, Salt Lake City and assigned to a mission of that city.

I referred to missionary Bishop Tuttle of Utah re-converting young Samuel Unsworth to the Episcopal church. I read with interest in the Cathedral Age (summer of 1967 issue) as published by the national Washington Cathedral of Mt. St. Alban, Washington,

D.C., the dedication of the carved stone head of the Right Reverend Daniel S. Tuttle, third bishop of Missouri, and presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church in the latter part of the nineteenth century, dedicated at the service of Evensong on May 11, 1967.

When he was elected missionary bishop of Montana, Idaho, and Utah, he was too young to be consecrated and had to wait until his thirtieth birthday for the official service. The young bishop was a robust man and a match for the miner, stagecoach drivers, cowboys, and other frontier adventurers, who made up much of his Episcopate. His seal ring was made of gold dust, given him for the purpose by a Roman Catholic priest.

Bishop Tuttle was the author of a fine book entitled *Reminiscences of a Missionary Bishop*. This publication is out of print and is now a collector's item. Mrs. Sampson and I are fortunate to have a copy of the third impression. It is interesting to read how this frontier clergyman invaded the Mormon stronghold of Salt Lake City. He arrived atop a stagecoach with a shotgun lying across his limbs ready to shoot at the first Indian who interfered with the coach's passage. His book clearly outlined the sacrifices and the hardships that these early pioneers undertook in the process of conquering the West.

To continue with the article about Samuel Unsworth,

His first parish, the Church of the Good Shepherd, Ogden, Utah, was in the year 1880, to witness his ministrations for the next fourteen years. Then came the call from Trinity church of Reno, Nevada, and thus we read that on June 1, 1894 (Trinity Sunday) the Reverend Samuel Unsworth commenced his lengthy rectorship. Twenty-six years

is a considerable length of time in any human life. Success in the ministry is the impression made upon human character, and this patient ministry of twenty-six years denotes the possession of a rare soul, and the ability to communicate its richness. There are few men "who have walked up and down our streets," as a former governor of Nevada once said, "who have a greater influence for good than Dr. Unsworth." The University of Nevada was quick to recognize his ability as he, from time to time, occupied the chairs of Greek and Latin.

His scholarly attainments made him ever prominent in the intellectual life of Reno. The work of the parish developed and prospered during these many years. The city was also his parish, and he was known and loved by all. He looked to the future, he too was a builder, and thus a parish house was erected on the northwest corner of Fifth and Sierra streets. With the vagaries of humanity, any thought of building a larger church on this site was abandoned. Every good intention has a happy ending, and today we find this valuable property constituting a vital place in the temporary financing for the construction of the new parish house, for which ground was broken last Sunday, May 18, 1958, at the northwest corner of Rainbow and Court Streets.

May I interrupt here to state that at the time Samuel Unsworth purchased the ground at Fifth and Sierra Streets, there was every indication Reno would grow northward. Reno did not grow north but instead decided to cross over the river and grow south. For the

historian, I personally can bear witness to the fact that in the year 1926, there was little in the way of house construction south of California Avenue. Yes, there was *some*—over in the Southside school district, but yet, at the same time, there was a ranch right on Virginia Street at Ryland Avenue. Continuing with the article,

The Reverend Mr. Unsworth resigned on Trinity Sunday, June 1, 1920, after this long period of loving service to the people upon whom he had unconsciously impressed the greatness of Christian living. He sought refuge in his beloved books at Santa Cruz, California, after a ministry of forty three years in the service of his church. Many of those of this city who are with us today will recall the close bond of friendship that existed between Father Thomas M. Tubman, rector of what is today the Cathedral of St. Thomas Aquinas, the Reverend Brewster Adams, minister of the First Baptist church, then located at Second and Chestnut streets and Dr. Unsworth of Trinity. Many a fine yarn was spun by these three members "of the cloth." There remains but one of these clerics today, Brewster Adams, and one can well imagine his thoughts of "Diamonds in the Rough" as he sits beside the unrushing waters of the Truckee and recalls those many fine souls which "I have loved long since and lost awhile." On one occasion, Father Tubman's Catholic horses crossed over Second Street and ate the Baptist bark off Brewster Adam's trees.

It appears to the writer that here was somewhat of an introduction to the ecumenical

theory as introduced by the late Pope John XXIII, and, there is a lesson to be drawn from this. These clerics were more concerned with the welfare of their community than in their individual beliefs, creeds, dogmas, and philosophical codes.

A concluding quotation from the *Reno Evening Gazette* of May 24, 1958.

Trinity Episcopal Church's 85th anniversary will be celebrated Sunday in a festival dedication service at 11 a.m. A highlight of the ceremony is to be dedication of 100 new pews.

Distinguished guests are to be Justice Charles Merrill, representing the Nevada Supreme court; Judges Grant L. Bowen, A. J. Maestretti and Gordon W. Rice, of Washoe County district court; Reno Mayor Len Harris; Dr. William R. Wood, acting president of the University of Nevada; Mrs. Garth W. Sibbald and her son, Cadet Colonel John Sibbald, gold medal cadet of the University of Nevada ROTC; Mrs. Edith B. Robinson and Reno Municipal Judge F. Kirby Unsworth, daughter and son of the Reverend Samuel Unsworth, Trinity's fifth rector.

Coming from Los Angeles to Reno for the service is Mrs. Gordon B. Kaufmann, daughter of the Reverend William R. Jenvey, who was the church's second rector. She is to be accompanied by Mrs. Helen Fulton Peterson, of Minden.

Realizing that this city would grow south rather than north, the decision was reached in the year 1922 to sell the property at Second and Sierra Streets, and such sale was made for the sum of \$25,000. The congregation

donated the church building to the bishop for use as a center for student campus activities. Consequently, the church building was moved to the corner of Eighth and University Avenue where it still stands today but not as a part of the Episcopal Church.

At the time of this sale and the disposal of the structure, property was purchased at Rainbow and Island Avenue for the sum of \$10,000, the purchase being made January 4, 1923. It was not until the year 1929 that the crypt was put under construction. The following year the crypt was dedicated by the Right Reverend Thomas Jenkins, bishop of the missionary district of Nevada, on St. Paul's day. It remained a crypt, sometimes referred to as the "potato cellar," until the erection and completion of the present church, in the year 1948.

I first came to Reno in the year 1926, prior to the construction of the crypt. In the 'thirties, I was interested to note the complacency of the parishioners and their acceptance of holding services in the crypt. Sooner or later, someone would arise to stir things up and cause efforts to be exerted in the way of building the church proper. Such a person appeared, as the ninth rector, the Reverend Garth E. W. Sibbald. Garth Sibbald, like the writer, was born in Canada, not far from the city of Toronto, and came of fine Canadian stock.

Garth Sibbald was the son of a distinguished clergyman of the Anglican Church of Canada, Cannon E. W. Sibbald. This new rector was a man of action, an attribute at times misnamed by some as controversial, and he possessed a dynamic personality, a terrific driving power. The new rector was not one for sitting idly by when there was a job to do. He decided to continue the work begun by one of his predecessors. He

decided to build the new Trinity Church on the foundations of the crypt.

Equipped with experience as a builder while rector of parishes in the East he quickly surrounded himself with a band of eager laymen and devoted women, choosing as leaders George Stetson, a well-known local insurance agent, most active in civic affairs, and Major Gordon A. Sampson, vice-president and general-manager of the Virginia and Truckee railway, as co-chairmen of the campaign for funds. Satisfactory results were soon forthcoming, both as to financing and actual construction and architectural plans.

Since World War II had entered its vital stage, building materials were restricted to the extent that any thought of building operations had to be postponed indefinitely. Then occurred the unexpected blow on Sunday, March 24, 1946, when Garth Sibbald was stricken down while pronouncing the benediction at the morning service. Within several hours, Father Sibbald had passed from labor to refreshment and to that house eternal in the heavens. Never forgotten by those who worked with him, a constant prayer has been, "May his soul and the souls of the faithful departed rest in peace, and may perpetual light shine upon them." The beautiful Sibbald tower of the church stands as a permanent memorial to this man who gave so much.

Garth Sibbald was a personal friend of mine. I knew him from many aspects and separate from his vocation. He, in addition to a daughter, left two fine sons, and due to Mrs. Sibbald, they both grew to manhood with credit to their parents. John Sibbald was cadet colonel of the University of Nevada ROTC corps, and on graduation received a commission in the permanent forces of the United States. His brother Garth, equipped

with a fine scientific mind, is associated with scientific investigations of a federal nature.

Due to the war restrictions, the funds that my friend George Stetson and I were able to obtain were held in trust until a more opportune occasion. Such occasion came with the release of building materials. Under the rectorship of the Reverend John T. Ledger, George and I picked up where we left off, and within a very short time, and with the enthusiastic support of the parishioners, sufficient additional funds were subscribed which permitted the church's completion as you see it today.

My responsibility was the handling of all finances, an assignment not unfamiliar to me, and thus under careful supervision, at no time was the general contractor delayed in receiving his monthly progress payments.

Thus the church being clear of debt, the bishop was welcomed to perform the necessary consecration. The Episcopal Church has a very stringent rule: a church cannot be *consecrated* unless it is debt-free. It can be *dedicated* while there is a debt on the property. Once debt free, it cannot again be mortgaged. It's correct to state that if the final plans and specifications, as designed by the architect, are to be fulfilled, it will necessitate the raising of an additional \$100,000 for embellishment, both exterior and interior. But as it stands in this year 1967, it is a worthy edifice, the only church in Reno that has a high-ceilinged roof nave and other appointments of cathedral proportions.

There will be placed with the exhibits—Exhibit No. 16, a Nevada Historical Records Survey project, as prepared by the Division of Professional and Service Projects, Work Projects Administration, in the year January, 1941, under the auspices of the federal government. This paper sets out in much

detail the history and early development of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Nevada, and it contains many authorities and references which a researcher can study at his leisure.

I have been requested to place in the record, shall we say for want of a better term, the techniques employed in raising funds for a public edifice such as the Trinity Episcopal Church. Through a simple coincidence, the thought came into the writer's mind and almost simultaneously into the mind of a then-unknown to me person, George Stetson, that something should be done about removing the congregation of this church from the old potato cellar."

It had been the practice of this congregation to make special plate contributions on the annual Trinity Sunday, which takes place in the month of May. Such contributions would result in a sum of \$300 to \$500, all according to the moods and dispositions of the parishioners. That was the state of affairs when the Reverend Garth Sibbald took over in the first year of his rectorship. Again, a token contribution was made.

It so happened that year the Sunday school picnic was held in Whitaker Park in place of the journey by V & T to Bowers Mansion. I was not present at the church service that morning, but after lunch, went to Whitaker Park to see how the picnic was progressing. Here I saw this red-faced, energetic member of the cloth down on his knees, running off foot races for the children of various ages. During the pause I said, "Garth, what was the take this morning?" He looked up with a big boyish smile and said, "About \$350." Then there was a pause, followed by this question, "Do you think we'll ever build Trinity Church?"

Whether I was correct in my answer, not knowing what the future would produce,

and as an encouragement to this energetic personality, my answer was, "Yes." If the one who reads this record fully understands its contents, he must come to but one conclusion, when I say yes., I mean it.

And so, journeying the next day to Carson City, I sat in my office at the V & T station and wondered what could be done about this situation. Laying out a program of finance, or any other type of analytical report, was no task for me, if I may be permitted to say so. That sort of thing comes as second nature.

And so I, over a week's time, laid out and typed a proposal and program for the raising of sufficient funds with which to construct a full and adequate church. When my analysis was broken down into those classifications of parishioners best able to contribute, I was amazed at the sum that could be raised without any great effort, providing all joined in the project.

Having made several copies, I returned to Reno on a certain evening and stopped by the rectory, then located on Flint Street; I rang the doorbell and here came the big smiling face, and I said, "Here is how we can build Trinity Church." The Canadian looked at me somewhat in blank astonishment, and I can well remember his remark, "How is it that you always come to me at the time I am most despondent?" "Well" I said, "there's no occasion for you to be despondent because, with not too much effort on the part of all of us, we're going to build that church for you."

Simultaneously with what I have described, a new arrival in Reno from the East, George Stetson, a spark plug, and one desirous of making his full and outright contribution to the progress of Reno, had similar thinking to mine, and had so expressed his thoughts to the senior warden, Mr. William Johnston. Johnston having received a copy of my survey and proposal, asked me if I had any objection

to discussing it with George Stetson, and, of course, there was no objection on my part. Thus was formed a team, a co-partnership, and we divided our duties into two parts. George, being a salesman of insurance, was to do the selling, the talking, persuasion for the project. I was to take care of the financial end, the receipt of funds, the recording of same, and the accounting for all monies. And so we launched a campaign, and with my business activities, I had assigned a certain amount to each parishioner that I felt they could conveniently part with in a good cause.

The response to our campaign of solicitation was spontaneous and some hundreds of thousands of dollars were pledged and subscribed. Human nature being as it is, the subscriptions indicated that those least able to subscribe subscribed to the utmost, while those best able to subscribe made token subscriptions. If the restriction on building materials had not been placed due to World War II, the campaign would have been brought to a successful conclusion. This was not possible, so we had to wait from 1944 to 1948, and after the death of the Reverend Garth Sibbald, before the project could again be brought to life and brought to fruition.

George Stetson handled his part of the assignment in an efficient manner, and I, as in the past, handled the financing. Credit, of course, must be given to the Reverend John T. Ledger, who had now become a recognized citizen, due to his membership in the Reno Rotary Club, and his active participation in the various Masonic bodies, and so forth. He was the titular head of the project and all credit must be awarded him.

Now we were ready to commence the second campaign, with the psychological impact that, regardless of the outcome of the campaign, the church was going to be built. And so while the pledges were being

obtained and the subscriptions being made, the concrete was being poured. Let me say here that all due credit should be given to Mr. Walker Baldwin and his son, Rodney Baldwin, the general contractors, for the reason that they were constructing a church from the plans and specifications of architects back in an eastern state, who were not present to supervise the construction. And I want to give credit to F. R. "Tank" Smith, president of the Ready-Mix Concrete Company, a former mayor of Reno for his contribution of charging a cost-rate slightly above the expense breaking-point for all the concrete poured into the edifice. Also, tribute must be paid to Graham Dean, of Reno Newspapers, Inc., who was appointed chairman of the building committee.

Thus was created an objective and an incentive, and willy or nilly, the congregation just had to respond, and this they did. All the recording of pledges, subscriptions and donations was handled by my secretary and myself at the Virginia and Truckee railway offices in Carson City. And, fortunately, the vestry cooperated with me to the extent that I informed the Boudwin Construction Company just how much money they could spend from month to month, all based on my projected cash receipts from the pledges.

And so we came to the winter of 1947 and the following progress in the construction. The four walls were up, the permanent roof in place, and temporary windows of yellow glass installed. The interior was a shell. The building fund was reduced to an amount of approximately \$300. There was but one thing to do, namely, close down construction operations and wait for some future sunny day.

A certain member of the vestry recommended the installation of temporary front doors at a cost of \$500. To this I objected,

and my recommendation was accepted, namely, that we should board this entrance up with old two-by-fours and worn-out plywood sheeting. I felt that the psychological impact would be such that the members would soon get tired of looking at such a rough exterior and would want to get on with the church itself.

As most churches do, Trinity held an annual congregational meeting, at which time reports were filed by the various organizations of the parish and at which time elections to the vestry were held. For several years this annual meeting had not consisted of a family dinner, so I decided that it was time we had such a dinner. Enlisting the services of Frankie Becker, a well-known, hard-working member of the church, and a fine citizen, I asked her to assume charge of preparing a turkey dinner for the occasion.

At this point I must interject the name of Arthur E. Orvis. Arthur was a very flamboyant personality and a devotee to the purchasing and selling of stock securities. While he attended Trinity Church more or less on a regular basis, he at the same time endeavored to disassociate himself from the day to day activities of Trinity. Nevertheless, he was generous with his funds, and to his credit, more than one bay of the nave of this church was contributed by him, as to construction cost. Arthur Orvis passed to his reward, July 14, 1965. The beautiful stained glass windows, occupying the entire north wall of the nave, were erected by Mrs. Orvis in memory of her husband.

Now comes what a professional money-raiser of San Francisco termed "a gimmick," to be employed by me. "Gimmick" or not, it was the results that counted, and so I decided to sell shares in Trinity, Unlimited for the sum of \$300 per share, and so announced by me to the meeting.

Arthur Orvis was immediately on his feet, "I want to start this off," he said, "by subscribing to the first \$1,000 of shares. Is there a blackboard around here anywhere?" A blackboard was promptly produced. And there stood this wealthy man, Arthur E. Orvis, having the time of his life selling shares in Trinity, Unlimited, and within a period of less than fifteen minutes, over ten thousand dollars had been subscribed.

And so, sufficient funds were raised through this "gimmick" resulting in the church being built as it is seen today, debt free, and consecrated by the late Bishop William F. Lewis. It is correct to state that additional embellishments have been added to the fabric in the way of stained-glass windows, an expensive organ, and a complete set of new pews. I should also add that a parish house was completed after the professional fund-raisers "threw in the towel" and it was left to George Thatcher, prominent attorney, to carry the ball in the raising of approximately \$125,000 for its construction.

As a conclusion to this chapter, I have endeavored to illustrate how small beginnings, over the course of time, can result in large endings. The church, and I use the term in its universal sense, is facing change and in some instances decay, along with the general upheaval all nations are experiencing. What was accepted yesterday is not so today. In the past a few hundred persons have financed and built churches costing untold sums of money. To a large extent these churches have become private clubs wherein to relax and have the satisfaction all persons are not born equal. It remains for the future to record whether the church will move out into the highways and byways of life and exemplify the principles as laid down by its Founder.

OBSERVATIONS

...ON MASONRY

I have been requested to make some references as to the local Masonic lodges and their impact on the community. There are other members of this fraternity much better qualified than I to deal with this subject. No doubt a complete history of the Nevada state Masonic order will be recorded in the oral history of some prominent Mason. While I am what is known as a York Rite Mason, and a member of the Shrine, I by no means am prominent in Masonic circles. It is known where I can be found should the occasion arise.

Nevertheless, there are several activities historical in nature, I wish to mention. Masonry came to northern Nevada via California, and naturally, Carson City and Virginia City were the focal points. In the early 1860's, Nevada was not recognized as a separate Masonic jurisdiction, or in other words, it did not possess a Grand Lodge and a Grand Master.

One of the first occasions when Masons of other jurisdictions came together was the laying of the cornerstone of the new federal mint building, Carson City. This stone was well and truly laid, September 24, 1866, and an account of this ceremony will be found in a publication, *History of Nevada*, by Thompson and West, published 1881.

On Nevada being granted its own jurisdiction with its own Grand Lodge, Carson City Lodge was renumbered No. 1, Virginia City as No. 2, Washoe City as No. 3. Prior to this time, these lodges were under the jurisdiction of California, and thus carried California lodge numbers.

I wish to refer briefly to the DeWitt Clinton Commandery No. 1 of Virginia City, organized and constituted in the year 1867. The Commandery was a mounted unit, and in its heyday boasted sixty jet-black horses, black saddles, etc. When on parade, the Sir Knights presented an imposing sight, especially so on Market Street, San Francisco. With the decline of the Comstock Lode, the Commandery

was transferred to Reno on August 25, 1905. While in the true sense, DeWitt Clinton Commandery of today is a dismounted unit, it is still of record as a mounted one and its members are privileged to wear the uniform and trappings of a mounted unit. Some of the black saddlery remains today as prized mementos of the past.

The rolls of this Commandery contain the names of many prominent early settlers in Virginia City and Reno. I have in front of me an order for the Easter service held at the Trinity Episcopal Church of Reno, Sunday, March 31, 1907, two years after the transfer of the Commandery from Virginia City. We note that the Reverend Samuel Unsworth, in addition to being the rector of this church, was prelate of the local commandery as he had been with the Ogden, Utah, Commandery. Mrs. Sampson's grandfather was a fine, upright Mason in every respect.

Here are a few family names who contributed much to the growth of Reno taken from this order of service. Sir Knights Robert A. Trimble, Daniel W. Cutts, Theodore J. Steinmetz, Walter J. Harris, William Sutherland, Robert S. Meacham, James B. McCullough. Some of these have descendents still in the Reno area.

Reno Lodge No. 13, F. and A.M., published in the year 1961 a brief early history of the Masonic cemetery, Reno, Nevada. Early American history records various fraternal organizations establishing their privately-owned cemeteries. Certain religions adopted the same practice. Virginia City was no exception and the same applies to Reno.

The *Reno Evening Gazette* of Saturday, August 6, 1967, states that there were at one time twenty cemeteries in Virginia City. In the event any historian should be interested in local cemeteries, I will quote briefly from the referred to early history.

From the earliest days, Masons and Odd Fellows worked hand in hand in fraternal fellowship in Nevada. An act to incorporate the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, the Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and their subordinate lodges in this state, providing a penalty for violation thereof and other matters relating thereto, was passed by the Nevada legislature and approved March 30, 1865.

Records show that whenever a Lodge of Masons was chartered in a Nevada community, an Odd Fellows Lodge was also chartered.

Immediately these lodges set about to establish and own a lodge hall and a suitable cemetery for the burial of their dead and dependent members of their families. In many instances the lodges joined in erecting a building which would accommodate both organizations. Land was purchased jointly for cemetery purposes.

Such was the case in Reno. Lodge rooms and cemetery grounds were provided by Reno Lodge, No. 13, F. and A.M., and Truckee Lodge, No. 14, IOOF. On March 27, 1871, Reno Lodge, No. 13 F. and A.M., and the Truckee Lodge, No. 14 IOOF purchased 2.996 acres of land from John Larcombe on the site of the present Reno Press Brick yard on Highway 40, west, for cemetery purposes.

As a note, this brick yard is located in the immediate vicinity of West Fourth Street and Peavine Street, now called Keystone Avenue.

On November 14, 1876, these two lodges purchased an additional

three acres adjacent to the original purchase from John Larcombe for cemetery purposes making a total of 5.996 acres. Burial privileges were granted to Masons and Odd Fellows for the burial of themselves and their dependent families.

Later Reno Lodge No. 19, IOOF was granted the same privilege.

In the late nineties, the lodges realized that more space for future interment would be needed and that the acreage was limited adjacent to the cemetery. By mutual consent and agreement, the three lodges pooled their interests and designated the trustees of both lodges of Odd Fellows to look for a new location for the cemetery, and negotiate the purchase of same. Reno Lodge No. 13 F. and A.M. was to pay one-third of the purchase price and one-third of the development cost. Division of the ground was to be made at a later date.

On January 4, 1898, the lodges purchased from P. Saturno and his wife the present site of thirty acres, more or less, for cemetery purposes, and for the sum of \$600. On January 8, 1898, the two lodges of Odd Fellows deeded to the Reno Lodge, No. 13, F. and A.M., the north one-third of this property estimated at 11.6 acres for the sum of \$200.

Comment: Compare this price with the price of one grave today and one will realize the vast difference between the two sums.

The area was surveyed and plats showing plots, roads, and alleys were filed with the county recorder during 1898 and 1899.

Let me say in passing that the seller of this property, P. Saturno and his wife, has some special significance, for it is but recently that the Saturno family donated to the inhabitants of a small village in Italy a sum of money comparatively small as we understand it in these United States, but very substantial when it comes to the matter of Italian economy. This donation by the descendants of the Saturno family proved to be of great benefit to those who received it.

In addition to Mountain View Cemetery, a large general cemetery, now privately owned, is to be found on the brow of the hill north of University Terrace. Also located in this area is the Knights of Pythias, Veterans cemetery, and the Hebrew cemetery.

One hesitates to discuss the impact of Masonry on a community for fear of being misunderstood. However, as Masonry is experiencing the same factors and situations which are now confronting the entire world, a few remarks on my part may be of some assistance.

Heretofore, Masonry has been largely confined to the tiled lodge room. There a Mason met a brother Mason with the world shut out. It was not the intent of Masonry to enter the lists of humanity as a group and for a certain cause. One of the exceptions I particularly wish to refer to is the Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. The Shrine, to use the abbreviated term, is a quasi-Masonic organization. Yes, it is the outlet for much fun and joviality. On the other hand, it has its serious and dedicated service where crippled and burned children are affected. A membership of over 750,000 contributes and supports nineteen orthopedic hospitals and three hospitals for burned children. There is but one price of admission to these hospitals, regardless of religion, color, or creed: parents must certify as to their

financial inability to provide the required hospitalization and treatment. Over half a million children have been restored to good health or their physical condition vastly improved. We Shriners are happy and proud of our achievement.

I gained a closer insight into Shrinedom the year I was appointed an aide to Illustrious Potentate Lloyd N. Bowen. His direction, example, and drive marked him as a man and a Mason of no small stature. Constantly prominent in civic affairs, having served on the Washoe County grand jury, he is recognized as one of Reno's leading citizens. As for his lady and longtime companion, Grace Jensen Bowen, she exemplifies gracious living with a warmth extended to all who are acquainted with her. During the year her husband was Potentate, she supported him in all his activities.

With this explanation, and with the exception of the Shrine and its multiplicity of hospitals, it can be said in all candor that Masonry as a whole is not meeting the challenge of the current world-wide revolution—educationally, economically, or socially, and the other bastions of our present civilization. Perchance Masonry was not originated for such worldly purposes. Is this the answer to why Masonry generally is on the decline? A prominent local Mason informed me several weeks ago that the net increase in Blue Lodge Masons in California for the last year, after taking into consideration initiations and deaths, was but four.

I read in the national Knights Templar monthly publication a remark by a well-known national Templar. He stated the time has passed for Masons to practice their Masonry behind the inner doors of the lodge. To introduce any departure from the ancient landmarks and usages will meet with violent opposition from the elder members of the

order who delight in governing the younger members. Yet, not to pick up the challenge of the present, not to go out into the world as a group and spell out for all mankind to see and read that Masons are dedicated to the preservation of the morals and principles on which these United States were founded, spells failure, with resultant lack of interest and lack of new members.

Pope John XXIII stated that he opened the windows of a hide-bound hierarchy in order to let some fresh air in. Masonry, in my humble opinion, needs to open its windows, come forth, stand up, and be counted.

...ON OTHER SOCIAL ORGANIZATIONS

Never one prone to be a member of many organizations, in other words, a joiner, I nevertheless exerted every effort in showing my appreciation for being a citizen of this great state of Nevada. During the thirteen years my office was situated in the Virginia and Truckee railway station at Carson City, I was a member of the Carson City Lions Club, contributing my share to its activities as a chairman of the various committees. During the lean war years, 1942-45, it required every effort on the part of a small core of the membership to keep the club intact and in operation. Judge Clark J. Guild Sr., was a tower of strength and an example to all of us in those difficult days.

During the period I was the vice-president and trust officer of the Security National Bank of Nevada, my position classified me for a membership in the Rotary Club of Reno and the Reno Chamber of Commerce.

With Rotary, I was appointed vice-chairman of the fellowship committee, an important duty of welcoming visiting Rotarians to Reno and Nevada. As a member of the Reno Chamber of Commerce, I was

appointed chairman of the civic affairs committee and its activities have been recorded by me under the caption Washoe County Fair and Recreation Board.

I place special emphasis on the development of music and the arts in the community of Reno and the eventual coming into being of the Reno Community Concert Association. Mrs. Sampson is a musician in her own right, and it followed that I would be a member of the association. In the 'forties, I had the honor of being elected president for a term of two years. One could write a book on the vagaries and vicissitudes of the artists. Without warning, the president was called upon to make important decisions and perchance a change in the plans.

As a member of the Nevada Area Council, Boy Scouts of America, I rendered assistance in this worthy cause whenever requested. On request of the various chairmen of program committees, addresses or talks were given to the members of the Reno Rotary, Reno Lions, Carson City Rotary, and Carson City Lions, Kiwanis of Gardnerville, and the Business and Professional Women's Clubs and Carson City and Reno.

...ON MARRIAGE

Prior to any summary, conclusions or observations, and my philosophy of life is written, it is appropriate to mention and extend recognition to the one outstanding factor of my life these past thirty-eight years or so. Without the inspiration, example, and precept of the one who has been my constant companion these many years, much of what has been recorded in the oral history would not have materialized. From a purely psychological point of view, our marriage affords an analysis, a comparison with what today is casually regarded as easy marriage,

easy separation, easy divorce, and a prevailing lowering of marital values. What is stated here does not emanate from an attitude of decades long past. Rather, it is a maturity of the mental processes whereby one is the better qualified to evaluate those elements, characteristics, and components necessary for a happy and indefinite marriage. In all fairness, it has been recorded that our marriage took place between two well-adjusted and somewhat serious adults who had to have a purpose in life. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow once wrote, "Life is real, life is earnest." So true. When one reads the newspapers of today wherein is recorded the activities of the "hippies" and the modern philosophy of some college campuses, one is constrained to ask, "Is life real, and is life earnest?"

Let us for the moment examine certain components of our marriage, a marriage now of twenty-nine years duration with, I trust, many years to be added. In the first instance, I am an extra-extrovert, whereas Margaret Ryan Sampson is a passive introvert. While I am termed controversial, not congenial to certain types of humans, my partner has not an enemy or false friend in the entire community. Perchance these opposites have brought about a well-balanced marital existence.

Then there is the matter of breeding. In the early portion of this history mention was made of my paternal and maternal background. Mrs. Sampson's roots extend back to a solid English, Scotch, and Irish heritage, most certainly the equivalent of mine. I have already recorded the background and characteristics of her grandfather, the late Reverend Samuel Unsworth, one whom she adored and was a constant companion of. In addition to baking him a weekly fruitcake, she learned from him, at the rectory dining table, all Latin roots and the correct composition of

sentences. This knowledge has been of much assistance and advantage to me.

As to religion, our concepts extend far beyond the confines of the Episcopal Church of which we are communicants. Our thinking parallels. As to education, neither of us is a college graduate and yet we are considered by our friends to be intellectual.

We now reach the matter of our daily lives. I married a professional personality, a pedagogue of children and their instruction in piano music, poise, perseverance, and character building. What as to me? Let this history speak for itself. The question here to be asked is, "Was there, or is there, any conflict between these diametrical points of the compass?" The answer is in the negative. It is correct to state that tolerance, patience, and a will to understand and appreciate the other person's opinion calls for much effort on occasion. One cannot arise from a grand piano after hours of instruction and greet a tired, exhausted husband with a relaxed attitude, and vice versa.

Our marriage has been a successful one, and two years ago some two hundred of our friends paid us the compliment of crossing over the threshold of our new home on the occasion of our twenty-seventh wedding anniversary.

...ABOUT MARGARET RYAN SAMPSON

Margaret Ryan Sampson saw the light of day at Nebraska, City, Nebraska. At the early age of four years, she, together with her sister, Ruth Ryan, and her mother, Edith Bleeker Unsworth Ryan, were reunited in the rectory of Trinity Church, Reno, with their grandfather, the Reverend Samuel Unsworth.

In passing, it is of interest to state that many parents today, with children of their own, can recall their instruction in the art

of dance, especially ballroom dancing, in the studio of Ruth Ryan. Ruth Ryan was an innovator and an originator, and her annual creative recitals will long be remembered. Dr. William C. Miller, present head of the drama department of the University of Nevada, produced the students' Wolves Frolic for a period of some twenty years with Ruth Ryan as his assistant in the training of the various student dance choruses.

The year of their return to the rectory witnessed as a serious outbreak of spinal meningitis, and the baby Margaret Ryan became a victim of this disease. Decided by the physicians of that day to be a hopeless case, recourse was made by the rectory's housekeeper and aunt of Professor Ernest Corris to an old-fashioned remedy, inserting a mustard plaster of undetermined strength between the drawn up limbs and the back. It became a case of kill or cure. The poultice was of such strength that the entire back became abscessed, and with its bursting, the limbs relaxed and the poison was drawn from the spinal column. Thus a life was saved, a life that was to leave its impact for good cause on the community in the years to come. Here we have a fitting example of perseverance, courage, and the will to overcome a permanent handicap as a result of this illness. She had to learn to first creep and crawl, then slowly drag the feet from the chair to table, then eventually walk with an impaired sense of equilibrium.

Margaret Ryan Sampson received her grade school education at the McKinley Park school of Reno, and was one of the children chosen to plant a row of oak and maple saplings alongside the Truckee River, now grown to full maturity. During these formative school years, a desire was created to study, and appreciate the art of music. She taught herself by means of a discovered piano

instruction book and mastered the complete church hymnal. The decision was reached by her mother that, at great sacrifice, this child of twelve should be placed with a reliable piano teacher.

Prior to 1914, Mrs. Annie Hymers had established her piano studio at the southwest corner of Fourth and Sierra Streets. Fourth Street at that time boasted elm shade trees. A better choice could not have been made as Mrs. Hymers, with her solid German background, believed in her pupils learning the basic fundamentals of music, especially that of sight reading and memorization. This mentor was severe, strict, and brooked no lapse of discipline, and woe betide the aspiring pupil who exceeded the instructions written in her assignment book.

How were these results obtained from children, twelve years of age and under? The researcher will be interested, I am certain. Picture a group of such children sitting daily on the floor of this studio (except on Sundays) in a circle. The solo piece had previously been assigned to each pupil in addition to her scales and exercises. Eight measures of the solo piece of pupil A had to be visually memorized and recited to pupil B, who in turn recited eight measures of her solo piece to pupil A. In addition to this interchange of visual memorization, each pupil was also required to write the eight measures in her music blank book, naming each note and writing in the counts. This process went on eight measures at a time until the entire piece was visually memorized and the pupil could instantly recite any measure chosen at random from the assigned pieces. Mrs. Hymers termed this last step, "skipping around."

Mrs. Sampson painted to me a most interesting picture of this entire process. As I have said, all the pupils were required to attend at the studio Monday through Saturday.

In addition to the parlor floor there were two upright pianos located in two bedrooms. Certain pupils were assigned to practice on these pianos while the others formed the circle already described. Mrs. Hymers took up a commanding position and watched and listened to this interplay of memorization between the students of the circle, interrupting to call out to the pupil on piano A or piano B that she had struck a wrong note and it had to be corrected, and then back into the circle to criticize some young child who was faltering in her memorization. In other words, to use the vernacular, she was cock of the loft, and used up a tremendous amount of energy in dominating and dictating to her charges what they should be as musicians. Some of the pupils could not stand the rigors of this method of teaching. Those that survived carried it on in their afteryears, and Mrs. Sampson, at her advanced age today, readily admits to, and shows appreciation for this rigid foundation that was laid in her mind at the tender age of twelve years.

Here we have an illustration of the basic techniques of educating oneself, be it in music, any of the professions, business administration, or, frankly, every walk of life. For the past several years the citizens of these United States have been exposed to the computing accounting machines. Punched hole cards will never take the place of the human element or mind. When mankind is turned into a robot, we are through. Let us compare the discipline of Annie Hymers with what a schoolteacher of today is permitted to exercise. Today they are reluctant, yes, afraid, to assert any degree of authority over their charges for fear of offending the parents and especially the PTA.

Let us return to the circle of young people on the parlor floor. The example, precepts, and stern teaching of Mrs. Hymers made such an

impression on a slight, gangling pupil of but twelve years of age that she then and there resolved to become a piano teacher. That was not enough. There was also the further resolve to own a Steinway grand piano. At the age of twenty-one, Margaret Ryan opened her studio for the teaching of piano, and she commenced her instruction on her own Steinway grand piano.

How many of our children of today choose their careers at the early age of twelve? Some of them have made no determination on graduation from high school, notwithstanding the counselor system. Is this situation one of the answers to the large and ever-increasing percentage of dropouts? Mrs. Hymers died an early death as a result of overwork and devotion to her chosen calling. Her grave and marker are located in Mountain View cemetery.

At the conclusion of one semester at Reno High School, a further decision was reached by Mrs. Edith Unsworth Ryan to enroll her daughter as a resident student at the Rowland Hall Episcopal School for Girls in Salt Lake City, Utah. Ruth Ryan was also enrolled. At the conclusion of a four year academic course, majoring in music, upon graduation with honors, a return to the Hall was made for post-graduate work in music. This was the next advancement in her career as a musician. On her return to Reno, Margaret Ryan opened her studio, a studio that was to witness an annual full-class enrollment over the succeeding forty years. It is not facetious to say that many an adult citizen owes a debt of gratitude for character development received in his formative years at the Margaret Ryan studio. The traditions established by Annie Hymers had been carried over and made part of the tuition.

Never content with her knowledge of piano music and music literature, Margaret

Ryan enrolled in the highly recognized Olga Steeb Piano School, Los Angeles, California, as a member of the master class. Graduation with honors after two years of intensive application was her reward. Her association with Olga Steeb implanted a philosophy that has not dimmed over the succeeding years. The same may be also said of a close and intimate association formed with a preeminent authority of music literature, an author of the well-known text, *The California Plan*. I refer to the late Elizabeth Simpson of Berkeley, California, who was an honor graduate of Stanford University, beloved by her wide circle of fellow musicians and who was an inspiration to all who knew her. Here we have a mature, authoritative and interpretative mentality passing on, and implanting into the mind of a younger adult, the accrued knowledge of piano music.

Margaret Ryan Sampson had the privilege of Miss Simpson acting as her coach over a period of eleven years. She appeared and performed in Miss Simpson's annual recitals, always to a large and enthusiastic audience. The same may be said as to her numerous public presentations in her native city of Reno.

And what of those students, many with a period of ten years' attendance, who did not choose to proceed further with their study of music? An overflowing two-volume picture scrapbook bears witness to the love and affection held by these former pupils for their teacher. A cursory glance reveals the arrival of baby after baby, another memento indicative of bonds that have never become severed.

Of those who continued, we note the names of Elizabeth Ann Coppin, with a master's degree in music from Columbia University, Harlan Laufman, a graduate of the Juilliard School of Music and now organist and choirmaster of St. Thomas Episcopal Church, Washington, D.C.; Joan von Berg

Hannay, an honor graduate of the University of the Pacific; and Niel O'Doan, a graduate of the University of the Pacific and the Juilliard School of Music. There were many others.

In addition to a heavy studio schedule, Margaret Ryan found time to be organist of the Trinity Episcopal Church over a period of years. Later she was a member of this church's choir. She was a charter member of the Nevada Repertoire Club, charter member of the Reno Community Concert Association, and one of its past directors.

I have asked permission to file as Exhibit No. 17, the paper edited by Margaret Ryan Sampson, entitled "The Church Music and the Arts" which formed the basis of the Reverend John T. Ledger's address given at the memorial service held Monday evening, November 10, 1958 on behalf of the Nevada Repertoire Club of which mention has already been made. This paper affords an insight into the musical knowledge acquired by its author during her years of study and research.

...ON RENO'S MUSIC PATRONS

The writing of this portion of my history caused me to engage in certain research work as to what Reno, a rather small but growing city, was experiencing in the general field of music. Previous mention has been made of Professor Carroll's work at Virginia City and his organizing a choir at Trinity Church, Reno. The Professor laid a good foundation.

It is interesting to note that during the early period, 1905 to 1911, Mr. George Slater, a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music, with two year's graduate work at Leipzig, Germany, was appointed director of the McKissick orchestra of Reno. He was also the director of the Wheelman Theater orchestra, then located on the site of the present St. Thomas Aquinas Cathedral, and

the Grand Theater orchestra. Mr. Slater organized and directed the first Elks Club band. A teacher of music and an organist, this rounded out an active life on his part during the period I have mentioned.

We learned in the early twenties of the banding together of a group of prominent Reno citizens dedicated to the cause of music. These citizens, known as the Nevada Musical Club, decided to bring to Reno some of the outstanding artists of the day. To mention a few, local audiences enthusiastically welcomed fine performances by Nordica, Albert Spalding, Tetrzinni, Schumann-Heink, Alfred Cortot, Galli-Curci, Gravoure, Rudolph Ganz, and Fritz Kreisler. In addition to these world famous artists, mention should be made of soloists who came to Reno from the West coast, much to the enjoyment of their listeners. To mention one in particular, Olga Steeb—director of the Olga Steeb Piano School, appearing as a soloist with the Los Angeles Symphony, the San Francisco Symphony and other orchestras—Reno lovers of the arts were favored with five recitals during the period 1923-1929 by this exceptional artist.

The program notes of her first Reno recital state, "In presenting Olga Steeb to the public, what is believed to be the very first artist of superlative rank to be entirely educated and developed in the western hemisphere is offered, and as it should be. Consideration is not asked for her because she is an American, but because she is an artist of the most exceptionally rare attainments. In Olga Steeb, America has produced a pianist worthy of ranking with any that the Old World has ever been able to offer us.

Who were these pioneer adventurers who aided in the advancement of the arts of a small western city of some 20,000. They were, for instance, Euphemia A. Clark, wife of Walter

Clark, president of the University of Nevada; Byrle Richie, a concert accompanist; Madam Cora Galotti, teacher of voice; Professor Ernest Corns, teacher of piano and the organ; Henrietta Scheibe Riker, teacher of piano; W. C. Van Buren, teacher of piano; Corinne Hansard, teacher of voice; Ethel Zimmer, teacher of piano; Grace Armbruster, pianist, a leader in musical culture; Marguerite F. Wagner, violinist, and her sister Alma Wagner; Aileen Culling, vocalist; Fred de Longchamps, architect; Mrs. Georgia Duncan Brumblay, musician; Mrs. Chaska West, vocalist; Mrs. Forest Whiting, vocalist; Mabel Case, choir leader and wife of the Reverend William Moll Case, Federated Church of Reno; Laurance Layman, tenor soloist; Dr. Charles Haseman, a professor of the University of Nevada who organized a men's chorus.

What was the status of music on the University of Nevada campus during the period under review? We learn that Maude Denny and Emma Diehm Pratt headed the department of music prior to the year 1925. Mrs. Pratt's husband, Walter Pratt, was chairman of the Board of Regents, 1923-1929.

The next person placed in charge of the department with no assistant, was Dorothy Crandall. Then in the year 1927, Theodore H. Post was appointed director of the department of music, consisting of but himself and one upright piano of questionable vintage. Under his directorship, music in various categories was introduced and expanded. In my reference to the history of Trinity Church, the researcher will read a lengthy biography of Professor Post. On Professor Post's retirement in the year 1955, the department was reorganized with Dr. Keith Macy as its director, with an adequate staff. He continues as such today.

This original group of music patrons continued to grow with additional names

added from year to year. Research discloses such names as Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Billingshurst, Samuel Platt, prominent attorney, Professor and Mrs. Theodore Post, Mrs. George Kearney, Jessie Corns, Florence Billingshurst Flagg, gold medalist of the University of Nevada, Margaret Ryan, Helen Steinmiller Parsons, Alleta Day Gray, Harriett Ihrig, Fred and Dorothy Herz, and others.

I wish to indicate for the future historian an outstanding citizen and educator, I refer to B. D. Billingshurst, L.L.D., University of Nevada, superintendent of our public school system for twenty-seven years. In addition to his academic status, he was most interested in music and the arts. It was he who developed these subjects to a high degree in the elementary schools of Reno. One of his outstanding teachers was Vera Ames who taught music in all the elementary schools and the Reno High School. Like Annie Hymers, she left her imprint on her pupils. Dr. Billingshurst introduced the practice of excusing pupils during school hours (and credit was given in the high school) for private study with an accredited teacher. He was successful in having school students admitted at half price to the Community Concert Association presentations. His concern that students interested in music be afforded every opportunity will not soon be forgotten. The B. D. Billingshurst Junior High School is named in his honor. A biography of Benson Dillon Billingshurst, L.L.D., published by the American Historical Company, Inc., of New York, published in the year 1940, is on file at the library of the University of Nevada.

Mention must now be made of the local younger musicians of this period who applied themselves and became performing artists. They appeared in recital on many occasions before enthusiastic and appreciative Reno

audiences. To mention some, we recall Helen Steinmiller, Alleta Day, Harriett Ihrig, Dorothy Herz, Marguerite Wagner, Margaret Ryan, and Florence Billinghamurst, the latter also an honor graduate of the Olga Steeb Piano School and a prominent piano teacher.

Something progressive had to result from all these individual and collective efforts. Thus came into being, in the year 1929, the Reno Community Concert Association. This association can never fully pay its debt to the many years Samuel Platt served as its president with James Santini his secretary, and Fred Hen his treasurer, to mention but three of the many officers and board members who over the subsequent thirty-eight years, have presented an annual cycle of concerts, introducing solos, ensembles, ballet, choruses, and symphonic orchestras of the highest caliber.

Much of the historical data recorded in this part of the history has been derived from memory, faded old programs, printed notices, and other memoranda. The historian can now properly evaluate the local progress music and the arts reached in the early part of the twentieth century.

...ON MUSIC EDUCATION

One reads and hears much on the subject of psychology. Today we have professional personnel well versed in this science. Simply as a business executive I have psychoanalyzed Margaret Ryan Sampson as to her teaching methods and the results she has achieved. I have been impressed to the extent of requesting her answers to the following questions prepared by myself. Her answers, I am certain, will interest any student or researcher in the study of child psychology.

Question: What should be the correct relationship between a teacher and a pupil between ages seven and twelve?

Answer: One of warm affection and companionship, with the teacher being respected and obeyed while she is loved.

Question: How is this applied in teaching piano music?

Answer: This is brought about by gentle persistence and great patience while the young child is being guided into good thinking and performing habits. Music is a growth, and like a tender plant it must be lovingly tended.

Question: What should be the correct relationship between teacher and pupil in the twelve to eighteen age bracket?

Answer: One of warm affection and great understanding of the problems, interests, growing pains, and enthusiasms of the teenager.

Question: How is this applied in teaching piano music?

Answer: By continuing to expect accurate and correct preparation of pieces, while realizing that physical and emotional growth is taxing the strength and personality of the student. Criticize and correct as little as possible, and always gently, but firmly, keep the atmosphere free of tensions to compensate for the seriousness of the criticism and to ease any hurt to the ego. Keep the doors to communication wide open and the relationship warm, affectionate, and respectful.

Question: How does a teacher overcome tardiness?

Answer: To overcome tardiness, be prompt and dependable yourself and expect the student to be the same.

Question: How does a teacher overcome the lack of a desire to learn?

Answer: A student will have a desire to learn if her material is appealing and interesting and the teacher is stimulating and appreciative of the effort shown.

Question: How does a teacher overcome a lack of a desire to memorize?

Answer: Create situations where memorization is necessary, such as workshop recitals and auditions. Teach the student to memorize correctly and easily and she will enjoy it.

Question: How does a teacher overcome lack of concentration?

Answer: The concentration span varies with the age and temperament of the child. Don't overtax her concentrative powers. When concentration begins to lag, change the subject, have the student move about, laugh and relax, and then approach the subject from a new angle. Don't bore the child with lengthy explanations. Stimulate her with brief, vivid, and concrete examples that are clear and precise.

Question: How does a teacher overcome a desire to choose music of the pupil's own liking?

Answer: So much attractive teaching material is available now, and there are so many classics children like, that a teacher can provide a wide choice of material which will be to the student's liking. Again, by gentle persistence, her taste can be influenced until she likes what is good for her. If a child dislikes Bach, for instance, don't force her to play Bach, but at intervals, expose her to it until, in time, she will grow to like Bach and want to play it.

Question: How does a teacher overcome a desire to be assigned a new piece before the present one is a finished product?

Answer: If a child's attention is lagging and she has reached a plateau of learning in her piece, it is often wise to give it a rest for a few weeks and to stimulate her interest with a new piece, at the same time making her realize that the old one must be finished. When she comes back to it, she attacks the problem with renewed attention and vigor.

Question: Is character-building involved in teaching?

Answer: In the study of music much more than the subject itself is learned. Music is a mental discipline and character building is definitely involved in its study.

Question: Are good impressions from the teacher carried over into the pupil's adult life?

Answer: The relationship between a music teacher and a student is an intimate one, lasting over a period of years. She is bound to instill principles, and by example leave impressions that will be carried over into a student's adult life.

Question: Will you say that the average student taught by you has benefited from your teaching, apart from the music he or she has learned, and why?

Answer: Yes, I would say so. Over the ensuing years, so many of them have come back to the studio to tell me how much they remember and how often they think of the things we did—the workshops, and the box luncheons on a Saturday where everyone played and always from memory, the traditional Christmas parties where everyone played and sang Christmas carols, and always at the end, everyone joining hands in a circle and singing, "Auld Lang Syne." In them all I can see so many examples of "Tis education forms the common mind, just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." (Pope's *Moral Essays*, Epistle One, 1733.)

Question: How would you handle an adolescent of today, one with a brief mini-skirt, made-up eyelashes, long fingernails, jingling beads and bracelets; one "in the groove" and much boy-minded?

Answer: With an iron hand in a soft, soft glove. The brief mini-skirt I have come to expect and like. The made-up eyes we laugh about. The longer fingernails I endure until my timely thrusts take effect and they either break off, or a compromise is reached, or "half lengths." The jingling bracelets come

off of their own accord, and often a large ring is ostensibly removed and placed on the piano, while a key-fob conspicuously hangs from a silver chain around the neck. These I immediately notice, and that leads to a short discussion of the latest boyfriend and “grooviest” fun. Then the lesson begins in earnest and the “iron hand” softly takes over.

Question:What have you most enjoyed over the past forty years in teaching some hundreds of pupils?

Answer:I have enjoyed the experience of watching the young mind grow and expand, having a part in its shaping and development. Every age group, from the seven-year-olds through the hard growing-up years of adolescence, has been fascinating and enriching, but mostly I have enjoyed their love and devotion, extending far beyond their studio years.

CONCLUSIONS

And now I come to the conclusion of this, my oral history. Dictating it has been a most interesting experience. It has been my good fortune to make new friends on the University of Nevada campus, and to renew previous acquaintances.

What conclusions, observations, and philosophy of life have I to offer those who will read this history twenty-five or fifty years from now? Most certainly no claim can be made by me of my being a savant, or of academic learning. A philosopher, one who applies calm reason to life, one who possesses good judgment and practical wisdom, would better define what characteristics I possess. It all reverts back to the early portion of this history where organization, system—analysis, deduction, application, and the formation of impressions—was a part of my business training.

Through all the decades I have lived, the oft-repeated cry was heard, “This generation is going to the dogs.” I first heard this when I was ten years of age. Well, the succeeding generations did not go to the dogs. True, there was the lifting off of front fence gates and their

being carried away as a Halloween prank, doorbell ringing was indulged in, much to the annoyance of those who answered; pea-shooters were a favorite weapon of disturbance, yet, on the whole, boys and girls grew up to adulthood without a great deal of happenchance. Is it not correct to state that the youths and the adults at the commencement of World War I were, to use a phrase from the *Morning Prayer Book* of the Church of England, “Quietly and decently governed”? It was an accepted thing, no questioning on the part of the youth and no confusion and no radical utterances on the part of their elders. All pursued “the even tenor of their ways,” as Thomas Gray (1716-1771) wrote.

Not so has been our experience since the conclusion of World War I. The world has gone ahead since that era, provided the word ahead is a correct term. All the former yardsticks of conduct, personal and collective, have been swept away. One is not prepared to accept the “ancient landmarks and usages.” Youth is reaching out for a new interpretation of life, and in the process has discarded our previous understanding of what

life is and the true purpose of life. What is the true purpose of life? Is it the bookkeeping procedure, as a recent cardinal of the Catholic church stated, of entering debits and credits on one's record, with the hope and trust that the credits would outweigh the debits, all to be judged in a hereafter or a life to come? This dogma in the face of those of other beliefs. The Hindu, the Buddhist, the Confucianist know nothing of our religious concepts. The Mohammedan accepts Mohammed as the latest and greatest prophet of God, as does the Mormon with his prophet Joseph Smith.

Cannot all religious thought be likened to a wheel, each spoke representing a separate religious thought, creed, book of rules, *ex-cathedra* pronouncements, revelations, etc., the whole finding one central destination in the hub? It was recently stated by the Missouri Synod of the Lutheran church that the Masonic order was a godless society. Evidently, the speaker is not a Mason. If he should become one, he soon would realize that Masonry far transcends man's created dogmas, creeds, catechisms, and the like. What that speaker fails to understand is that every Mason must and does believe in Deity, a *person* worshipped as a divine being, with the character, nature, and attributes of God.

A professor at Los Angeles many years ago, when giving a lecture on applied psychology, gave his class an apt illustration of one's personal relationship to Deity. He placed on the blackboard a large square in the upper right-hand corner, and in the lower left, an oval sphere divided with a vertical line. From the large square he marked off a small square representing one's birth, and he transferred this square to one side of the oval sphere. The other side of the sphere contained the working tools of life: sight, hearing, speech, mind, and arms and limbs for locomotion, and he termed this sphere "Oscar," for the want of a better name. The reasoning he drove home

was, did "Oscar," while using the working tools of life, maintain a direct contact between the small square lodged within "Oscar", called the soul, and the origin from whence it came. Had "Oscar" kept itself tuned in as one tunes in a radio at Reno with New York City, believing in the fact that he is so tuned in by virtue of a voice saying over the air, "This is New York City"? If so, and when the working tools of life are done with, "Oscar" returns to the original source without delay to be reemployed on some new mission. Not so the forgetful one who depends solely on his working tools. That individual was required to gradually work his way back, learning the lessons he should have learned in his lifetime. The parable of the talents exemplifies just what I have stated.

Chapter twelve of the Book of Ecclesiastics explains what I have said in this way, "In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened. The door shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all daughters of music shall be brought low. The almond tree shall flourish and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail; because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. Or ever the silver cord be loosened, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

Nothing is ever lost. Matter may change its form, but is never lost. One can never conceive that the minds of such great men I'm about to quote have been lost for all eternity. No, the "Oscars" they were endowed with speedily returned to their original Source, there to be reemployed, or to quote the words of Kipling,

“Till the Master of all good workmen shall set us to work anew!” (“L’Envoi.”)

Aristotle (384-322 B.C.) “God is mightiest in power, fairest in beauty, immortal in existence, supreme in virtue, therefore, being invisible to every mortal nature, he is seen through works themselves.” That’s a quotation from *De Mundo*, chapter six.

Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519), “As a well spent day brings happy sleep, so life well used brings happy death,” quotation from *Notebook*. Michelangelo (1474-1564), “If it be true that any beautiful thing raises the pure and just desire of man from earth to God, the eternal fount of all, such I believe my love.” (A quotation from one of his sonnets.)

Beethoven (1770-1827), “He who truly understands my music must thereby go free of all the misery which others bear about with them.” Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865), “If destruction be our lot, we must ourselves be its author and finisher, as a nation of free men, we must live through all time or die by suicide.” (Taken from his address to the young men’s Lyceum, Springfield, Illinois, January 27, 1838.)

Sir William Osler (1849-1919), “Nothing in life is more wonderful than faith, the one great moving force which we can neither weigh in the balance nor test in the crucible.” (*Life of Sir William Osler*, a farewell dinner, May 2, 1905.) Sir Winston Spencer Churchill (1874-1965), “That long Canadian-United States frontier from the Atlantic to Pacific oceans, guarded only by neighborly respect and honorable obligations, is an example to every country and a pattern for the future of the world.” (Taken from his speech before the Canadian Club, London, April 20, 1939.)

Albert Einstein (1879-1955), “I do not believe that civilization will be wiped out in a war fought with the atomic bomb. Perhaps two-thirds of the people of the earth might be killed, but enough men capable of thinking

and enough books would be left to start again, and civilization could be restored. (“Einstein on the Atomic Bomb,” *Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1945.)

Take the simple rose. First it is a sapling and then a bush. A bud is formed, which grows to full bloom, giving to the world its beauty and perfume. A fitting demonstration of creation. Having given of its best, having fulfilled the mission or task assigned it, the time comes for it to fade and wither. In this process, its seeds take root only to renew the process of bearing witness that nothing ever is lost.

The world today is facing a situation that could cause this civilization to terminate. Other civilizations, Greece, Egypt, the Roman Empire have come and gone. A former rector of Trinity Church of Reno remarked to me in the year 1948, and I can quote from memory, “We may have to destroy ourselves and go down into an abyss before a renaissance can take place.” The historian and researcher twenty-five or fifty years from now will better evaluate what I have said and quoted. One thing certain, the world at large cannot continue its present revolution against all thought, word and deed. Something has to give, provided man’s inhumanity to man continues as of the present.

And so I now conclude what has been an inspiring experience. If someone in the future is benefited from this history, it will then have served its purpose. The years remaining to me can be few. Life with all its ups and downs has been a challenge to me, and I have enjoyed it. In the early portion of this writing, I pictured my father busily occupied splashing vivid colors on a ten-league canvas. There is nothing I would more desire than the very same thing. Give me plenty of brushes of “comet’s hair,” plenty of colored paints, for I shall endeavor to “draw the thing as I see it, for the God of things as they are”—Kipling.

ADDENDA: ADDITIONAL COMMENTS

...ON SECURITY BANK

I made reference to Mr. Tobin's suggesting to Robert Ziemer Hawkins that he should invest his funds in the capital stock of the Security National Bank of Reno when and if such stock was available for purchase. Mr. Hawkins received this suggestion with interest and quietly proceeded to acquire small blocks of such securities with an eventual sum total of approximately forty-two percent of the capital stock.

Perhaps I may introduce a side issue in order that one may better understand the background of Mr. Hawkins. The family was one of the pioneer families of this state. Robert's father was of good repute, and that is not to suggest his sons are not of high repute. Nevertheless, Robert possessed certain characteristics not uncommon in these days of accruing unto oneself financial benefits whenever the opportunity presented itself, to such an extent that it appears, in his years of scholastic endeavors, he laid down a formula, namely he was available for marriage at a

certain price. I learned from the lips of one of his classmates at either Harvard or Yale, a Mr. Harold Button, prominent in legal and political affairs of the state of California, of Bob's having once remarked to him that if and when he married, he would see to it that such marriage would involve substantial funds.

And so it happened that Mrs. Kay O'Brien journeyed westward for the purpose of obtaining a divorce, and she selected Robert Ziemer Hawkins as her attorney. Mrs. Kay O'Brien, now divorced, never returned East, and she became Mrs. Robert Ziemer Hawkins. She is very prominent in the Daughters of the American Revolution. I have no hesitancy in saying that she is a most worthy citizen and is, without question, entirely devoted to her husband.

And so we come to the situation with Major Fleischmann sitting in the board of directors as its chairman and learning, somewhat to his astonishment, that Robert Ziemer Hawkins now held approximately forty-two percent of the Security Bank of Reno's capital stock. In other words, he

was what I shall term a minority-majority stockholder, totally in contradiction with what the Major had in mind, that this bank should become truly a citizen's participating bank. The Major felt this situation called for remedy, and so he, in turn, called upon Mr. Hawkins divest himself of a certain percentage of his holdings. Mr. Hawkins promised to do this, but his fulfillment had not taken place at the time Major Fleischmann passed away.

And so the situation, on the day of my employment, was that Mr. Hawkins was the possessor of large holdings in this bank. It was he who engaged my services, and it was not long after my appointment that I realized the astute Robert had used the required creation of a separate trust department and a trust officer as an opening wedge against the presidency and general managership of Walter J. Tobin. This department, together with myself, was to become an irritant to Mr. Tobin, hopefully with resultant benefits that would accrue to Mr. Hawkins.

Zierner occupied a position in the affairs of the bank which could not be ignored by his fellow directors, owing to his vast holdings. It was no more satisfactory to the board of directors than it was to Major Fleischmann during his lifetime. A crisis was inevitable, and was brought about by a difference of opinion as to the amount of annual fee the Fleischmann Foundation should pay to the bank for the operation of its securities in the amount of approximately thirty-five million dollars.

At no time was the management or efficiency of the trust department questioned by anyone, and it should be understood it was under a very strict examination by the federal treasury examiners, when occasion required my presence with my assistant to go to the vault to cut off the necessary interest coupons, etc., I always smiled when we came

to the Panama Canal securities purchased by the Major in the many years gone by. If my memory serves me correctly, they bore the high rate of interest, namely four and three-fourths percent. The reader should not confuse this high rate of interest with the inflationary high rates of interest that are being paid in this day of social and economic revolution.

The Major owned so much of the canal that I would smile to myself and envision the quarter guards and main guards of the Panama Canal drawn up in military formation if he perchance would travel the canal on a passenger steamer. To a large extent he owned a greater part of the canal. While Mr. Hawkins was in the East, the board of directors decided on an annual fee where the Fleischmann Foundation was concerned. Frankly, I considered as an adequate fee approximately \$18,- \$20,000.

On Mr. Hawkins' return to Reno, he became incensed at such a low figure, and true to his characteristics, he wished to apply the standard percentage rates used by all trust departments for the handling of trust accounts. In other words, he wished to apply the standard percentage to thirty-five million dollars, and if so applied, it would result in an annual fee far out of proportion to the work involved both as to salaries and expenses of the trust department.

The difference of opinion came to a climax in the spring of 1954, at which time the chairman of the board, Mr. L. D. Summerfield, on behalf of himself and most of the other directors, delivered an ultimatum to Robert Zierner Hawkins that in the face of his refusal to divest himself of his stock down to a reasonable proportion, Mr. Hawkins had the option of either buying out their stockholdings or they would purchase his. Mr. Hawkins exercised the option and informed

his fellow directors he would purchase their stock.

And so the day came, Monday, March 8, 1954, when I had the unpleasant duty of acting as escrow officer when the various directors appeared in my office, presented their stock certificates with requests for immediate payment. As each block was presented, I journeyed down the hallway to the legal offices of Hawkins, Rhodes, and Hawkins, where I, without delay, was handed a check for the amount of the prevailing purchase price of the bank stock, and which was in turn handed to the seller. This went on during the entire day with the result that after these purchases had been made and paid for by Mr. Hawkins, he, in the early hours of the evening, became possessor of approximately ninety-five percent of the capital stock, with the remaining five percent more or less within the jurisdiction and under the control of the Hawkins family. His remark to me was, "Well, Gordon, I always wanted to own a bank, and now I have one."

The result of this debacle was that in addition to the sale of their stock, the former directors proceeded to withdraw their commercial and savings deposits. This also applied to the Fleischmann Foundation and Mrs. Fleischmann. Within a twenty-four-hour period over ten million dollars was withdrawn from the commercial department of the bank, and it was a considerable period of years before this difference was once more "wiped out."

One naturally should ask where the funds came from to handle the purchases which ran into some hundreds of thousands of dollars. Mr. Hawkins, through means unknown to me, had arranged a line of credit with the Wells Fargo Bank of San Francisco, and just as fast as indents were made on him by the sellers of their stock, he was able to pay off same

through the issuance of checks against this established credit.

With the withdrawal of most of the board of directors, the board lacked a quorum, and so, somewhat reluctantly (as by now, I could see through the entire machinations of Robert Ziemer Hawkins), I became a director, necessitating the purchase on my part of ten shares in order to qualify.

I have had many emotional and heartbreaking experiences during my business lifetime, but I can safely say I never was a witness to anything as drastic as what took place in the president's office on the following day when Mr. Hawkins acquired ownership of the bank. He proceeded to hold a board of directors meeting, and as already stated, I was part of this newly-constituted board. May I say I had no option at the moment because, in the final analysis, while I realized my period of employment could be short-lived, it was no occasion for me to oppose the party who was now in supreme control. Instead of acting as a gentleman and holding such a reorganized directors' meeting in his law offices, Mr. Hawkins had to adopt the dramatic means of appearing in Mr. Tobin's office. Here Mr. Tobin sat, bewildered, confused, the originator of this bank. It was, to use the vernacular, "his baby," and it was he who in the first instance influenced Mr. Hawkins to buy stock. He was informed by Mr. Hawkins that he had five minutes to clear out his desk and vacate, as Mr. Hawkins desired to hold a directors' meeting in his office, where the board table was located.

With tears in his eyes, the poor man didn't even have the proper opportunity of saying good-bye and farewell to his loyal employees. This is only a brief description of the tense atmosphere created by Hawkins' inhuman procedure of thanking one who had made it possible for him to become the owner of

approximately ninety-five percent of the stock. And so Mr. Tobin walked out within the five minutes and never appeared in the bank again. Subsequently he left for the state of California. My latest information is that he is happily employed by one of the local banks of that state.

We now had to do something in the way of obtaining a new president. Mr. Hawkins requested the services of the Wells Fargo Bank as to a suitable replacement. The only one they could suggest was a Mr. W. H. Jensen, who had former banking experience and at the time of the contact was operating his ranch. Without waiting for any preliminaries or investigation, he was promptly engaged by long distance phone and told to report. Mr. Jensen arrived with his station wagon, attired as a rancher, much to the dismay of Robert Ziemer Hawkins. I was immediately summoned to Bob's office and asked, "What do you think of him?" I evaded the question, and then the following statement came, "Well, he doesn't look much like a banker."

While this was all going on, a Mr. Arthur Orvis was sojourning and enjoying the blue waters and sunshine of his estate located in the Hawaiian Islands. Arthur Orvis was a prominent citizen. It was he who instigated the Arthur Orvis School of Nursing at the University of Nevada, and it was he who played a prominent part in the construction of Trinity Episcopal Church, together with other public activities. Arthur was very much of a flamboyant type. One had only to bask in the aura of his presence to quickly realize he would be the recipient of much knowledge, recommendations, suggestions, and a general overall authority where the entire world was concerned. We shall record some interesting activities of the late Arthur Orvis when I come to make mention of Trinity Episcopal Church. Be that as it may, Arthur, on hearing of the

banjos debacle, immediately wired Robert Ziemer Hawkins his congratulations and his desire to invest in stock of the Security Bank of Reno, with the hope that he would be given a place on the directorate.

Now, here we are faced with a legitimate request from a legitimate citizen, regardless of his flamboyance, to the owner of the greater part of the stock in this bank. The situation was highlighted by the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Orvis were returning immediately from the Islands and would soon be residents again in Reno. Something had to be done about this situation, and here we come into that phase of prominent social status where, in a polite parlor-and-dining-room atmosphere, was performed the grand finesse.

Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins invited a small group for dinner at their home on Court Street, especially in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Orvis, and, in a secondary manner, in honor of Mr. Jensen, the newly appointed president. The atmosphere and setting was excellent, and all the guests went about their business in the most approved social manner. Mr. Jensen by this time had acquired a tuxedo which somewhat improved his appearance and marked his transition from that of a rancher. By way of caution, Mrs. Kay Hawkins took Mrs. Sampson and myself aside and informed us that this dinner was being given especially for the Orvises as a placation of the fact that, with the greatest reluctance, they were unable to sell Mr. Orvis any stock in the bank, and his suggested appointment to the board of directors [was impossible] because all the stock acquired by Mr. Hawkins had been disposed of prior to the Orvis request. In other words, Mr. Orvis had been given a direct lie. There sat his host and hostess, smiling at him with the greatest of sympathy at the fact that he, Mr. Orvis, had been unable to purchase some

holdings of the bank, and so the dinner terminated. The Orvises withdrew, ignorant of the double-cross that had been accorded them by close and personal friends.

The next matter on the so-called agenda was the transfer of the Fleischmann securities to the First National Bank of Nevada. It took the greater part of one day for me, sitting there as the trust and escrow officer, to bring about the actual transfer of these securities to Mr. R. O. Kwapil, vice president and trust officer of the First National. With the withdrawal of such securities, very little remained in the way of a trust department, and accordingly, I knew full well that the day of my dismissal was in the near future. Just what form it would take, I was at the time unaware. And yet, having fully understood the deep-seated characteristics of Robert Ziemer Hawkins, based on his treatment of Mr. and Mrs. Orvis and Walter J. Tobin, a man whom I greatly respected, I knew my withdrawal was inevitable.

Before this was to take place, I learned with astonishment that my secretary, Mrs. Lee Eakes, had been instructed by Mr. Hawkins that a copy of any correspondence I dictated to her was to be placed on his desk without my knowledge. I further learned that Mr. Holt had been instructed that he was no longer under my jurisdiction and that he was to report to the head cashier of the bank.

Mrs. Eakes' loyalty to me under the circumstances warranted her making me the possessor of this information, and so I, without delay, saw to it that she obtained a position as legal secretary to a prominent attorney. As to Mr. Holt, the First National Bank secured his services, and it was he who set up in the trust department of the First National Bank the same system and procedure as I had first organized for the Security Bank.

We are now approaching my demise, and it was brought about in the following manner:

Apart and separate from the Foundation, Mr. Hawkins had performed certain legal services in connection with Mr. Fleischmann's interests, the jurisdiction over which was exercised by the district court for the counties of Ormsby and Douglas. It therefore became necessary for Mr. Hawkins to file what is known as an accounting with this court, and this he proceeded to do in the early part of April, 1954.

To my surprise, I was asked to accompany him on this trip, and our conversation between Reno and the outskirts of Minden was of a personal and social nature. (Let me here state that Robert Ziemer Hawkins was educated in the grade schools of Reno at the same time as Mrs. Sampson was. As a matter of fact, they were in the same class.) On the outskirts of Minden, the car was stopped, and I received my instructions as to what my evidence should be on the witness stand. Let me say that the evidence I was to give was a tissue of lies. In other words, I was to give evidence that Mr. Hawkins had labored at great lengths and spent a great amount of time on the affairs in question, and therefore was justified to be awarded the substantial fee he was requesting of the court.

What was I to do under the circumstances? I had, rightly or wrongly, been inculcated by my father with the tact that there was no deviation between what was right and what was wrong. Accordingly, I kept my silence until I took the oath as a witness, and when I was examined by Ziemer, I promptly refused to utter one single lie. As a matter of fact, being as blunt as I am, I came out and stated the true, real facts, much to the confusion and bewilderment of my examiner. The result was that I was hastily excused, and the final result was Mr. Hawkins' fee was reduced to a nominal amount, comparable with the services performed.

Something had to be done about this, and so this little rascal adopted the following procedure: He called up his former classmate and proceeded to evince great concern about my physical condition, to such an extent that he became greatly alarmed at my lapse of memory when on the witness stand at Minden and the manner in which I conducted myself on the return trip to Reno. All this time my wife wondered what Robert Ziemer Hawkins was up to, as she knew full well that I was in the best of health and certainly had not reached that period in life where the brain cells refuse to function in a normal manner. Ziemer (and I call him Ziemer in face of the fact that Mrs. Kay Hawkins insisted we old-timers drop the word Ziemer and call him Robert) went so far as to state that he considered my illness of such a serious nature that he felt compelled to grant me a substantial leave of absence in order to recover my health.

So when I reached my home the evening in question, I obtained all this information with somewhat of a startled look on Mrs. Sampson's face because she failed to detect any depreciation in my physical being. I said, "Don't worry. This is the beginning of the end, and it soon will take place." It did. I was summoned to the "presence" and informed that the United States Treasury examiner had stated to Mr. Hawkins that, in his opinion, there was no place for me in the commercial department of the bank, and while he, Ziemer, would have desired to so place me, he, in the face of the examiner's recommendation, could not afford to do so. Therefore, it was with the greatest of reluctance that he would have to dispense with my services.

It takes no real imagination on the part of the reader to realize that the U. S. Treasury Department has no business and would not interfere in the internal regulations of any bank where its personnel was concerned. I

later confirmed this in a conference I held with the examiner and his superior at San Francisco. Robert Ziemer was using this as a subterfuge to get rid of me, and, frankly, I was most willing to go.

So I resigned in the month of June, 1954, and in resigning, decided to teach Robert Ziemer Hawkins a little lesson. I reported to Mr. Bill Ligon, a councilman for the city of Reno, representative of the New York Life Insurance Company for northern Nevada, and a director of the bank, and [having] other public interests. For once, I got tough and told Bill (and I had the right to call him by his first name) to conduct negotiations with Mr. Hawkins whereby I would be paid three months' salary, or the alternative, a suit being filed against the bank for misrepresentations made to me at the time of my employment. I had been told that if I would associate myself with the bank it was to be on a permanent basis, trust or commercial-wise. Mr. Hawkins saw the light.

In conclusion, and without any malice on my part, what has been experienced by Mr. Hawkins over the intervening years since this upheaval, it has been said that Providence gives its just rewards. Whether this is true or not will not be argued on my part. I will just record the fact that Ziemer experienced a severe heart attack some years after 1954, from which he has not fully recovered. He has acted, in my opinion—and I have a pretty good basis for such an opinion—as a man afraid to die—yes, afraid to die, with the realization that he can't take his money with him. Now, I'm not saying this in any malicious manner whatsoever, but where he formerly claimed membership in the Presbyterian Church of Reno and thus could not become a contributor to the Trinity Episcopal Church, I have sat in the pews of Trinity and watched Kay Hawkins lead Robert Ziemer Hawkins

by the arm to the communion rail. The latest information, of several months ago, is that he is becoming, slightly, a mental case. And so we will leave the matter there, but it does afford an apt illustration of, to quote the Old Testament, a person selling his soul for “a mess of pottage.”

What I have illustrated concerning this party should, in my opinion, not be considered as an individual and distinct case. The complexion of business ethics in Reno was, at this time, undergoing a decided change. Heretofore, in accordance with the true western traditions of the early pioneer days, a man's word was as good as his bond. Thus, on my first acquaintance with Reno, based on my powers of observation, it became quite apparent that there was no great differentiation between the business ethics of the East, particularly where Toronto was concerned, and the ethics here in this northern part of Nevada. I have had the privilege of knowing many leading businessmen of the late twenties, and, as I say, they were gentlemen. Reno was now to witness a drastic change through the importation of moneyed interests from not only the East, but from California. Whereas prior to this time, gambling was conducted and owned by local interests, the state was to witness the gradual intrusion of a less desirable element somewhat difficult to trace back to its original source and power. And so one was to experience much double-talk, evasion, a friendly appearance to a friend while at the same time exerting every effort to destroy such a friend from behind his back—not too healthy a picture, and one that unfortunately has grown to such proportions that this wonderful country with all its endowed freedom has reached such a state of uncertainty that it is difficult to properly evaluate the words uttered in the business world and, incidentally, in the social world.

...ON CITY OF RENO

I wish to comment and enlarge upon the change in philosophy and technique employed by Mayor Len Harris' council, 1955 to 1959, and that of Mayor Bud Baker's council, 1959 to 1963. It was not until the year 1963 and under the caption “something must be done about this situation” that a committee of forty prominent business and professional men got together under the chairmanship of Justice of the Peace William R. Beemer and went about obtaining the acquiescence of certain citizens who were prevailed upon, at some sacrifice to themselves, to offer their names as candidates for election to the city of Reno council.

So let's start with my good friend Len. Who was he? By trade he was a butcher; he came from California to Reno and was employed in such capacity by the Sewell grocery market. Not blind to the future possibilities of this area as so many natives seem to be, Len Harris, looking to the future, decided to lay the foundation stones for a worthwhile estate. I was told that when he went into the meat butchering business for himself, he did not even have the price or purchase of a secondhand cash register. Be that as it may, he prospered, grew too rapidly, established more than one market, and soon was well known in the community as one of our prominent businessmen. Of course, along with all this came a big home and the other trimmings of too rapid a financial and economic growth. And so, like many other weak mortals, he decided that his business career should be shared with politics and thus he offered himself as a candidate for the mayoralty. To make somewhat certain of his election he, like so many other embryonic politicians, promised the moon to those who would vote in his favor. With flaring headlines

in the newspapers, he assured the electorate that the many and dangerous irrigation ditches that crossed the entire area of Reno and its environs would be all boxed in and fenced immediately after his election. It is correct to state that over the intervening years, considerable progress has been made in this direction, but there yet remains much to be done, as every so often we read in the papers of some child's death through drowning in these ditches.

By way of explanation, these ditches were built by the early settlers. No thought was given to the growth of what someday would be a metropolitan city. However, with the expansion (and I can personally testify to the fact that in the year 1926 there was very little south of California Avenue that could be called a residential district), this city has had more than one sad experience with flash floods, and some of the finest homes in the southwest section of this city have been inundated with mud and debris.

Another "carrot dangled in front of the electorate donkey" was his visit to the police station and tire stations. Promises of increases in salaries within thirty days after election were offered the entranced personnel of these departments. His campaign was more or less managed by Jack Streeter, later the county's district attorney, and today a prominent member of the bar.

The Sunday before taking over his administration, a conference was held at Mr. Streeter's home, when the subject matter of what heads should fall in the city administration was discussed. Naturally, my name came up for attention and the decision reached [that] I should be put on a list for future attention. On arrival the first day, Mr. Harris took over his office in the old city hall, [and] the "blood," figuratively speaking, started to flow down the main staircase into

the gutter of East First Street. My good friend Tom Hillberg, the city manager, was the first casualty, followed by others that had held important positions under Mayor Smith. All of this, of course, is in accordance with our modern methods of thinking, regardless of whether it is on the city, county, state, or federal levels. The only protection persons employed in these categories has is the civil service and its so-called tenure. I say "so-called" because there are more ways than one of killing a cat.

We have had a recent illustration of this in the change of our state administration, whereby the Republican Party (of which I am a member) has had its first opportunity at the trough for some number of years—as a matter of fact, eight years.

Getting back to the affairs of the city of Reno and myself, I had one assurance of protection in that Mr. Russell Mills, who had been elected at the same time as Mayor Harris, and who was a prominent architect of the city, came to me of his own volition and stated, "If that fool in the corner office attempts to dispose of you, phone me at once and I will come to the city hall and protect you." Thus I was sitting at my desk one morning, busily occupied in drawing up accounting procedures for the new comptroller's department, when I noticed an individual, one given to indulgence in alcoholic stimulants, sitting over in the side chairs. Shortly afterwards Mr. Charlie Cowan, who had been reelected to the new council, asked me to step outside, and, as a Masonic brother, he informed me that the person sitting in the side chair was to be appointed to my position at ten o'clock that morning. I looked at the individual in question, a Mr. Dalton, who was more or less known as a public accountant, and immediately phoned Mr. Russell Mills. He in haste arrived at the

city hall and had an immediate conference with Mayor Harris. As the temporary office occupied by me was on the other side of the wall from the mayor's office, I heard great shouting noise and arguments passing backwards and forwards. The result of all this was that G. A. Sampson still was retained as the first city comptroller.

Well, what was to happen to Mr. Dalton, who was claiming the fulfillment of some campaign service and loyalty extended to what was fast becoming an erratic mayor? Let me explain that the city had taken over from private contractors the disposal of waste, and City Manager Tom Hillberg had influenced a member of the engineering department to accept the position of manager of this department. Mayor Harris phoned this manager and peremptorily said, "You are fired because you do not keep the dump clean and I can never get you on the phone." Thus, after thirteen years or so of faithful service with the city of Reno, Mr. Ahlers was discharged and Mr. Dalton took his place. It was not until Mayor Baker was elected in the year 1959, and C. B. Kinnison appointed by Baker as city manager that he, Kinnison, after but several weeks in office, disposed of Mr. Dalton for all time. Here we have an illustration of how Mr. Harris approached his civic duties and responsibilities as mayor of a growing city.

The composition of his council was not on the same level as the previous one I mentioned. Mr. Ben Maffi, who operated a saloon-bar, was a member. I have already referred to Mr. Mills and Charlie Cowan. Swede Mathisen was in a food catering business of small proportions. Dick Taylor, whose possessing good qualities and a desire to improve the welfare of our youths, lacked what I consider the necessary background for being a councilman. The last was Mr. William Foster, who was then in the roofing business. It is safe to say that

this period of the city's history was not one to be overly proud of, largely due to the caliber of those who composed the council, with particular reference to its mayor. Yet it was to be followed by another four years of far lesser caliber and ethics.

Bud Baker more or less adopted the same technique and tactics that Len H. Harris had adopted. He reached the mayoralty on wild and erratic promises and statements. Up to this time, he was a partner in an air conditioning company, but it would appear his partner was the one, shall we say, who kept his feet on the ground and kept the firm in business.

Here again, as under Mayor Harris, the city hail was overrun with Bud Baker's daily performances and interference. During Mayor Smith's regime, he attended to his own Ready-Mix business in the morning, coming to his city hail office in the afternoon, and confining his activities to answering correspondence and formulating policies for adoption by the council. There you have what, in my opinion, is an ideal form of civic management, and that is what we have in the city of Reno today, so much so that the city council can only set the policy. Policy as adopted has to be executed and administered by the city manager who derives his powers through the city charter enacted by the state legislature. Gone is the day when a John Marshall or a George Carr, who I shall refer to as members of the next council, can deliberately interfere with, and endeavor to control, the operations of the police and fire departments without regard to the other councilmen or whoever is the mayor.

As a matter of fact, I sometimes question whether the powers of the city manager are not too extensive, because at times he has given indications, as in accordance with human nature, to be somewhat too

dictatorial. It's worthy of comment that the present fire chief of our fire department was docked three months' salary for proceeding through a red light on his way to a serious fire. It's unfortunate that we humans cannot strike a happy balance when we are accorded authority and responsibility. Nevertheless, City Manager Joe Latimore has rendered a fine service to Reno over the past years, and there is every indication that he will continue in this administrative capacity for some years to come.

Getting back to Bud Baker, if there ever was a comedian, here was one. I have seen much vacillation and change of front in my fifty years of business, but I have never run across such an individual that could say one thing in the morning, deny it in the afternoon, and change it all around. He was simply like a top without a head. What was the result? He was the laughing stock of the entire personnel. No one took him seriously and thus the morale and the efficiency of the various departments dropped to a low level.

And who did he have to support him in his administration in the way of councilmen? These political offices more or less went begging over the period 1959 to 1963, during the Harris and Baker administrations. Nobody wanted these council positions, nobody of any real importance. They just didn't wish to sacrifice their own personal interests (and I don't blame them) for something so erratic and uncertain as would be experienced under the administration of ill-equipped, somewhat ignorant and irrational persons like Len Harris and Bud Baker. Is it any wonder that Ed Semenza, Bill Ligon, Roy Bankofier, and Marshall Guisti refused to offer themselves for reelection in 1955 and at the time of Mayor Smith's retirement? They were replaced by George Carr; perennial Charlie Cowan; and Dick Dimond, a flash in the pan from

California who operated a high-pressure Dodge car agency; and Kenneth Brown, the son of the then and present county clerk, also served on this council. He saw the light and did not enter the lists for reelection. Then we come to John Marshall, an operator of certain motel units, the type of person who was always looking out for John Marshall first, last, and foremost. We will hear more about this gentleman when we come to discuss the affairs of the Washoe County Fair and Recreation Board.

There was one remaining councilman, Joe Mastroianni, who conducted a machine shop business and who is of an old-time Nevada family. Joe was of a different caliber than most of his fellow councilmen. He, in time, was also to become associated with the Washoe County Fair and Recreation Board, and today is building inspector for the city of Reno.

Matters had come to such a pass that something had to be done, and, as already mentioned, under the guidance of a very fine citizen who has been elected and reelected as the justice of the peace (William R. Beemer), county of Washoe, over the many past years, citizens were approached as to whether they would sacrifice their personal interests and serve on the new council to be elected for the period 1963 to 1967.

My first personal acquaintance in the city of Reno in the year 1926 was Hugo M. Quilici. He, at that time, was the one and only teller of the Farmers and Merchants Bank and owed his connection with this institution to the fact that he had married into the Harris family. This remark of mine should not be taken as a criticism, as Hugo was properly educated and well qualified to be employed in the banking service. Proof of this is that when elected mayor of the city of Reno in 1963, he resigned his position as vice president and general manager of

the main office of the First National Bank of Nevada, a bank which now had reached out. to the far corners of the state of Nevada and occupies a high position in the national banking structure. And so Hugo consented to enter the nomination lists, together with the following names chosen by the committee: Roy Bankofier, already referred to in the Smith regime; Mr. Claude Hunter, owner of a cement contracting business; Clarence Thornton, manager of the Washoe County fairgrounds; John Chism, principal owner of the large and extensive Chism Ice Cream Company, and now owner of a large trailer park; and Ralph Tyler, a well-known plaster contractor. The only one elected to this new council that was not on the slate selected by the committee was William H. Gravelle. The committee had selected Roy Torvinen, former city attorney for Reno, who would have been a welcome addition to the council. However, Mr. Gravelle, using high pressure methods, and at a considerable expenditure, had made up a motion picture film showing Mr. Torvinen at the most possible disadvantage. Relying on his support from those interested in the Fish and Game Commission of Nevada, of which he was a member, he was successful in defeating mild, quiet Roy Torvinen. Mr. Gravelle, paralleling some of the techniques of Len Harris, raised the matter of the Sierra Pacific Power Company having increased its water rates after a long period of years; The purpose of this was to discredit his opponent, due to the fact that Mr. Torvinen's father was comptroller of the Sierra Pacific Company.

And so, for the first time since the year 1955, a lapse of eight years, Reno was to experience sensible and stable government by its city fathers, with the powers, functions, and procedures of the city manager spelled out in such a manner that politicians, regardless of caliber, could not interfere with the actual

administration of the city's affairs, much less its personnel.

There was an important change made in the city charter by the state legislature. In the primaries, the voter is confined to those candidates who are offering themselves for election in the constituted wards of the city. However, in the final election, the electorate has the privilege of voting on the entire slate of candidates regardless of wards. This is a fine innovation. I question Reno will ever revert to the old ward system, for the ward system had factors that were far from desirable. If one wished a variance to the zoning code, one had to go to the ward councilman. If one wished a permit of whatever nature, one had to go to the bailiwick of the ward councilman. In other words, he was the czar of his own domain, and it was either *yes* or *no* on his part, without his decision ever being questioned by the other councilmen for the simple reason they were doing the very same thing.

I had occasion to audit the books of a certain company and a certain check came to my attention that was payable to cash for \$500. I asked for an explanation and was promptly told it was none of my business. My answer was, "All right, get yourself someone else to complete your report and file your federal income tax return, because I will not do so unless I know what the \$500 was spent for." With much reluctance, I was informed that the councilman for that downtown ward was paid \$500 paper currency in order to obtain a business permit from the city council for the operation of a saloon-bar, located in the downtown district and in the ward of the councilman in question.

I'd like to conclude these restricted comments where the city of Reno's council and its politicians are concerned, for I am sure any historian or researcher will readily agree that this sort of thing has been going

on from time immemorial. It's only a change in exterior decor and technique and manner of manipulation.

Let me go back to the politicians of my youth as an example of what I am saying. Now, it is generally conceded that politics and business in a country like Canada has been and is being conducted on somewhat of a higher plane than countries such as the United States. I'm not arguing the point, but that has been the general consensus of opinion.

I can look back at the days of my youth and the political rallies of that time. I recall candidates, be it the Prime Minister of Canada, like the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his flowing white mane down the back of his neck, or such an interesting personage as the late Dr. Nesbitt Beatty, outfitted in their Prince Albert coats, sitting back in the horse-drawn open carriages, surrounded by torchlight bearers and bands as they made progress down through the streets of Toronto and other Eastern cities. They were attired as the pictures you have seen of President McKinley, President Teddy Roosevelt, and always with the traditional black silk hat. Can one imagine one of our modern politicians going to a political meeting so equipped? But this they did, and I have seen these upright citizens in Canada stand out on the platform and, without a blush, promise the appropriate electoral riding anything from a wharf, if there was water adjacent, to a post office building, a custom house, or some other so-called necessary federal facility. I can bear witness to the fact that in fulfillment of the promise made, more than one wharf was constructed, its interior composed of sawdust. One can infer how long such a structure would last.

One can go back to the province Ontario, Canada, today and see the folly of a so-called canal construction linking Lake Huron with

Lake Ontario. The best that can be said for it, it is a nice ditch in which to canoe and operate a small size motor launch.

I'd like to delineate for a few minutes the character of Dr. Nesbitt Beatty, a politician already referred to. He was a medical doctor who never practiced his profession. He, having married money, was free to devote his entire energies to the political field. He accrued unto himself so much strength at one time in the political history of Ontario that he said to his party, the Conservative Party, which is the equivalent of our Republican Party, "Let me select the candidate for any particular riding and I will deliver him to you elected." Seldom was Dr. Nesbitt's candidate not so elected. His appearance on the hustings, or the political platform, reminded one of a general or colonel of the Southern states of this nation—the traditional Prince Albert coat, and, in his case, the black flowing tie similar to the one worn by the late district judge of Washoe County, the Honorable George Bartlett.

The doctor would start out on his lengthy address fully clothed. At the end of the first half hour, off came the Prince Albert coat. At a suitable interval, the cuff links were unfastened and the shirt sleeves rolled above the elbow. Next the vest, next the tie, and next the open shirt. By this time, over an hour to an hour and a half of his address had taken place, and he had the audience in the palm of his hand. Thus self-assured, he would wind up his peroration with long sweeps of his right hand touching the platform as he assured the audience the barnacles would be stripped and cleaned from the ship of state. His great forte was the cleaning out of those mythical Augean stables. The place by this time was in an uproar and the electorate left to record their votes according to the dictates of Dr. Nesbitt Beatty.

Just a few minutes ago I made mention of Washoe County District Judge George Bartlett. He, like his fellow judge, the late Judge Thomas Moran, had sat on the local district bench for many years. Judge Bartlett was of the adventurous type, while Judge Moran was of a more somber type.

In those days and prior to the advent of the armed forces of this country in World War II, Reno, along with many other centers of Nevada, operated what best can be termed controlled, licensed prostitution. It took two forms. One was known as "the line," still in existence, but not occupied by members of the oldest profession. The cribs are now rented to elderly gentlemen who find it a cheap means of living out their days' existence. Put formerly, the line was an adequate and satisfactory facility for the male sex, and woe betide any attempt on the part of a semiprofessional or professional prostitute to operate outside the precincts of the line or the other facility I will mention. Thus the girls on the campus and in the high schools were free from invitation and solicitation by my sex. There were but the two places where sex could be indulged in, and to make everything orderly and with proper decorum, a city policeman occupied a sentinel box at the entrance of the encircled line which had the form of a horseshoe, for not only the protection of the girls renting the cribs on a daily basis, but also for the clients they serviced. There are many prominent citizens of today, including myself, who have encircled the concrete-covered sidewalk of these cribs, regardless of whether we participated in the services that were offered.

The other facility was known as the Green Lantern, and this was farther east along the riverfront and immediately south of Fourth Street. One might term it a western parlor house because the girls working in this facility were under the control of a madam.

The Green Lantern consisted of a fairly large dance floor with side booths; and on the opposite side, a platform where a mediocre orchestra or band supplied music for dancing. To the rear of this dancing area was a hallway which led down to a small cafe and to the girls' rooms, generally termed in those days "trick rooms." When the girls were not so occupied they rendezvoused around a large pot-bellied stove in the corner of the dance area, always under the keen eyes of the madam. There was plenty of spare chairs for anticipated clientele.

The one nice thing about the Green Lantern was that visits by the male citizens of Reno were always welcome, regardless of what type of service they desired, or none at all. Reno, 1926, was, as I've already stated, a pretty small place. And so, more than one congenial evening was spent at this location by some of the most prominent citizens of Reno of that day and who now have gray hairs—and without the necessity of having committed the dire sin of sexual intercourse.

It was on such an occasion that the senior member of a large mercantile business of today accompanied me to the Green Lantern for the more or less general purpose of enjoying half an hour or so around the pot-bellied stove, conversing with the girls and perchance buying them a drink. They, of course, had to drink the traditional cold tea for which you paid the price of a liquor highball.

After having eased ourselves into comfortable chairs, our attention was directed to what was taking place on the dance floor. There we saw various couples in various states of intoxication endeavoring to keep tempo with the band. A closer examination revealed what appeared to be a bride, for she wore a bridal veil, and her partner wore a white carnation. Closer examination revealed that the honorable George Bartlett was occupying

one of the three booths. A few minutes later, one of the younger members of the profession emerged from the rear of the building and sat next to my business friend and myself. I was persuaded to ask her what was this all about and what was going on. And her reply was—and I can give it almost as a quotation—“Well, sister, we have just had a wedding performed by that judge you see there, and while I have not been too long in this business and have not had too many experiences, this (and I am actually quoting the girl) is the first time I have ever seen a wedding in a whorehouse.”

...ON WASHOE COUNTY FAIR AND RECREATION BOARD

The following, restricted for a period of ten years, has been recorded solely upon request that a properly qualified person, such as a business analyst of many years' experience, relate a realistic picture without prejudice. And yet I am still reluctant to place my impressions on record for fear that I may be accused of, in the final analysis, lacking the proper background for the statements that will be made.

It must be emphasized that I am not a philosopher or a college degree man, and therefore lack a certain amount of academic background. My background has been that of a business executive, an administrator, and a business analyst. Perhaps I better can be understood if I quote the remarks once made to me by the then chairman of the board (Fair and Recreation Board), George Carr, “The trouble with you, Major, is that you are better informed and have a better background than the members of the board. They realize this and resent it.”

And so my eight and a half years as the board's chief executive officer, which is to terminate on February 14, 1968, of my

own free will and accord, finds a person so described by Mr. Carr endeavoring to carry on with the various boards constituted over the period mentioned, and certainly, at times, it has called for the greatest forbearance and understanding of some of those who, without any question, did not possess the capacity to weigh subject matter from all sides and arrive at impartial decisions, particularly where the public was concerned.

What is a politician? Webster describes him as “a person holding and seeking political office, frequently used in a derogatory sense with implications of seeking personal gain, scheming, opportunism, etc., as distinguished from a statesman, which suggests able, far-seeing, principled conduct of public affairs.” The description of “statesman,” according to Webster, is “a person who shows wisdom and skill in conducting state affairs and the treating of public issues, or one experienced or engaged in the business of government.” Here we see the great difference between a politician and a statesman. Today, as I survey the entire political construction of not only this country but the other English-speaking nations, I, at times, find it difficult to differentiate between who is a politician and who is a statesman.

As to “management,” the dictionary states “it is an act, an art, or manner, of managing or handling, controlling, directing, etc.; careful, tactful treatment, executive ability.”

So we come to our first board of directors, of which Benjamin F. Winn was chairman, with Robert Sullivan of Sparks, J. C. McKenzie, Ben Maffi, and William Foster of Reno. It should be explained that in the year 1959, offices in the city of Reno and on the board of county commissioners were more or less going a-begging. There had been developed thinking on the part of reliable citizens that it was not worthwhile to seek political office,

that it was a considerable sacrifice. And so there was not much difficulty in Mr. Winn, a former fireman of the Reno Fire Department, offering himself as a candidate.

As to J. C. "Specs" McKenzie, he had offered himself for election so many times that I feel that the electorate became tired of defeating him and thus finally rewarded him by electing him to the board of county commissioners. Ben Maffi, with his traditional cigar, was best known for operating a bar. William Foster was a roofer. There you have the first board. To their credit, it must be stated that the initiative was taken by them to bring about the creation of the Washoe County Fair and Recreation Board under authorization by the Nevada legislature.

The June elections of 1959 saw a change in the composition with Mr. Winn still chairman and Specs McKenzie continuing as in the past, but with three new additions: Edmond McGoldrick, who was best versed as a snare drummer in an orchestra, and who succeeded Paula Day as secretary-treasurer of the local musicians' union. From the city of Reno, George Carr and John Marshall were the new members. George Carr, a son of fine parents, had somehow not created a definite future where his business life was concerned. He was an opportunist seeking the easy way, and this trait will be mentioned more fully later on. John Marshall was the owner and operator of a series of rental units adjacent to the airport, and here we find a cold-blooded, dominant type of individual who brooked no interference. There is not much good that can be said where this board is concerned. We will hear more about them later on.

As an example of one of the first situations I was confronted with, and which caused my banishment from the board meetings for a period of time, I have to state that Mr. McGoldrick, under pressure from a certain

banking interest, demanded that some of the board's funds be placed on deposit with the First National Bank of Nevada. Let me make it clear that there was no opposition on my part as to where the board funds should be deposited. It was due to the fact that the board had illegally collected the room license taxes for the first six months the tax was in existence, that on the advice of the board's legal counsel, these illegal collections were deposited in a trust account with the Nevada Bank of Commerce, to remain there until such time as the state legislature would have its January, 1960 session and absolve the board from any improper conduct in having illegally collected the room license tax. I believe I referred to this in my open narrative.

And so the snare drummer resented my recommendation that the fund should remain on deposit as already stated. He considered it, and I quote him, "rank insubordination." That was the solution? Fireman Winn instructed me to remain in my office while the board was in session, subject to call when and if necessary. Fortunately for the board, such a call was made several months after my banishment, at the time the board's fiscal agent was present with the request for the board to affix its signatures to the appropriate bonding resolution contract with whoever was to be the successful bidder of the four and a half million-dollar bond issue.

Fortunately for me, I had access to a copy of this 120page document and read with surprise that the entire powers granted the Fair and Recreation Board by the state legislature were being transferred to, and absorbed by, the county officials. This contract reduced the board to a mere collecting agency of the room license taxes, which, in due course, and after collection, were to be transferred to the county treasurer. In turn, the county treasurer and the county auditor

were to pay all the bills for the construction of any facility, were to pay all the bills for the operation of the facility, including its receipts. In other words, the county officials were going to handle all financial transactions and operate and administrate any facility constructed by the local board. And so I was returned to grace at the meeting referred to, and it was Specs McKenzie who addressed the board and asked whether I, as its chief executive officer, approved of this contract. My answer was simple and to the point, and was put as a question: "Does the board understand it is subordinating all its powers as to the administration of room license taxes it collects and as to the payment of costs of construction of the facilities and the operation of same to the county officials?" Consternation reigned supreme, and each and every member openly declared his opposition to such a contract and that there had never been any intention of the board surrendering and subjugating its powers.

Here sat the fiscal agent, Nicholas Smith, of Burton, Smith and Company of Salt Lake City, and a very good friend of mine to this date. He was thunderstruck, especially so, as he had mailed copies of this contract to all the large investment houses in the East. It was on the basis of this contract that within a few days' time, they would present sealed bids. What was to be done? There was not time for the bonding attorneys at Denver, Colorado to redraft the entire 120 pages. And so the long distance wires burned, and discussions held in which Emile J. Gezelin, the board's counsel, joined to determine how the powers of the board could be restored to them. A very simple device was adopted. In that part of the contract where the definitions of the various terms are given in detail, the definition of "board" was enlarged with a certain amount of ambiguous phraseology which purported

to restore the powers of the board as granted by the state legislature. I have read this revised definition more than once and have yet to fully understand it.

I was never refused attendance at board meetings from then on, and in the words more than once repeated by Specs McKenzie, "Gordon has saved the board from more than one embarrassment." Incidentally, in my considered opinion, Specs McKenzie, who operated a small gasoline service station on West Second Street, showed more ability and intelligence than any other member of the board over the period of my employment.

We now come to the year 1960. In accordance with the Nevada statute, and due to an increase in population as a result of the federal census, a sixth member was added to the board, Joe Mastroianni. He came to the board from the city of Reno. It was unfortunate that there was a six-member board because, at times, there was a distinct division of opinion, three against three. Rather unfortunately, I named three of the members the three "R's" and the other three the three "Macs." Somehow the newspapers got hold of this designation, and they were so termed during the whole controversy which concerned the purchase of the triangle site at Kietzke Lane and South Virginia Streets.

The three "Macs" were Specs McKenzie, Ed McGoldrick, and Joe Mastroianni. The three "R's" were George Carr, John Marshall, and Robert Clarkson. Bob Clarkson was the sixth member of the board.

With the board so constituted, and the refusal of the county commissioners to condemn for the second time the Southside site, here was the opportunity for the musclemen to move in, and they did.

I have forgotten whether I, in the open narrative, referred to the commissioners' refusal to condemn the Mill Street property. If

I did not make a statement on this particular point, I shall do so now, and it is a fitting illustration of Webster's definition of a politician. As already stated, political offices were going a-begging. And so we find in the November, 1960 election, three new commissioners elected, namely, Richard Streeter, Robert Clarkson, and Mike Mirabelli. And who were these three aspirants to political life? Mirabelli operated a basement record shop in the Gray-Reid building. Richard Streeter had proven to be an unsuccessful building contractor. Bob Clarkson had failed in the operation of more than one neighborhood grocery store. It is unbelievable—lacking any type of public experience in administration, these three gentlemen, after being in office but seventeen days, refused to condemn the Mill Street property on behalf of the Recreation Board. And notwithstanding their agreement to abide by the Stanford Research recommendations, such recommendations being that the board should select the Southside site, they again refused to condemn. And who is state treasurer, today, of this state? No other than Mike Mirabelli! It's fortunate that he has a fine staff of subordinates who of necessity handle the finances of the state.

So the musclemen moved in, and here was their proposition: let's get away from any condemnation proceeding, and let us sell you approximately thirty-four acres of alfalfa land situated at Kietzke Lane and South Virginia Street for the sum of \$1,200,000. This property was owned by the shareholders of Harolds Club. Harolds Club or the Smith family had but one requisition, namely, they be paid one million dollars for the property, and those who handled any sale to add to this sum any amount they so desired, and thus the \$200,000, providing the board paid the amount already stated, would accrue to those who handled the deal.

Here comes that part of the definition of a politician "with implications of seeking personal gain, scheming opportunism." Somewhat to my surprise, I noticed that the chairman of the board; George Carr, was bypassing the board's office, located in the old city hall at First and Center Streets. Heretofore, he had made the practice, when leaving the building, of entering my office, passing the time of day, and so on. But his avoidance and the casual wave of his arm as he departed the building indicated to me that something was afoot. Up to this point, I was as ignorant of the pending manipulations as Alice in Wonderland. Then through the grapevine, I learned of the proposed deal and of the enhanced value that the board was considering in the purchase of this land.

From this source, I learned the board was about to purchase land at an excessive evaluation, over and above the then going cost. It is correct to state that today, if there was a market, this land would not be sold at the purchase price paid by the board in the year 1962.

Being a man of forthrightness, I am sometimes termed "Mr. Blunt." I, to use the vernacular, "stuck my neck out" and backed George Carr up against the wall of the Reno city hall at its Center Street entrance and prepared to speak. Before I could speak, the honorable chairman said, in effect, "Now, Gordon, you're a nice person; you're doing great work and we all like you, but we want you to stay absolutely out of this thing, completely. We don't want you to have anything to do with it. I don't want you to say or ask anything about it." My reply was, "May I be permitted to make one sentence?" And On receiving his acquiescence, I said, and these were my actual words, "George, the deal stinks."

That did it, and nothing further was said. Realizing there would be a meeting of the

board within several days at which time I presumed the deal would be forced through, it was my decision—to use the good, old phrase of Al Smith, “I took a walk.” The walk consisted of sojourning at Carmel and Monterey. During my absence the meeting was held, and without my presence to guide the board, one of the members made a motion that the land be purchased for \$1,200,000. The motion carried, not unanimously, but with Messrs. Carr, Marshall, Clarkson, and Mastroianni voting in its favor.

Emile J. Gezelin, legal counsel of the board, was present at this meeting and remained silent. Later I asked him why he did not voice some objection to the proceedings. I received a typical attorney’s answer. “I was not asked.” That raises the question as to how far a person employed as an administrative-executive officer, or one employed to render legal advice to a public body, should go in offering advice and opinions. To me, this should be done because, after all, what is a person paid for? Are they supposed to sit there with their hands behind their backs and not take a stand where an important matter is at stake, or should they fall back on the old alibi, “I was not asked”?

The motion in question had to be forwarded to the county treasurer and the county auditor for implementation. On its receipt at the courthouse, the officials felt they had a hot potato on their hands. And so recourse was made to the district attorney, the legal advisor, for advice, lie immediately stated that a mere motion would not suffice and that the board should have passed the required resolution, particularly as the amount involved was of substantial proportions. All of this would have been avoided if I had not “taken a walk.”

And so now we come to a hurried-up special meeting of the board to rectify

the error. My secretary, of all people, was requested by the chairman of the board, George Carr, to draw up the necessary resolution. While my secretary had read and seen many resolutions, this was her first attempt at drafting a resolution. Mr. Gezelin was absent, and whether or not he had been advised of this hurried-up special meeting of the board that did not last more than five minutes, I cannot recall.

So now we have the resolution and, in turn, its transmittal to the county officials and, in turn, the drafting of a warrant for \$1,200,000. I have it from Emile J. Gezelin, now district judge of department No. 5 of the first judicial district of the state of Nevada, that the deed concerning this purchase was processed through the county recorder’s office within a period of twenty minutes, the shortest deal, according to Mr. Gezelin, that had ever been so automatically passed through the records.

It is my information that certain of the recipients that would benefit from this sale were sitting on a nearby bench waiting the conclusion of this much-debated purchase. Who got the \$200,000? No one will ever know. I did learn through the grapevine that the \$200,000 was spirited out of the state of Nevada and invested in the state of California until such time as things had quieted down and the populace had forgotten the details involved. My understanding is that it was several years later, and long after a full and exhaustive grand jury investigation, that the money was returned and the spoils distributed. I appeared before the grand jury and was under examination for some hours and well recall the remark of one juror to the effect, “It was too bad, Mr. Sampson, that you left the state at that time.

Whether the following remarks are pertinent or have any association with this

deal and the distribution of \$200,000, the fact remains that Mr. George Carr, together with Len Harris, invested heavily in a grocery facility on Moana Lane. Subsequently, George sold out his interests and reinvested them in a quiet, dark, dim saloon between Sierra Street and the alley to the west and which eventually burned to the ground and was a total loss. Bob Clarkson, at this date, operates a very successful grocery market at the corner of Gentry Way and Kietzke Lane. John Marshall invested in several barroom locations and, if my information is correct, he has lost such interests.

Some of those involved in this transaction disappeared in the elections of June, 1963. The elections resulted in a new board. W. H. Gravelle was sent from the city of Reno and became the board's chairman. Howard F. McKissick, Sr., came from the board of county commissioners, together with Specs McKenzie, the only member who has been continuously on the board from its inception to date. John Chism and Clarence J. Thornton were appointed from the Reno council. Through agreement, Mr. Chism's appointment was of short duration, and he was replaced by Henry C. Swart as a representative of the Sparks City Council, this due to corrective legislation by the state legislature in order that the previous mistake of having an evenly-divided board would be obviated. Thus the board was reduced to a membership of five. This is the board that was charged with the actual construction of the Centennial Coliseum, its equipment, and its ultimate opening to the public. The caliber of this board was certainly an improvement on the former one, but it, too, had its special peculiarities.

If you will recall my open narrative concerning the city council of Reno, you read there of a committee of fifty who selected a

slate of prominent citizens who were willing to sacrifice their personal interests by offering themselves as candidates for election, and that the entire slate was elected with one exception. William H. Gravelle defeated Mr. Roy Torvinen, and he defeated him by what I consider questionable means. Certainly they were not ethical. Now, we are confronted with an extrovert, extremely egotistic, a person brooking no interference, and woe betide the person that crossed his determined policy or pathway. Thus we have a man who originally operated an automobile seat cover business on East Fourth Street and who, to his credit, opened an extensive decorator's business on South Virginia Street and who today is recognized as an authority for interior decorations, reaching out into political life to such an extent that he dominated the board of which he was chairman,

The other members were perfectly content to be guided by what he enunciated and the policies he laid down. And so, with the coning conclusion of actual construction of the facilities, the board, through its chairman, was faced with the matter of furnishings and equipment. While I concede that Bill Gravelle had an intelligent approach to such matters, on the other hand, it is quite a distance from designing draperies for prominent homes in Reno to that of designing the seating equipment and other important factors of a large complex such as the Centennial Coliseum.

It is correct to state that he was handicapped with the plans and specifications drawn up by the firm of Lockard, Casazza, and Parsons, a firm, in my opinion, not too well versed in modern architecture. That is a pretty strong statement, and perhaps the reviewer would resent a person with my background making such a statement, but the fact remains that this firm designed an arena of some 60,000

square feet without any thought as to how people were going to enter or exit from such arena. Instead of graduated ramps extending from the concourses up to the upper levels of the arena, the only means of entry and egress are through the ground level floors, and such entrances are cluttered up with steel columns supporting the upper seating levels. And worst of all, steel staircases are athwart the center of the entrance and exit areas, the only means of patrons reaching the upper levels. These obstructions are so outstanding that the Reno Fire Department ordered the removal of certain of these stairways, thus reducing the seating capacity. But the fact remains that if a panic occurred and the arena was filled with anywhere from five to six thousand people, they would find their passage to the outside concourses barred by the steel columns and steel staircases that I have mentioned. I can see bodies piled up like cord wood if ever such a panic should take place. And here is another absurd factor—when the collapsible seats, or, in other words, half of the total seats that rise to the top of the arena, are in place and extended, they completely block all the exit doors on the south wall and the second section of exit doors on the west wall. And so Mr. Gravelle must not be censured if he failed in his design after consultation with the manufacturers of - the seating risers. An alternative should have been found to the supporting steel columns athwart the entrances and exits. And seeing that one could not reach the upper levels from outside of the arena by way of the concourses, the stairways leading to the upper levels should have been recessed and cut back from the entrance and exit areas.

Mr. Gravelle had but one thought in mind. Regardless of cost, lie was determined that this facility be opened for the Northern Nevada Zone state high school basketball tournament

in March, 1965. This was accomplished, estimated at an extra cost of some \$20,000, yet here we have an over-ambitious individual with an ulterior motive in mind, which shall be explained later, driving to completion a facility that as yet had not been turned over by the general contractor. Thus we came into dual occupancy, and anybody with common sense knows that, to use an illustration, a person building a private residence who takes it over from the architects and contractors before it's finished, can face legal difficulty, and end up with a lack of proper remedy. That is just what took place at the Centennial Coliseum. Even today, the board still holds a nominal amount of retention against the contractors, Stolte Construction Company.

“Mr. Blunt”—that’s my name—considered it advisable, realizing at the same time that he would once more incur enmity by some members of the board, to mention certain difficulties that the board was facing through its management in bringing about the completion of die-centennial Coliseum. And so a personnel session was held on January 6, 1965, which I will quote in part solely for the purpose of illustrating how those in political office set aside all good business and administrative judgment and sought the easy way out.

The minutes of this meeting disclose that I informed the board about the method of handling rental reservations and rental rates, and the operation of the facility, the question of the State Building, etc. I pointed out that the board’s auditors were not satisfied with the accounting methods as a result of—and I used as an example certain teenage dances that had been held at the State Building on Saturday evenings and which called for rectification and better police supervision.

Quoting from the minutes, “A general discussion then took place and after each

member of the board had expressed his views concerning the matters Mr. Sampson had brought to their attention, they reached a unanimous decision to delegate to the chairman of the board, until further notice, full executive powers to manage and supervise the entire operations of the board and to make executive decisions without reference to the board.” As a result of these observations, the motion was passed and was unanimously adopted. I quote, “It was moved by Henry Swart that William H. Gravelle be given the authority with the understanding that this authority is complete and unquestioned over all the Washoe County Fair and Recreation Board employees until the Centennial Coliseum is opened to the public and the State Building is torn down for the construction of a theater auditorium. Seconded by Clarence J. Thornton, and on roll call, all the members voted ‘aye,’ with Mr. Gravelle abstaining.”

Mr. Gravelle said, “Thank you, gentlemen, for your confidence. I think we will be able to operate a little more efficiently in this manner.” We are to see how efficient Mr. Gravelle’s management turned out to be.

Let me retrace my steps. Under Mr. Gravelle’s guidance, the board approved of a Mr. Nye Wilson being appointed general manager for the Centennial Coliseum for the period June 1, 1964 to June 1, 1965. Just why any board would require the services of a general manager during the period of construction is a question, especially so when the final plans and specifications had been approved, and, rightly or wrongly, the construction had to proceed according to such plans and specifications. So what was a general manager to do? It was too soon to book reservations. There was nothing he could do in changing the construction or in changing the equipment that was going to be later on decided by Mr. Gravelle under

the powers granted him in the above stated motion. There was nothing for him to do, yet he was there for a purpose, and his appointment was for a definite purpose.

Mr. Gravelle wished to disassociate himself from his furnishing and decorating business and become the board’s permanent general manager, so he brought in and set up a clay pigeon by the name of Nye Wilson as general manager. Bearing in mind his own future, he established the salary at \$20,000. So we have the perfect setup, and having so established such a setup, the next procedure (similar to the technique employed against Roy Torvinen) was for Bill Gravelle to pull the rug from underneath Nye Wilson’s feet in the early part of 1965. That left him sitting at a desk with nothing to do until the expiration of his one year on June 1, 1965. By that time, Mr. Gravelle had every reason to believe that he would succeed Mr. Wilson as the board’s permanent general manager at \$20,000, and that everything would go through according to plans.

He was mistaken. The very board that voted him unlimited powers on January 6, 1965, turned on Mr. Gravelle in the month of June, 1965, less than six months after, and thwarted his intention of occupying the general manager’s desk without recourse to advertising such a position to the public. The board, in the month of June, had had enough of William H. Gravelle and ordered that the position be advertised, and that the receipt of applications would close June 15, 1965. Mr. Gravelle did not deem it necessary to file a formal application, but, instead, he wrote each member with the usual “Dear Howard,” “Dear Specs,” salutation with a very perfunctory outline as to why he should be general manager and signed them “Bill.” His applications not having been filed with the board by June 15, on the advice of legal

counsel in which I had some part, the board was advised it could not consider Bill Gravelle's applications.

There was another reason why the board wished to avoid any consideration of its chairman's application, and it was because a new phase of politics was entering the picture. Edward Kruse was the superintendent of buildings and grounds for the state of Nevada. He was a Democrat and had been appointed to this post by Governor Grant Sawyer. The governor had been honored with two terms of office and was about to offer himself for a third term. There was a great question as to whether he would be elected to a third term, and there was a great possibility that if an outstanding and promising Republican offered himself as a candidate, such a candidate could, under certain circumstances, defeat Governor Sawyer. That is just what took place, and if Mr. Kruse had remained in his state office, his head would have gone into the basket as so many other Democratic-appointed heads did in the early months of 1967. Some of them are still falling.

So what has Mr. Kruse got to do with the board? It so happened that his wife was a national committeewoman of the Democratic party, and that Clarence J. Thornton's son, an attorney, was chairman of the Washoe County Democratic committee. After many years of marriage, Mr. Kruse, in the early months of 1965, filed for a divorce from Mrs. Kruse, which she promptly met by filing a counterclaim. With that, the proceedings were tabled until the fall of 1965, thus providing sufficient time to enter into suitable negotiations whereby any protection, alimony, etc., that might accrue to her would be suitably outlined. Thus it came about that Mr. Kruse had the edge on any other applicant for position of general manager.

In the latter part of August, 1965, Mr. Kruse was installed as general manager, not at

the Gravelle setup of \$20,000, but at a salary of \$12,000. Mrs. Kruse, now feeling safeguarded, proceeded with the divorce action, and a divorce was granted in the latter months of 1965 wherein was established her alimony and other safeguards, and so Mr. Kruse was free to remarry and all parties were satisfied.

There is a peculiarity in connection with the members of the Washoe County Fair and Recreation Board that I, with all my experience, cannot fully analyze and reach a conclusion about. Perhaps it is because our board is composed of members coming from three political subdivisions. It is true that they act in unison, and the minutes will reveal that they have conducted business, particularly the last two boards, with the exception of the Gravelle interval, in a businesslike manner. These remarks are confined solely to policy making, a procedure that has no relationship to the carrying out and administering of such policy. Therein is the big difference, and therein is the difficulty our board has been faced with ever since its inception.

What I cannot understand is the fact that the Reno city council, by charter, is confined to policy making. By the same charter, its city manager has the sole control over implementing and administering the policies decided on. Gone is the day when John Marshall and George Carr could run the Reno police department, which they were most adept at doing. The city manager, as already stated in my open narrative, can levy a fine against the fire chief for going through a red signal. The same applies to the county manager of Washoe County, Mr. Kinnison. Not one member of the board of county commissioners would interfere with his administration, and I presume that the same applies to a certain extent in the city of Sparks.

When it comes to these representatives sitting as a Fair and Recreation Board, they

appeared not to have the first realization as to how the administration of its policy should be carried out. What I'm getting at is that there is no senior executive head charged with responsibility to carry out the board's policies. It's true that the contract entered into between the bond holders and the board specifically states that the chief executive officer shall be the chief executive officer for the board and charged with the responsibility and the operation of its facilities. It's all there in black and white.

Since the opening to the public of the Centennial Coliseum, and after the withdrawal of William H. Gravelle, and with Mr. Edward Kruse appointed general manager, what has been the situation concerning the management and administration of the board's affairs? I am bold to say that whereas I considered my employment would not extend beyond three years, it has been to the board's interest to extend it for a period of eight and a half years. This extension has taken a heavy toll on my physical condition. Due to the intense tension and conflicts that have arisen over this long period, I today suffer from an excess of uric acid, commonly known as gout, and this condition will remain with me to the day of my death. The only relief from it and its resultant rheumatoid arthritis is the daily use of controlled medicine.

I say boldly that it is fortunate that I have remained with the board—not that anyone cannot be replaced, but having the confidence of the prominent businessmen of the community, be they bankers, attorneys, or judges, there has never been one innuendo or criticism leveled at the collection and administration of the room license taxes, which I stated in my open narrative amount to, to date, approximately five million dollars. Likewise, the investment of these funds (when excess) at the highest rate of interest, with

resultant interest earned, have met with the commendation of more than one financial authority. But as to the management of the Centennial Coliseum, to be followed by the management of the Pioneer Theater Auditorium scheduled for the month of December, 1967, all this is a horse of a different color, solely due to the fact that the board will not appoint the tax administrator as its chief executive officer charged with the responsibility of carrying out the board's policies and the resultant administration thereof.

Today we are again confronted with the fact that our third general manager (excluding William H. Gravelle), like his two predecessors, sits at his desk with very little to do and with the responsibility of his office taken from him. Outside of interviewing prospective renters for the two facilities and drawing up the necessary rental agreements, he has no other authority.

By Mr. Gravelle's having taken an auto mechanic from the repair floor of the Deluxe Taxicab Company and elevating him to the position of building superintendent, we have in Mr. Earnest Thompson, Jr. a person lacking sufficient education and background to occupy the position he does at this time of writing. On the other hand, he could be well-termed a genius, because in all my business experience, I never before have run across a person with the ability to acquire the technical knowledge involved in the operation of such a large facility as the centennial Coliseum. While he has had an assistant site inspector for the Pioneer Theater Auditorium, he is charged by the board with being responsible, in the final analysis, for its construction and the reporting to the board of any noncompliance with the plans and specifications. In no way am I belittling his ability, because, as a former general manager, Nye Wilson has stated about

Earnest Thompson, "What he doesn't know, he soon makes up."

Now, this young man is ambitious, and one of his ambitions over the past year has been to get rid of Edward Kruse. His sole objective is to place himself in a combination position as general manager and building superintendent of facilities. In other words, he has but one desire, and I will use the vernacular "to be cock of the loft" of the whole administration and operation of the board's facilities, and I have a rather sneaking thought that he would not hesitate in taking over the administration, the room license tax collections and the general financing of the board.

Such an ambitious person can only cause friction and confusion, tension, and the general question, "What's going on here?" What is the weakness of these politicians? They have deliberately encouraged and permitted Ernie Thompson to go to the individual members of the board and receive his observations, reactions, and his deliberate attempt to undermine one who, in the final analysis, is his superior officer, general-manager Kruse.

In all this confusion I have endeavored to steer a straight course and not interfere with the situation outlined. However, on more than one occasion, I have endeavored to assert my authority, as contained in the bonding contracts, to the effect that I am the chief executive officer of the board, notwithstanding the board has failed to set this status out in writing for all to see. Let me here state that I have no personal ambition to take over the administration and operation of the board's facilities under these circumstances, and the board, I am afraid, is nervous about establishing me in this regard because, after all, I am a former army officer and I give instructions and orders straight

from the shoulder. I have never compromised in my life, and I'm certainly not going to do it now. And I still wonder, in case I haven't said, how I have been able to survive the vicissitudes and eccentric activities of the various members of the board over these past eight and a half years.

So while I have no desire or ambition to be cock of the loft, I am concerned in the affairs of the board and the way its operations are being carried out, more than ever concerned since I, of my own accord, will retire this coming February 15, 1968. On one occasion, when I considered it necessary to interfere with Mr. Thompson's ever-expanding authority, I took exception to his instructions given to one of the secretaries to the effect that the minutes of the board should be changed whereby he would accompany Mr. Edward Kruse to the annual convention of auditorium managers being held in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in the latter part of July, 1967. This was an act of an unbalanced mind, not experienced in proper administrative procedure. No one could change the minutes of a board other than the board itself. And so his attention was drawn to the fact, along with other matters of operation which I considered called for correction.

Mr. Thompson's reaction was automatic. He wrote a letter to each member of the board and included therein certain false statements to the effect that he was not permitted to speak to my secretary and was not permitted to enter my offices. All this, of course, was absurd and untrue, but found reception in the ears of the respective members who were now accustomed to Mr. Thompson's approach.

A personnel session was called by the chairman of the board in the month of May, 1967, and each member of the staff—that is to say, my three secretaries, Mr. Kruse, Mr. Thompson, and the board's auditor, and I were called before the board individually. I

was the last one so called, and when I entered the room, I smiled and said this is somewhat similar to a grand jury investigation, to which Mr. McKissick, the chairman, agreed. I was promptly informed that whatever was said or discussed with me was within the four walls of the room and was not to be repeated, and that all others interviewed had subscribed to the same formula, and that the members of the board were holding the entire proceedings in confidence. Much to my amazement, Mr. Henry C. Swart, who was in attendance at his last meeting, as he has not offered himself for reelection in the city of Sparks, was the spokesman for the entire board.

He heaped praise on my shoulders for the manner in which I had carried out my duties over the past years and the benefits which had accrued to the board through my administration, in addition to other complimentary remarks. Then the boom fell, and I was informed that in the future, none of my secretaries could be discharged without my first appearing before the board. As a matter of fact, there was but one office employee discharged during my eight and a half years, and she was discharged for the simple fact that the then chairman of the board, George Carr, insisted on coming to my office and uttering such endearing terms as "sweetheart" and "darling." I thought it quite proper to remove this personality from my administration.

It is correct to state that there has been somewhat of a turnover in the secretarial staff over these years. I have no hesitancy in explaining each withdrawal. Employment of office personnel today is far different from what it was in former years. But with few exceptions, most of those so employed have had some marital or economic condition which affected their work. No matter how assiduous an employer is in trying to eliminate

such extracurricular activities, he finds that after employment that they appear in one shape or the other.

One of the secretaries that was brought before the board at the meeting had been employed only three weeks, and she was employed on the assurance that she had no marital troubles. She was divorced and living with her mother and had a nine-year-old son to raise; she was all clear of such marital problems, and was free to devote her entire attention to learning the operation of the accounting machine. To the contrary, all I have heard since her employment has been the discussion of her former husband, how he abused her, and how she is faced with paying hundreds of dollars as a result of his misuse of her gas station credit card.

Here you have a person of three weeks' employment brought before the board and told to her face that I cannot discharge her. And the same was said to the other two secretaries. And it was told to the three that Mr. Kruse could not discharge any secretary. Nothing was said by the board to Earnest W. Thompson, Jr., holding the official position as superintendent of buildings, as to the manner in which he discharges his employees. Quiet observation on my part and that of Mr. Kruse, together with that feminine instinct on the part of the secretaries, all goes to prove that when Mr. Thompson finds any one of his employees getting too acquainted with, and knowing too much about, the operation of the facility, they are promptly discharged. Mr. Thompson is keeping all the eggs in his own one basket.

And so, at this time of writing, Mr. Kruse is back at the convention referred to, and is busily occupied endeavoring to relocate himself in a position with some other facility, and no one can blame him for this endeavor. If he succeeds, it will be interesting to observe

whether Mr. Thompson takes over the general managership together with his being building superintendent. Just what will happen when I complete my term of office raises a further question. I sincerely believe that anyone assuming my position should parallel me for a three months' period of time in order that they can absorb much of which I have learned over the past years. It has always been my thinking that such a person should be engaged not later than November 1 of this year, 1967.

That's not the thinking of the board, as conveyed to me through Henry C. Swart, as they intend to appoint someone to my position not earlier than January 1, 1968. In other words, some individual has to endeavor to learn from me in forty-five days what has taken me a long period of time to learn.

Getting back to my and Mr. Kruse's being prohibited from discharging employees, what has been the effect on at least two of the present secretaries who actually work in my office and a third secretary across the hall in the general manager's office? The attitude of my secretaries has greatly changed and altered. They assumed the attitude, and quite naturally, that being free from any discipline or dischargement on my part, they are in the position of taking liberties and, to a certain sense, ignoring my supervision.

This all may appear to be petty and of no consequence. However, if it does afford a researcher the means of determining the imbalance and improper operations of a large facility such as the Centennial Coliseum, and the mismanagement of the policies laid down by the board, then my remarks will have served a good purpose. As this will not be read for a period of ten years, I trust the reader to have sufficient confidence in my background and my standing in the community to understand there is no rancor on my part. It has been, with few exceptions,

an interesting and happy experience for me to handle the finances of the board. Similar to my withdrawal from the Virginia and Truckee Railway and the adverse conditions that then existed, I am positive in the realization that I will retire from public life, respected by those citizens who, in the final analysis, account for much in our community.

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